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VOGUE®

AMERICAN FASHION

A SPECIAL REPORT...

90 GREAT LOOKS



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS



When was the last time he saw you blush?

We're not suggesting you don't blush.
Of course you do. But underneath heavy foundations
those charming blushes are invisible.
New Liqui-Creme® make-up
changes that. It lets you come through.
There's never been a foundation this light, this
translucent, this natural. Liqui-Creme
make-up gives you the face you've
always wanted. Your own. Only lovelier,
with all the beauty and naturalness of youth.
Come on now. Start blushing. And let him
see how pretty you look.

Liqui-Creme: the light foundation for that younger look.

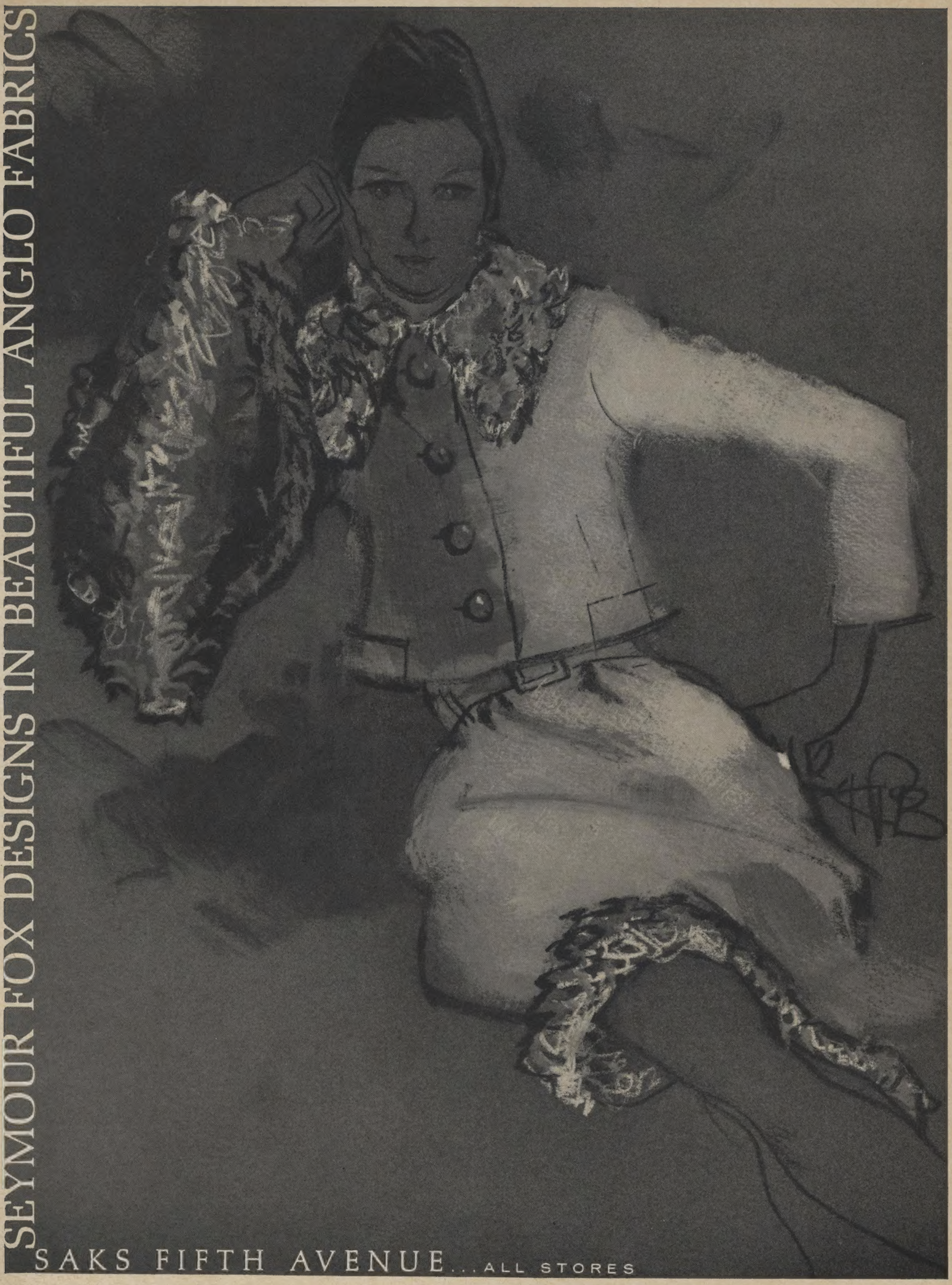


Charles of the Ritz



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SEPTEMBER 1, 1969

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VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

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PENATI

COVER: Kicking off the New York Collections—a great little belted pale-grey coat, muffled in pale-grey wool. And worn with a glow of good health —pushed along, here, with a little help from your friends at Fabergé, whose prescription goes as follows: a sheen of shimmery-pink face gleamer called Rosy Glow Cheekstick; Rose Bud Glosser, sheer and clear shine for the mouth; and a pretty little eye-opener, Nude Crème Eyeshadow Stick, to shade the lids and bone. . . . The coat, by Calvin Klein, of wool loomed in America (Anglo Fabrics). Shown again on page 370. Pale-grey wool muffler by Glentex, at Bonwit Teller. Kenneth coiffure.

FASHION

365 Vogue's Eye View: The New York Collections—a special report by Diana Vreeland
366 American Fashion from The New York Collections: The short wide coat with pants and little dresses; with long bright-coloured fur mufflers. Belted coats in every length; in cloth, fur, leather. The bright fur coat. The great new greys. Necktied shirtdresses for day. The perfect black dress. The hugger-snugger dress—striped and belted. Leather for every hour. The hacking jacket plus velvet britches. Pants turnouts for day and evening—with longer coats, tunics and jackets of fringed and embroidered suède, the fringed silk shawl. Short sparkly evening dresses with boots to the knee. Patchwork for evening. The long, languorous, covered-up dress at night. Fringe; capes; long ropes of pearls with everything
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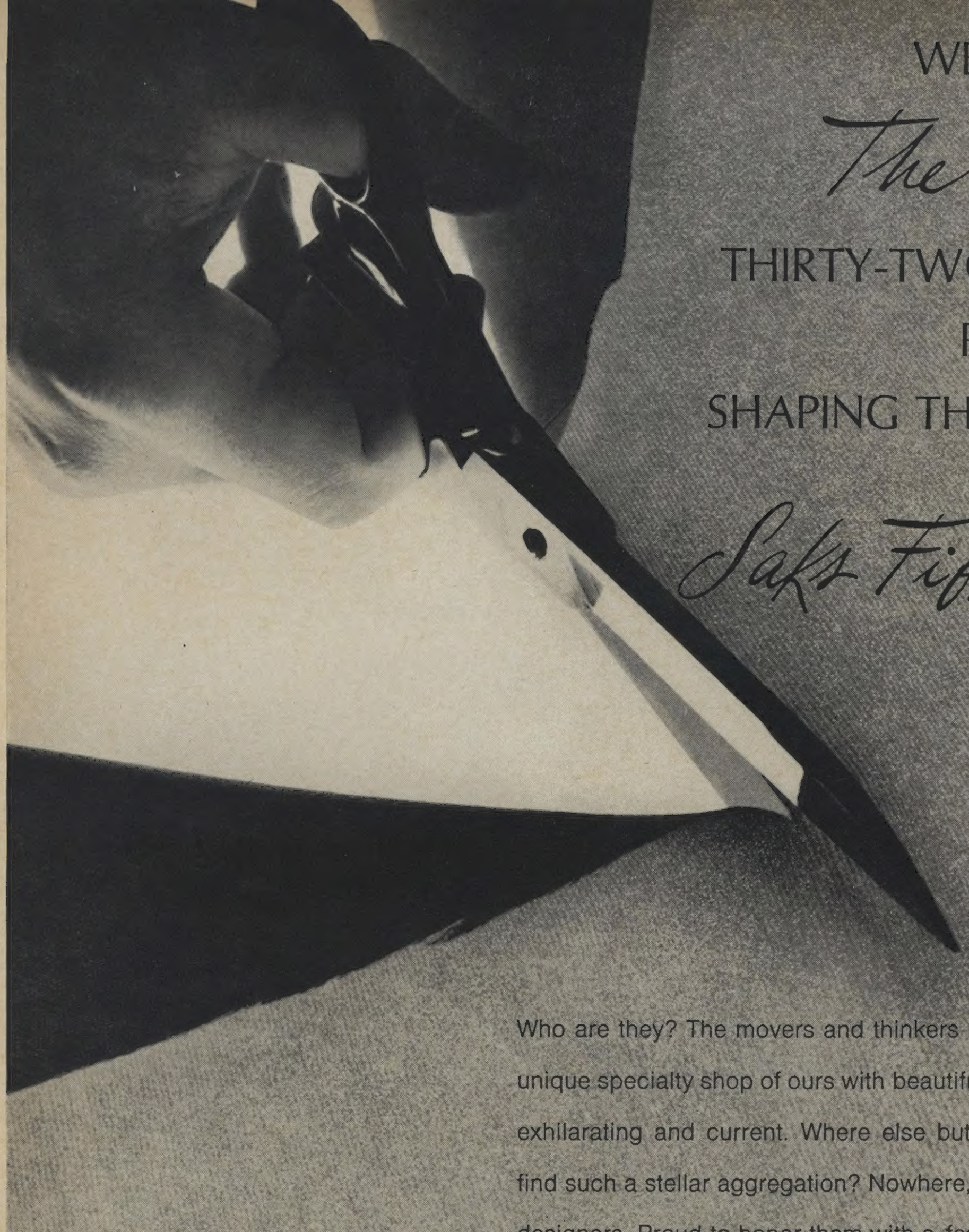
With gem-like precision,
the master softly shirrs
glowing crepe colored ivory,
pearl pink or green aquamarine. Note the jeweler buttons,
the belt looped with
a Wragge signature scarf.
Dress of rayon crepe,
6 to 14 sizes, 130.00
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REVUE 1969





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The Creators,

THIRTY-TWO FASCINATING PERSONALITIES–

SHAPING THE FUTURE NOW

AT

Saks Fifth Avenue

Who are they? The movers and thinkers who season after season fill this unique specialty shop of ours with beautiful things, things that are fresh and exhilarating and current. Where else but at Saks Fifth Avenue could you find such a stellar aggregation? Nowhere, we think, and we're proud of our designers. Proud to honor them with a fashion celebration unparalleled in its scope and diversity. We want you to share the excitement with us, so do come, won't you? And help us salute the creators.

Adolfo • Geoffrey Beene • Bill Blass • Donald Brooks • Betty Carol • Bonnie Cashin • Oscar de La Renta • Mimi di N
Giorgio di Sant' Angelo • Roger Faré • Louis Feraud • Fiamma Ferragamo • The Goldworms • Günter • George Halley • Stan Herman
Victor Joris • Anne Klein • Helen Lee • Morton Myles • Nanouchka of Paris • Mollie Parnis • Emilio Pucci • Sacha of Paris
Frank Smith • Preston Smith • Sophie • Malcolm Starr • Jacques Tiffeau • Roger Vivier • Louis Vuitton • Chester Weinberg

See the next six pages for more about the creators.

Sophie, The Creator,

and the ultimate perfectionist, refines proportion and detail and arrives at something quite wonderful. This curved-seam coat of Anglo Fabrics' taupe wool with its own beige wool dress, $905

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Chester Weinberg, The Creator,

gypsies up a night-time jumpsuit of silk chiffon shimmery and metallic, wrapped with a triangle that's jewelled and fringed. Copper, green and gold, $450.

Saks Fifth Avenue



Donald Brooks, The Creator,

at Saks Fifth Avenue

Adolfo, The Creator.

Showing his passion for patchwork.
...ed lace-patterned velvet skirt appliquéed with silk duchesse, $235.
Brief vest and romantic white shirt, each $90.

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Bonnie Cashin, The Creator,

blends city slick with country charm in a brown coat that's
one part suede, one part natural skunk and totally knockout, $575.

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*



George Halley, The Creator,

immortalizes woman, and the evening, in white silk satin and a jewelling of green silk velvet, $2500.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



ABE SCHRADER'S DASHING DAYTIME COSTUME. SIZES 6 TO 16. ABOUT $165.00

BELLE SAUNDERS for

Abe Schrader



Molly Design
for
Jack Sarnoff

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News from 'Ultima' II:

The cream that's making history by night:

Translucent Wrinkle Creme

If this whole under-thirty thing has dented your ego, you should try this cream. The very first nightcream of its kind. *Translucent.* So clear it leaves nothing on your skin but a clean, young shine. And because it's highly *concentrated,* the littlest bit goes a *very* long way.

And its oils are staggeringly rich. Rich enough to tackle the toughest problems dryness can cause. Its name is *Translucent Wrinkle Creme.* (Need we say more?)

'Ultima' II

Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

For the woman who lives in 'Ultima' II.



News from 'Ultima' II:

Introducing

Translucent Wrinkle Lotion

A highpowered *daytime* lotion that works (invisibly) under makeup... expanding the war on dryness to *24 hours a day.*

The first undermakeup-wear of its kind. So rich your skin laps up its rare, refined oils—leaving nothing on top but a silky 'cushion' of smoothness for makeup to cling to. With its companion *night*cream, it is an all-out, nonstop attack on tiny, crepe-y 'dryness lines'—those constant threats to over-30 skin.

'Ultima' II

Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

there is only one scent in all the world. 'Ultima'. The fragrance with body and soul.

Robert Randall



DONALD BROOKS dresses you for Juliet evenings in richly paisleyed silk velvet plunged down to there. Short, and beautiful, 265.00 in the Salon, Lord & Taylor, New York alone.

Estée Lauder defines a new eye for fashion with her 1970 collection of Ready-To-Wear Eye Makeup

Introducing the first great fashion look of 1970—

The Glistening Satin Eye

created by Estée Lauder for her new Ready-To-Wear Eye Makeup Collection

The first great look of 1970—pastel-shadowed, satin-lustred.
A play-of-light look that's yours to create, with:

Eyelid Foundation and Under-Eye Primer Stick are the basic beginnings for all Estée Lauder Ready-To-Wear Eye Makeup. They prepare your eyes for makeup the way an artist prepares his canvas.

Pressed Eyelid Shadow lets you brush on luminous, satin-smooth color, quickly and evenly.

Eyelid Liner Cake adds subtle definition with a quick, sleek silky line.

Eye Glaze is the newest way to "finish" lids—a glistening highlight you apply over shadows and liner.

Lash-Lengthening Cake Mascara makes lashes look naturally luxuriant.

Eyebrow Cake gives brows soft new definition.

Estée Lauder

©1969 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski



Introducing the second great fashion look of 1970–

The Matte Velvet Eye

created by Estée Lauder for her new Ready-To-Wear Eye Makeup Collection

The second great look of 1970—deep-shadowed, velvet-textured. A gentle, misty-eyed look that's yours to create, with:

Eyelid Foundation and Under-Eye Primer Stick are the basic beginnings for all Estée Lauder Ready-To-Wear Eye Makeup. They prepare your eyes for makeup the way an artist prepares his canvas.

Solid Creme Eyelid Shadow is the newest form of shadow, mists your lids with color to create the texture of soft, smoky matte velvet.

Liquid Eyelid Liner brushes on a velvety line to delineate and dramatize upper lids.

Lash-Lengthening Roll-On Mascara darkens and separates lashes, makes them look longer, thicker.

Eyebrow Cake gives your brows soft new definition.

Estée Lauder

©1969 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski



Long black velvet dinner dress by Geoffrey Beene



Positively Blassfamous

BEN REIG
AT
Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

Neal Barr



100% Wool knit dress with scarf. Purple / cream, brown / cream and Sherwood green / cream.
Sizes 6-16. $125. Higher in the west. Goldworm, 1410 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018

DONALD BROOKS



CHESTER
WEINBERG



Eau de Cologne from 3.50

CHANEL

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ANGLO FABRICS DONALD BROOKS





Adele Simpson. Little lady with big ideas.

Not only fashion, but now a fabulous fragrance.


BWIA
Best & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK



Helga

Sunjets

BWIA

to Barbados

Your vacation starts the minute you board a BWIA International Sunjet on route to beautiful Barbados. Colourfully-dressed hostesses ply you with island food and un-heard of drinks while you unwind and relax on the Airline of the Caribbean. Perfect travel turnout is Helga's double-faced wool coat and narrow little dress in a soft black and white wool overplaid.

What could be more romantic than being in a setting of palms and casuarinas on one of the beautiful beaches of Barbados? Near-by are the sparkling blue waters of the Caribbean. Helga's champagne and silvery brocade dress with its classic simplicity of line is the star of the evening. Designer Shop, third floor.

Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Best & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK



Helga

Sunjets

BWIA

to Barbados

Helga's perfect little black crepe dress with stand-away collar and inset of lace circles looks cool and becoming on the way to a reception and tour of Culloden Farm, the residence of the Prime Minister of Barbados.

The picturesque charm of the rugged east coast provides a unique backdrop for Helga's superbly designed late-day dress, white worsted and silk artfully outlined in sparkling gold braid. Designer Shop, third floor.

Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK


Best & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK


Helga
Sunjets
BWIA
to Barbados
After a romantic dinner in a beautiful home in Barbados, Helga's stunning red cotton lace evening dress and pants belted high with a diamanté buckle, will make an exciting entrance at one of the hotels for an evening of Steel Bands and Calypso singers.
Looking forward to the return flight on a BWIA International Sunjet after a glorious stay on Barbados. Helga's crisp black and white check dress will feel right at home with the luxurious comfort provided by the friendly people of BWIA—the no-longer un-heard of airline.
Designer Shop, third floor.
Best & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

"Natural beauty?

As far as I'm concerned there's no such thing. More likely, a few well-disguised beauty secrets that simply look natural."

GEMINESSE BEAUTY REPORT:

CELEBRATED UNKNOWNS

Even the most fabulous faces need more than mere make-up.

(Although they won't always admit it.)

The secret of many discerning women: an extraordinary group of beautifiers that have been travelling incognito long enough. Here are the private perfectionists that make the dazzling difference in make-up. Now for some well-deserved name-dropping.

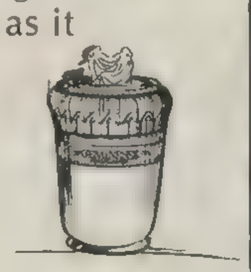


GEMINESSE TREATMENTS

THROAT CREAM
To coax your throat contour to youthful firmness. Because you massage in the gloriously rich emollients and moisturizers that never leave a sticky after-film, you actually get the benefits of muscle-firming exercise.



FACIAL MASK
No pull . . . no sting . . . a gentle, see-through mask that moisturizes as it firms. Leaving your skin tightened, not taut.



FACIAL FIRM UP LOTION
Wear it under make-up or at night to give a temporary lift to sagging contours . . . help ease away lines, wrinkles and puffiness in short order. Used properly on a long-term basis, it can result in a visibly firmer, younger-looking face and throat.



THERMAL MOISTURIZING FACIAL
The very first home facial that turns on the heat! Sumptuous puffs of creamy moisturizers, oils and conditioners delivered piping hot from an aerosol dispenser. To rally a tired complexion with uncommon speed . . . as though you just had a nap, sauna and massage.



"My very favorite is Thermal Moisturizing Facial. It's the most glorious bit of therapy this side of a spa"

GEMINESSE FOR EYES

EYE MAKE-UP FIXATIVE
Just a drop of this unique moisturized formula makes cake eye-liner or cake mascara creamier . . . glide on easier . . . stay put longer. Adds just the extra cling that dry, crepey lids and dry lashes need.

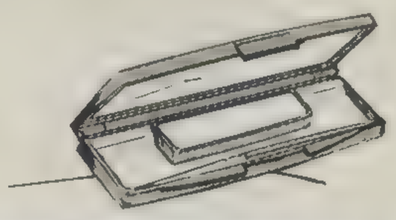




"No matter how hectic my schedule I manage to spend a few meticulous moments alone with Geminesse That's all it takes to get my complexion in really great shape."

GEMINESSE MAKE-UPS

COVER-UP CREAM
A face-saving essential if there ever was one. No mere highlight or camouflage but a rich, moist, skin-tinted cream that sweeps on with its own little brush. To cover tell-tale shadows. To fill in deep hollows and blend away the tiniest lines.



TRANSPARENT FACE COLOR KIT
Be a quick change artist. Just a hint of tint in this versatile trio of see-through gels. To change your skin tone with devastating innocence. To match your complexion to your clothes, your mood, or the moment.



Most complexions need a little special consideration. Just a soupçon of extra care to coax make-up to magnificence. And that's what the Celebrated Unknowns are all about. Quiet little helpers that operate strictly undercover. Each is a specialist in its own way. Each works its particular magic then vanishes without a trace.

The moisture-rich treatments, for example, leave your skin noticeably smoother. With a radiance usually reserved for the very young.

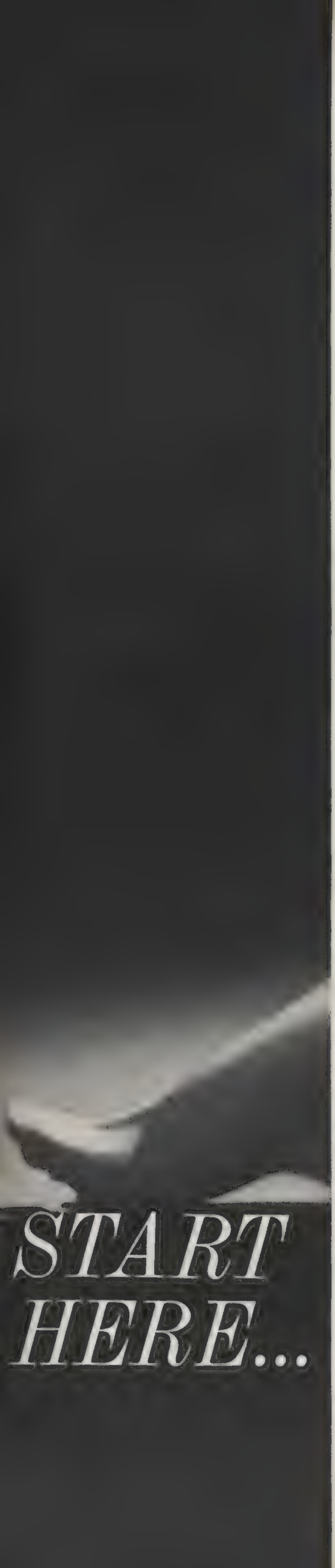
Or the make-up. Covering a blemish or changing your skin tone is all handled with the utmost delicacy.

These are the Celebrated Unknowns. Beautiful benefactors for your complexion to focus on now. Just between you and your mirror, don't you think you should visit the Geminesse counter at your favorite department store soon and discover them for yourself?



GEMINESSE
MAX FACTOR

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

September 1

The wise woman of Chaillot

We couldn't agree more with the Countess's words in Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot.* Mad or not, she's proof that the charm of an attractive woman never quits, nor her determination to remain that way. However ragged this woman may be, she has never allowed the world to cast her off. She's still enthusiastically on the eternal search for beauty that's vital to all women of every age, everywhere. As she explains to the life-doubting hero: "To be alive is to be fortunate, Roderick. Of course, in the morning, when you first awake, it does not always seem so very gay. When you take your hair out of the drawer and your teeth out of the glass, you are apt to feel a little out of place in this world. Especially if you've just been dreaming that you're a little girl on a pony looking for strawberries in the woods. But all you need to feel the call of life once more is a letter in your mail giving you your schedule for the day—your mending, your shopping, that letter to your grandmother that you never seem to get around to. And so, when you've washed your face in rosewater, and powdered it—not with this awful rice-powder they sell nowadays, which does nothing for the skin, but with a cake of pure white starch—and put on your pins, your rings, your brooches, bracelets, earrings, and pearls—in short, when you are dressed for your morning coffee—and have had a good look at yourself—not in the glass, naturally—it lies—but in the side of the brass gong that once belonged to Admiral Courbet—then, Roderick, then you're armed, you're strong, you're ready—you can begin again."*

Cheveux!

Our Paris observer observes that the prettiest girls there are wearing their hair close to the head these days—small and sleek and smooth. Long hair's pulled back in the good old George, or *Georges* as it were, and looks great. But the real talk-about, crazyabout news is short hair, *very* short hair, chopped off like a schoolboy's with sideburns in front of bare ears and a little fringe of bangs at the nape of the neck—adorable! . . . Then there's a whole other coin to flip over—the coif of the three Kates, also known as *concierge,* La Goulue, or Gibson Girl: hair pouffed away from the face and piled high on top of the head, lifted up off the neck in back and looking as if it's about to fall, with tendrils escaping romantically around the face. Katharine Hepburn's been on and off it for twenty years or so (she's the latest *Madwoman of Chaillot,* by the way—the movie's due next month). And, more recently, so have the two newer Kates, Katherine Ross and Catherine Deneuve. What's great for the three beautiful Kates just might be great for you.

Put on the happy feet

Things are looking up for downtrodden feet. Foot massage is a specialty of the house at the Lucille Bouchard Salon—just what it sounds like, it's comparable to body massage but all the action's from the knee down. Goes like this: enter an unharried upper-East-side brownstone, slip into a fresh little red-and-white terry kimono and paper scuff-along slippers. Trot off to a tub of hot soapy water where feet are briefly soaked and massaged, then placed on a vibrator that slaps toes together in a most satisfying manner, reverberating right up to the thighs. Then onto a massage table where the masseuse massages, cares evaporate in peace and quiet. Every single toe is tended to, then foot to calf to knee. Mme. Bouchard insists that massage of nerve endings in the foot can relax correspondent areas of the whole body, and a little fast footwork loosens up every muscle toe to head. And so it seems—you are astonishingly refreshed without all the to-do of a full massage. Takes just half an hour . . . and literally puts you back on your feet. Lucille Bouchard Salon, 174A East 82nd St., New York. (More Beauty Checkout, page 42)

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AND WORK UP!

Being soft comes naturally, staying firm is something else. The first full length body care. Full Length Body Lotion, Full Length Body Creme, Water Silk Bath and Shower Treatment Oil, Figure Creme Treatment for the Bust. The great performers.

ZSA ZSA



BEAUTY CHECKOUT

September 1

The thinking hairdresser

"I would not be in this business, I suppose, if I had not a real love for hair. I want to see it strong and healthy." . . . Vidal Sassoon speaking, on a deeply-felt conviction. Healthy, bouncy hair has always been his Thing, and he is always distressed by hair in distress: hair limp, frayed, exhausted from over-bleaching or colouring, waving or straightening, wind or weather. . . . Now, Mr. Sassoon is coming to its rescue in a vigorous, constructive way. Any woman visiting his New York salon can, if she wants—at no charge—have a really scientific analysis of her hair and its condition at that moment, simply by parting with a few strands of it (and filling in a short questionnaire). Some of the strands are analyzed under a polarizing microscope, which reveals—among other things—the protein content; others are tested on a microgram scale that records the hair's strength and springiness. The client is given a microphotograph of her hair, so she can see with her own eyes what distress signals, if any, it's exhibiting. If corrective treatments are needed, she may have anywhere from one to three in fairly rapid succession. After this the hair is photographed again—and again, the photograph is shown to its fascinated owner. . . . The entire program was worked out with Redken Laboratories, a famous California think-tank on hair and skin problems, which also supplies the corrective treatments. Manuel, who supervises the scientific goings-on at Sassoon's, was trained by Redken's Arthur R. McCullough, a hair-expert so renowned that he's frequently consulted by the FBI. Later on—when more personnel can be trained in the Redken techniques—Sassoon hopes to provide the same service at his London and Toronto salons, and the soon-to-be-opened one in Los Angeles. . . . Before deciding to introduce it in New York he had his own hair, and his wife's, tested under the all-seeing eye of the Redken microscope. (Both, predictably, were in splendid condition.)

One woman's PLSS

Portable Life Support System—the phrase was pounded into our head when our astronauts took their breath-stopping stroll around the lunar surface, and it's been orbiting around in there ever since. We're now convinced that on a less exalted level, back here on earth, most of the successful people we know have had some sort of personal PLSS for years. . . . In the case of a woman executive we know—a notably attractive, all-systems-are-go type—it consists of one small, easily available prop: a round, tubelike rubber pillow on which she sits, buoyantly, during the long hours at her office desk. It's her firm conviction that sitting correctly, in an upright, springy position—spine arrow-straight all the way up, not touching the back of the chair—is the secret of getting through a long, arduous day without tension or fatigue. Good posture, a straight spine, help circulation, keep blood flowing to the head. Bad posture—slumping down, back, or sideways, sagging between the shoulder blades—inhibits circulation, causing tension and tiredness. "After all," she said, "a person's vitality is only useful if it can be *sustained*. By sitting correctly, one can still feel very fresh indeed leaving the office after a heavy day, at 7 or 7:30, and walk into the street with a light step. I just couldn't do it if I didn't have this priceless little pillow, which I have had for years. I don't even know where it came from." . . . Putting our sleuths to work, we discovered that the pillow—inappropriately called an Invalid Ring—is made by the Davol Rubber Company, and that similar ones can be had at most good pharmacies. Caswell-Massey, in New York, have them from $7 to $12. . . .

comes from within *My dazzling bottles and jars. Radiates. Indulgent formulas, the inner source of a totally new beauty experience just for you, darling. Beneath-It-All-Creme before you make-up. Extra-Moisture Lotion. My tempting liquid make-up. And many, many more. Wonders that perform.*

ZSA ZSA

RICH'S

ATLANTA BORN...ATLANTA OWNED...ATLANTA MANAGED



Kasper's long-line outfit of Anglo's muted green wool plaid with new longer jacket over slim little dress. Sizes 6 to 14. $180.

FASHIONATA



Fashionata belongs as much to theater as to fashion,
as much to Atlanta as to Rich's.
And the thirteenth annual production, September 8-11,
casts Rich's resident company of designers
in superlative (even supernatural) roles.
Marquee lights could hardly project all the stellar names.

RICH'S
ATLANTA BORN...ATLANTA OWNED...ATLANTA MANAGED

THE YOUNG COAT IS A LONG COAT. It's a real fake fuzzie of shaded brown rayon, bordered with natural raccoon. 8 to 12. From a long collection. Young Designers Shop, third floor, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street. 365.00



Fur origin: United States

B Altman & Co



New York *Tokyo* *Paris* *London* *Montreal* *Hong Kong*

Malcolm Starr

by Elinor Simmons



LESLIE FAY

Ready for Take-off... in a checked tweed costume with deep V neck jacket over long, torso jersey and tweed sleeveless dress.

Tweed of rayon and Orlon® acrylic in red and beige or blue and taupe.
Sizes 8-16. About $50.


New way to escape...
Eastern's Guide to weekend-hopping
with a Leslie Fay wardrobe.

Weekend hopping is the little vacation idea, a chance to return to favorite places or try new ones. New York can be both. There are always new shows to see, new restaurants to sample, and the skyline seems to be ever changing. Yet, the things you like are all here—the smart stores, the museums and art galleries, the antique shops.
Be ready for busy days in Leslie Fay's 100% wool side-buttoned jacket costume with short sleeved scoop neck dress. Red, turquoise, black. Sizes 8-18. About $65.

NEW YORK

EASTERN



A weekend hop to Washington on Eastern can blend history with the spacious beauty of the city. The Lincoln Memorial and the Capitol lit up at night. The White House. The architectural elegance of Mt. Vernon, just 16 miles away. The riches of The National Gallery of Art. And not to be missed: a trip to Georgetown with its quaint old houses, modern shops and restaurants.

For complete comfort in flight or in town try this two piece polyester dress with its long, lean top and kicky pleated skirt. Beige, blue, orange, black. Sizes 8-18. About $50.

WASHINGTON

EASTERN



Take a weekend hop to Boston to re-discover the old and contrast it with the new. Stroll through Boston Common, walk down cobblestone streets past the brownstone houses on Beacon Hill. Visit Old North Church and Paul Revere's home along Freedom Trail. See the new architecture in the Government Center around Scollay Square. And drive out to enjoy the spectacular Fall foliage.

Travel and go sightseeing with fashion ease in double knit wool with a wrapped top and flared skirt. Red, navy, purple. Sizes 8-18. About $42.

BOSTON

EASTERN



NEW ORLEANS



A jet flight on Eastern to New Orleans is an escape to a slower paced past. To Vieux Carre, to dine leisurely in famous restaurants. Antiquing on St. Peter's Street. Discovering hidden courtyards in the French market. For contrast, explore the old plantation houses whose trees and formal gardens echo a romantic past.

Be sure to pack this sleeveless double knit wool, to take you from early morning till late at night. Green, blue, pink. Sizes 8-18. About $40.

A weekend in Miami can be anything you want it to be: there's so much variety. You can see shows that star everything from alligators and flamingos to the biggest names in show business. Visit Vizcaya, the museum modeled on an Italian palazzo. Wander through the Tropical Gardens. Go to the track, to the jai alai games. And above all, revive your fading summer suntan.

As light-hearted as the city itself, this Leslie Fay in gaily printed Orlon® challis. Two piece blouson top and pleated skirt with a matching scarf. Red, purple, green. Sizes 6-16. About $36.



BAHAMAS

EASTERN



A weekend in the Bahamas is instant life-of-ease. But if you're an energetic bargain hunter head for Rawson Square in Nassau. Dine in an elegant French restaurant on Paradise Island; go nightclubbing "over the hill"; feel very British in a horse-drawn carriage. In Freeport's International Bazaar there's a different country around every corner. And nearby there's a casino that looks just like the Taj Mahal!

For elegant evenings be glamorous in a gold sari-type sleeveless coat over a soft dress smocked at the waist and cuffs. Coat-metallic, cotton and acetate. Dress-acetate and rayon crepe. Eggshell with gold, yellow with silver. Sizes 6-16. About $90.

It's a city that's truly cosmopolitan and rich in contrasts. In the old city you'll find great restaurants, galleries and antique shops. Place Ville Marie is a unique symbol of the surging new Montreal. Check up on concerts in the Place des Arts, and be sure to sample some of the city's varied nightlife.

See the best of both worlds in Leslie Fay's long torso, swinging skirt double knit wool. Blue, pink, chartreuse, black. Sizes 8-16. About $42.

For the store nearest you, write to Leslie Fay. 1400 Broadway, N.Y. 10018.

For color folder on weekend hops, write Eastern Airlines, Box 1001, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 10020 or visit your travel agent or Eastern office.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

MONTRÉAL



LESLIE FAY

for the Weekend . . . ready to go
cked wrap-a-round dress with
nging skirt and sashed waist.
eer wool in beige with navy or orange.
$14.

re n ar t ou, writ to Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, N.Y. 10018

Prices slightly higher in the West.

The Hadley Corporation, 407 Broadway, New York 1001



Hadley in cashmere.

From the Town House of Fabergé to the Federated Department Stores

A collection of fragrances that opens the door to the best in Fall Fashion



Fabergé

Fabergé

Extravaganza by Sarmi. Gold threaded hand-painted lace
sprinkled with sequins. The delicious ultimate, a camellia.
For men only—bold brash BRUT. BRUT Lotion,
Extra large Soap, After Shave Balm.





SARMI

CALIFORNIA · SEATTLE · PORTLAND · PHOENIX

NINA I. MAO

CALIFORNIA · SEATTLE · PORTLAND · PHOENIX

I. MAGNIN

GUSTAVE TASSELL





Tassell performs the impossible,
enriching a golden lace tunic over a white satin skirt.
KiKU brings Oriental splendour to the bath.
Bath Oil with measuring scoop, Bath Powder with opulent puff, After Bath Cologne.

Faberge



Tiffeau zips up the jumpsuit, tops it with a great overplaid.
The finish, a huge fringed tie.
KiKU, shamelessly feminine for after the bath.
Bath Powder with lamb's wool puff, After Bath Cologne, Bath Oil with measuring scoop.

Fabergé

Bloomingdale's

NEW YORK

JACQUES TIFFEAU



CHESTER WEINBERG

shillito's

CINCINNATI





Chester Weinberg's inspired play with texture—tucked satin jumpsuit
under long-line ribbed wool sweater.
WOODHUE...crisp cool fragrance for fresh outdoorsy feeling.
Cologne Extraordinaire, Cologne Spray, Bath Powder, Savon Extraordinaire.



Fabergé

Faberge

Flame stitched cardigan suit
electrified by Donald Brooks.
TIGRESS tops off the bath beautiful with fragrant accessories.
Cologne Extraordinaire, Bath Sets.

DONALD BROOKS

foley's
HOUSTON



Faberge

Oscar de La Renta puts the cling into the sleeveless jumpsuit.
Silver dotted organza dress floats over it.
KiKU, golden luxuries for after the bath.
After Bath Cologne, Bath Powder.

Filene's
BOSTON

OSCAR de La RENTA



GEOFFREY BEENE

Lazarus

COLUMBUS



The wool jersey statement. The sock of fox. The stopper,
Geoffrey Beene's new restaurant length.
TIGRESS...feline, warm, uninhibited. Fabergette De Luxe Parfum,
Cologne Extraordinaire, De Luxe Bath Ensemble.

Fabergé



Bill Blass indulges romantic fantasy with generous brocaded flowers,
voluminous sleeves and a trail of scarf.
FLAMBEAU... ardent, smouldering, torchy. Cologne Spray,
Bath Powder, Savon Extraordinaire, Fabergette De Luxe.



Fabergé

BILL BLASS

Bikes

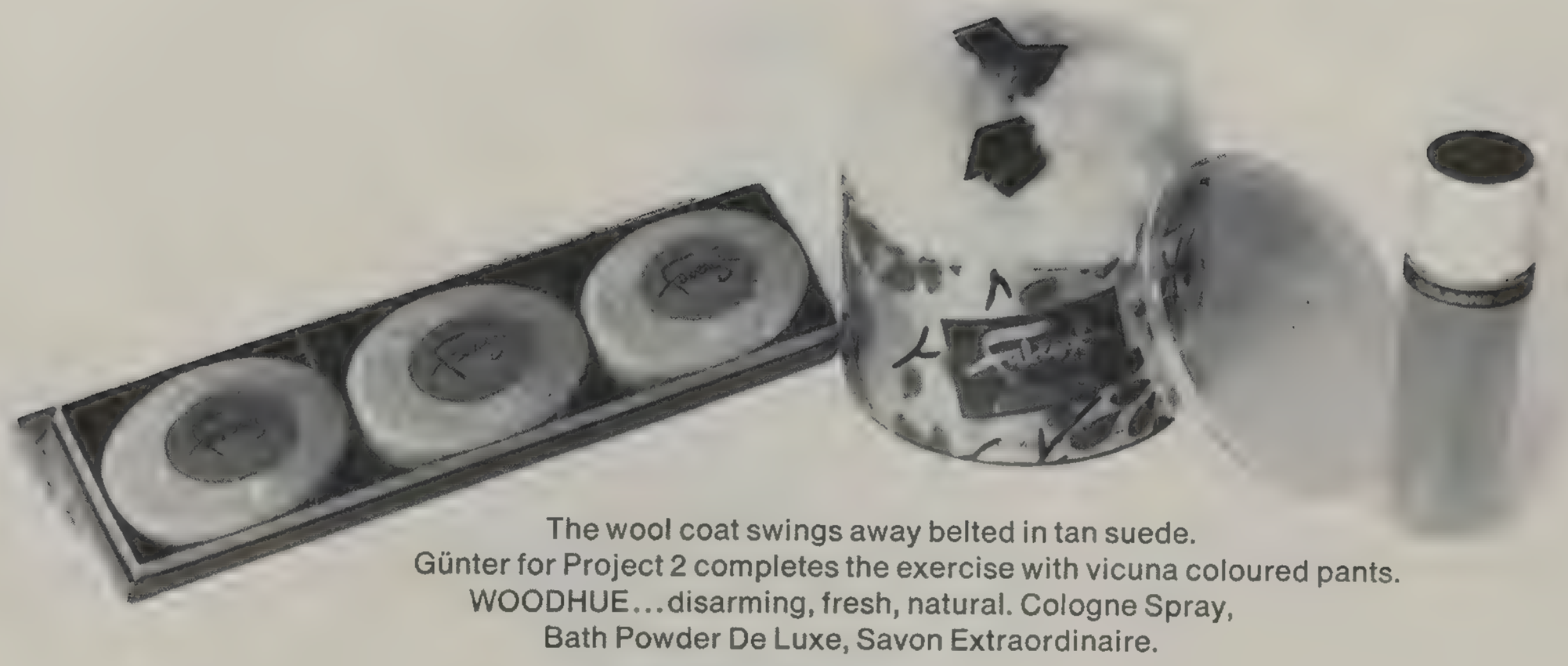
DAYTON

Goldsmith's

MEMPHIS

GÜNTER FOR PROJECT 2





The wool coat swings away belted in tan suede.
Günter for Project 2 completes the exercise with vicuna coloured pants.
WOODHUE...disarming, fresh, natural. Cologne Spray,
Bath Powder De Luxe, Savon Extraordinaire.

Fabergé





Chuck Howard gives the black and red jumpsuit with the long,
lean cardigan an easy air, and adds a cavalier touch with the horse-bit belt.
KiKU... love potions from a many splendoured collection.
De Luxe Bath Set, After Bath Cologne, Bath Soap.

Fabergé



Sanger-Harris

DALLAS

CHUCK HOWARD

ABRAHAM & STRAUS
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

KASPER FOR
JOAN LESLIE



Faberge

How to become more feminine...black point d'esprit, stripes of sequins,
and a brake of ruffling below the hips. By Kasper for Joan Leslie.
APHRODISIA spells out clear-cut sophistication.
Cologne Extraordinaire, Cologne Spray Extraordinaire.



BURDINE'S
MIAMI

Sunshine Fashions

B. H. WRAGGE





B. H. Wragge's sleeveless tweed dress moves nonchalantly through time under petit point wool jacket.
TIGRESS...are you wild enough to wear it?
Parfum Extraordinaire, Cologne Spray.



Fabergé



Teal Traina's halter gown bares beautiful shoulders and back.
The stole is a throwaway of ostrich and chiffon.
TIGRESS... just a little bit savage. Cologne Spray,
De Luxe Bath Powder, Savon Extraordinaire.



TEAL TRAINA

Boston Store

MILWAUKEE

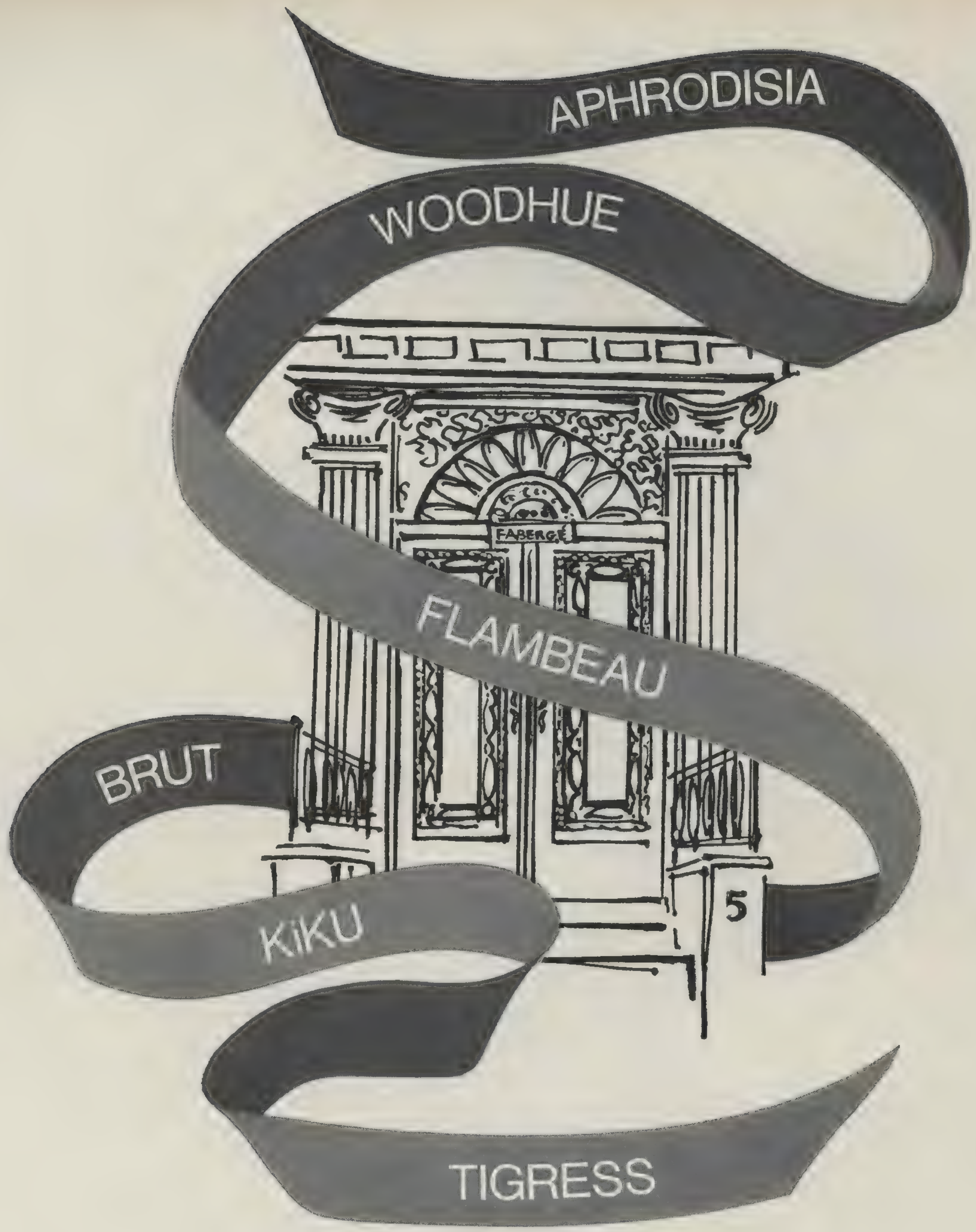


Chantilly lace dress becomes even more demure with jacket of flounced sleeves.
By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman.
KiKU, devoted to gentle essence of woman.
After Bath Cologne, Bodysoft, Bath Powder De Luxe, Bath Soap.

Fabergé

Levy's tucson

SHANNON RODGERS FOR JERRY SILVERMAN



Fabergé

...for whatever the fashion mood



RICHARD TAM for SARA FREDERICKS

Sara Fredericks

New York, Boston, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour,
Fort Lauderdale, Hollywood By-The-Sea


10:42
5:35
2:36
9:59
1:58

TEAL TRAINA, INC, 550 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE TRAINA SCHEDULE:

AM		PM	DESIGNED BY DOMINICK ROMPOLLO
12:01	THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL	1:58	THE MATINEE EXPRESS
2:36	THE MILK TRAINA	3:52	THE LITTLE TRAINA THAT COULD
9:59	THE LATE SLEEPER	5:35	THE COCKTAIL COMMUTER
10:42	THE SHOPPERS EXPRESS	11:41	THE LOUNGER
11:17	THE LUNCHEON LOCAL		



JORDAN MARSH
NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST STORE

PHOTOGRAPHED AT PERKINS COVE, OGUNQUIT, MAINE



Jacques Tiffeau's swingy "mixer" suit plays a plaid u-necked jacket against a correspondingly striped skirt, wraps the whole thing up in its own fringed stole. See it now in the Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop.

JORDAN MARSH
NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST STORE

PHOTOGRAPHED AT PORTLAND HEAD LIGHT, CAPE ELIZABETH, MAINE



Originala's new smash-hit coat... wide-flung, counterpointed with the tartness of white. Shown with it, city-mannered wide pants of pure white wool. From the fall collection, Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop.

Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Presents

The MADWOMAN

"The Madwoman of Chaillot" is a rare film with universal appeal. An entertainment of extraordinary proportions, it comes to the screen illuminated by a distinguished cast of international stars. The production in Technicolor® by Ely Landau-Bryan Forbes is released by Warner Bros.-Seven Arts.







Swashbuckling conspirators cape of black wool covers a sleek black jersey jumpsuit brightened at the neck with a touch of white. Swanson's, Kansas City.

Oscar de La Renta's

of CHAILLOT







For marching along the boulevards, a beautifully tailored brown wool coatdress, in the new longer length, is accented with touches of brown velvet. Maison Blanche, New Orleans.



Own Chaillot Look



Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Presents

The MADWOMAN



In the Paris of superjets and high living, you'll meet the Countess Aurelia, portrayed by Katharine Hepburn, an eccentric living in the past in a state of genteel decay. Among her eccentricities is her concern for the loss of her lover, many years before, as well as her nine-foot long purple feathered boa which also disappeared. And not to give the plot away ...so do a great many others.





La Belle Epoque personified in a gentle dress topped by golden sheer gauze and lace, with a softly belling skirt that glitters with each move. Nan Duskin, Philadelphia.

Oscar de La Renta's Own

of CHAILLOT





Perfect at a tea party in Chaillot or a fantastic party anywhere . . . a shimmering printed gold chiffon dress banded in dazzling rows of gold. Dayton's, Minneapolis.

Chaillot Look

Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Presents

The MADWOMAN

"The Madwoman of Chaillot" is as modern as tomorrow, yet as thoughtful and romantic as Spring in Paris. Derived from the famous French stage classic by Jean Giraudoux it has a timelessness that appeals to everyone with imagination and joie-de-vivre.







An aura of mystery, such as surrounded the Madwoman of Chaillot comes to life in this gala evening dress of black velvet and chiffon embellished with sequins. The finishing touch—a long black feather boa. Lord & Taylor, New York.

Oscar de La Renta's

of CHAILLOT



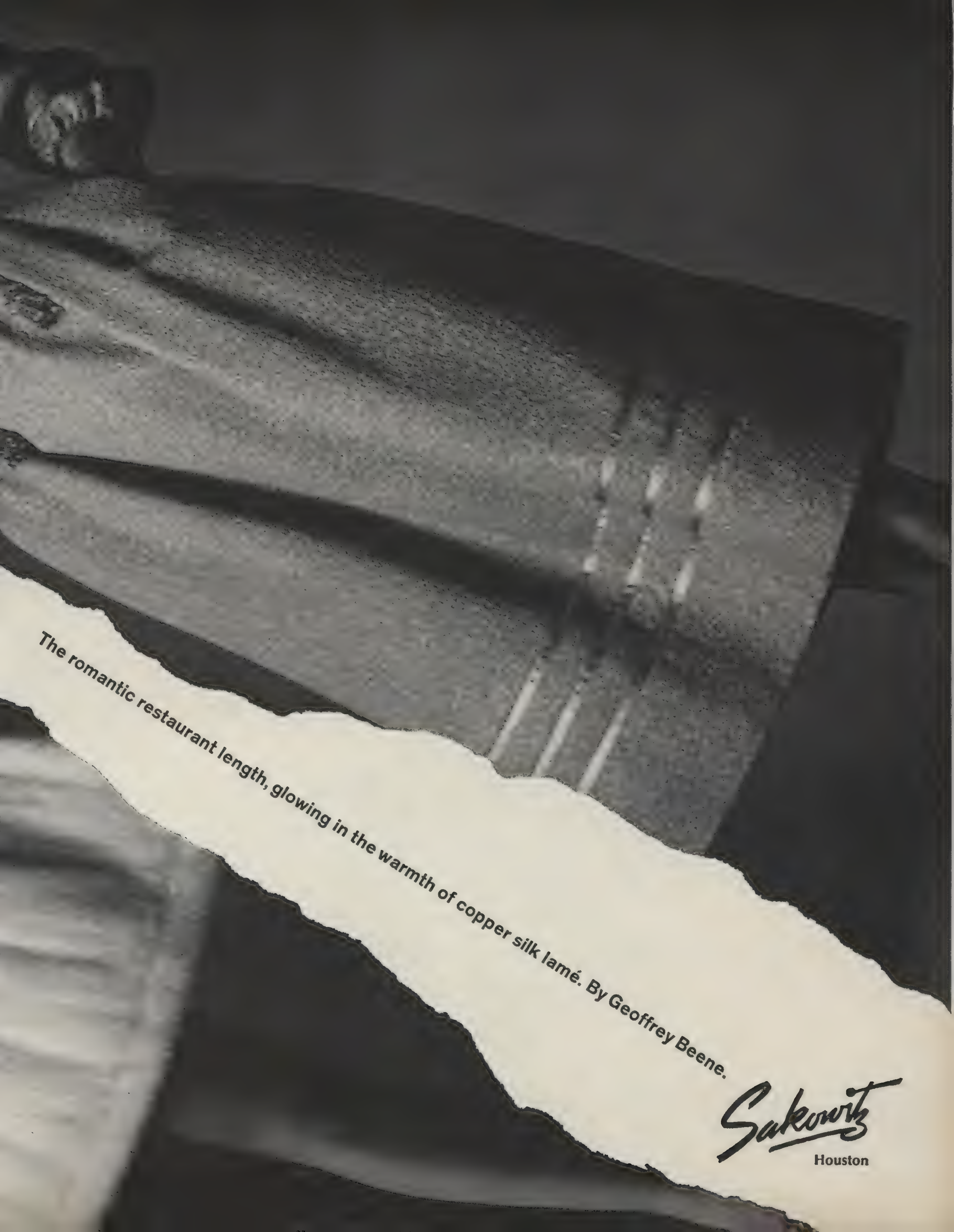


The Countess Aurelia would make a grand entrance—and so will any woman in this fantastic white dinner dress ornamented with silver sequins and diamanté, a white feather boa lavishly tossed about the neck. Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. All coiffures by Suga.

Own Chaillot Look




Making coatdressing a marvellous luxury. By Geoffrey Beene for Dan Grossman in Jasmine® Emba® mink.
©EMBA MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION


The romantic restaurant length, glowing in the warmth of copper silk lamé. By Geoffrey Beene.
Sakowitz
Houston

the NEW YORK COLLECTIONS



JOAN LESLIE
by Kasper

at Bramson

chicago and suburbs



Kiki Hart

People who have everything always wear wool

And this is the year to wear wool like never before. Because today's pure wool fabrics are breathing new life into the American fashion scene. Their natural talents for color, texture and tailoring have all been refined to a 1970 pitch of performance. They jet between airport and airport, city and country, day and night.

On the following pages you'll see famous **Anglo** wools in silhouettes by foremost American designers. Each of these couture examples of the American Way With Wool gives you a perfect little body and a beautiful sense of well-being. Because they have the sewn-in Woolmark label, your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best…pure wool. For further information, write American Wool Council, Dept. WJ-2969, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018.

The American Way With Wool.

PURE WOOL®



Dinner suitdress with bowed belt for our own Manor-Bourne by **RENBROOK.** In fine wool by Anglo Fabrics.

ANGLO FABRICS

PURE WOOL

IMAGE

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Pierre CARDIN
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BONWIT TELLER
ALL STORES

ANGLO FABRICS
THE AMERICAN WAY WITH WOOL

PIERRE CARDIN, 205 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

DON SIMONELLI
FOR

MODELIA



PURE WOOL

Fame is the name of coat and suit designers
who single out timeless, timely natural wool.

ANGLO FABRICS

MODELIA, 205 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

the wm. hengerer co.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK



Jacobson's
Michigan

SONY FOR
GOLET

ANGLO FABRICS

THE AMERICAN WAY WITH WOOL



HAT: REGENCY

ALDRICH



Kimberly®

The feminine spirit in pure wool knit. About $100. Lord & Taylor, Julius Garfinckel, Marshall Field & Co., Bullock's.





NEWS FOR EYES:

Revlon creates the 'luminesque eye'

Luminesque Liquid Eyeshadow and Liquid Eyeliner. A whole new way to dress your eyes . . . in soft, shimmery *iridescent* color that's more than frosted. (It's luminous color that flickers and flutters—seems almost alive!) Together, these 'Moon Drops' eyeshadows and liners give your eyes the new 'luminesque look'—like great, gleaming opals held up to the light.

The First Luminesque Eyeshadows. Iridescent liquid shadows you paint on with perfect precision, with their own little artist's brush. Blue, Brown, Green, Beige, Turquoise, Lemon, Pearl.

The First Luminesque Eyeliners. Lightly-lustered liquid liners to outline your lids in the softest possible color-and-light. In 4 soft, soft demi-shades.

'MOON DROPS'

DEMI EYE MAKEUP by REVLON

© REVLON 1969



NEWS FOR SKIN:

Revlon invents the makeup that is and isn't.

Translucent Flowing Creme Makeup. The first *translucent* finish for the face. (If you're wearing an 'obvious' makeup, you haven't got the Look of Today. What's right now is the 'realskin' look.)

To give you this 'un-makeup-y' look, we had to invent our own thing. A skinny little slip of color-in-creme. Slight, light, *translucent* coverage that looks so convincing you'd swear it isn't makeup at all. And it's not. It's '*Demi* Makeup'. In 8 flowing-creme shades. And there are *Demi* Translucent Facepowders (loose or pressed). And soft-glowing *Demi* Blushing Powder, too.

Put them all together and what have you got? The Look of Today. People will think it's your own fresh, flawless skin. (Let them.)

'MOON DROPS'

DEMI MAKEUP by REVLON

© REVLON 1989

Big Bad Borg you did it again.

Mary may have had a little lamb,
but who cares. I've got this fantastic
brown curly knockout of a coat. You and
Anne Klein sure know how to make a
girl feel gorgeous. And as if Borg's Nomad™
fabric isn't enough you had to go and
put this groovy leather trim on it — wow!
Mary never had it as good with
her little lamb as I've got it
with this knockout.



Coat by Anne Klein of Borg's Nomad. Pile of 80% Creslan® Acrylic 20% Dynel® Modacrylic. Sizes 4 thru 14. Price $150 (slightly higher in the Far West). Available at SAKS New York and all stores. NEIMAN MARCUS Dallas & Houston. FAMOUS BARR Co. St. Louis. G. FOX & Co. Hartford. GUS MAYER All stores.

™Trademark of Borg Fabrics division of THE BUNKER RAMO CORP.



Only the hard-to-get Golden Fleece
could satisfy the ancient Greeks. The same with Cadillac's
Mr. Gabbe. Nothing but the finest wool was good enough to create
his Cadillac woman. Hand-fashioned of luxurious pure wool,
she has no equal on earth . . . in knitwear.

CADILLAC

THE UNEQUALED HAND-FASHIONED ITALIAN KNITS

Venice/New York—498 7th Avenue. 2-piece knit, pure wool in three tones of rust, green or lilac, about $65.00. For Store nearest you see listing Page 326.

Original wood engraving by Clare Leighton—© Clare Leighton 1969 – Jewelry by Seaman Schepps



Look twice. It's Davidow.



Clothes designed by Catherine Capriotti available at I. Miller General Store departments.



can you live up to I. Miller shoes?

Vera paints the Blaze of India

COPYRIGHT 1969, SCARVES BY VERA.



Vera paints the Blaze of India, then makes it into sporting ideas for you to wear. Safari-pocketed shirt shift that's sashed with fringe and buttoned with Vera's own signature buttons, in Orlon® acrylic challis, $35. The vibrant top with signature cuff links, in cotton twill, $20. Ban-Lon® pants are tailored by Vera to that typical Vera faultless fit, $16 the pair. Tunic buttoned with miniature mirrors, in Orlon acrylic challis, $27. Everything sizes 8 to 18. Silk twill scarf, inspired by the painting on the easel, $5. Prices slightly higher in the West. See the rest of what Vera found in India. Vera's whole India collection now flying into fashionable stores.

...for you to wear

Vera

FOR ART LOVERS



Ben Reig

illumines the
Stanley Korshak Look
in an after-dark triumph
of black chiffon cut velvet
dazzled with white satin.
$290

Stanley korshak
912 North Michigan Avenue • Chicago



1407 Broadway, N.Y., Roma, Milano, Toronto, Los Angeles

THE GENIUS OF

Gino Paoli

ITALIAN COUTURE KNITTER



The Counter-Rebellion.
Strike a blow
for beauty.
When proud women
make their stand,
the taste for
great fashion is
inextinguishable.

Nat Kaplan

Dress and Persian trimmed coat ensemble
of black or lacquer red wool. About $275.
Nat Kaplan Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York

GIORGIO DI SANT'ANGELO MOVES COTTON INTO WINTER





GIORGIO DI SANT'ANGELO has warmed to cotton for winter. Treats it as nobody ever dared treat it before:
Quilts calico prints, mixing colors audaciously.
Fashions cotton knits into exotic, daytime harem pants for a new winter sports look.
Uses layers of cotton: things over things over things, fabrics over fabrics over fabrics.
Sends velveteen into the sports arena.
Makes a mad mosaic of bits of ribless corduroy and velveteen solids; feathers it for a Tartar princess' coat.
Here's a collection – a very now collection – to prove that cotton is a fabric for all seasons.
It took the free-wheeling imagination of a great designer to liberate it from seasonal restrictions.
With cotton moving into winter, shouldn't you be moving into cotton?

Left to right: 1. Feather trimmed long coat in a patchwork of cotton velveteen and ribless corduroy.
2. Two-piece jumpsuit in cotton velveteen. 3. Cotton velveteen apron jumper over cotton jersey harem-leg jumpsuit.
4. Quilted cotton calico wrap-coat over wrap-skirt with stock shirt.
Bonwit Teller, all stores; Rich's, Atlanta; Sakowitz, Houston; Neusteter's, Denver; Joske's, San Antonio; Jordon Marsh, Florida;
Cotton Producers Institute, Box 12253, Memphis, Tennessee 38112.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON KNOWS NO SEASON

There is nothing quite as nice as having someone take care of you.

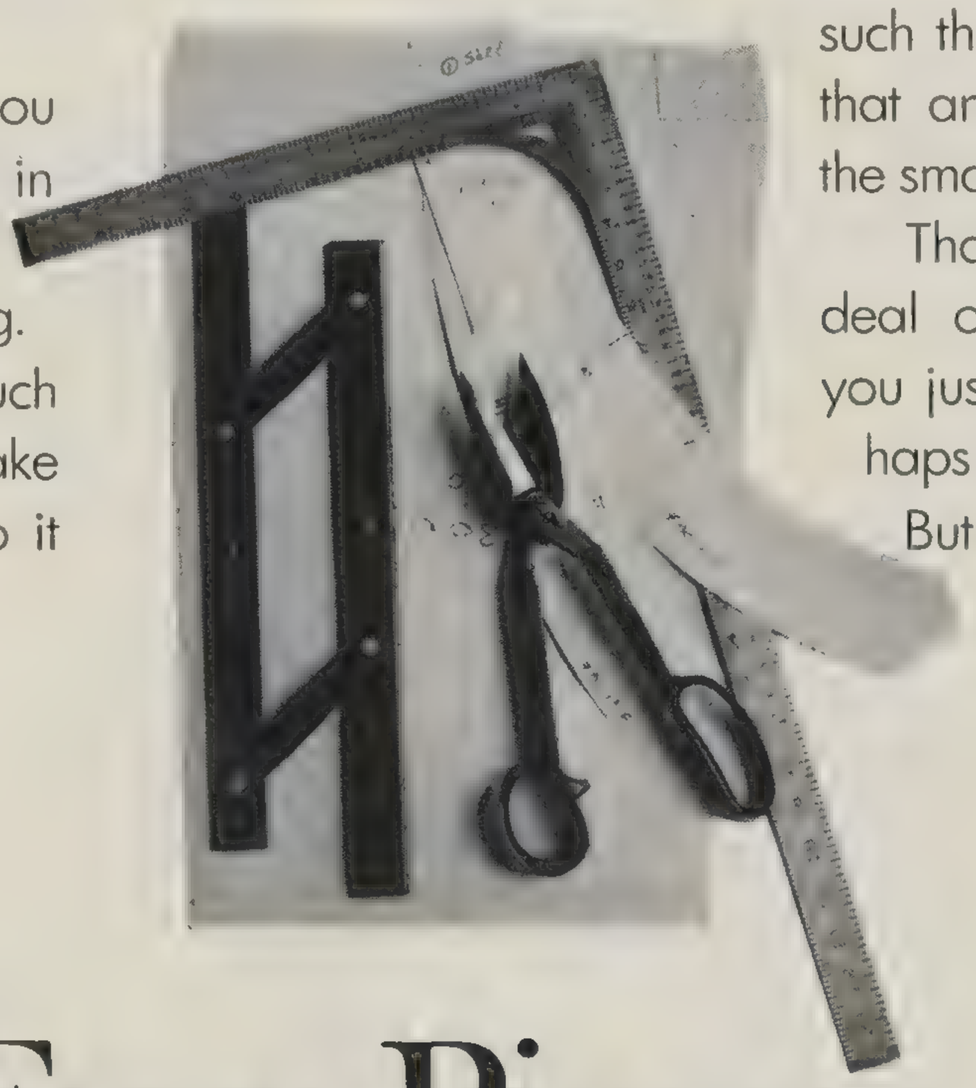
We believe that you should look as elegant at home as you do when you go out.

Nothing can be more sumptuous, more comfortable than a beautifully made "At Home."

One thing we know, you just can't arrive at elegance in a haphazard way. It takes workmanship. And planning.

That's why we pay such attention to detail. We make sure that the skirt is cut so it moves gracefully. And we'll spend hours and hours on a seam, so that you won't have to give it a second thought.

We plan out every stitch from the collar to the hem, because we believe that there's no such thing as beautiful clothes that aren't beautiful down to the smallest detail.



That may seem like a great deal of work for something you just slip on at home. Perhaps it is.

But we believe it's worth it.

Evan-Picone

(There is nothing quite as nice)

Our "At Home" Collection is available at respected stores throughout the country. Evan-Picone, 1407 Broadway, New York 10018; Evan-Picone Canada, 24 Mount Royal, West Montreal



Toughen up
weak nails



'Wonder Nail'. Helps toughen and fortify your nails. And helps protect them against daily shocks, knocks and detergent damage. A protein liquid formula that you brush on the whole nail (not just the tip), it forms a strong *protein-like bond* to give your chipping, splitting, peeling, nibbled nails a second chance. Today?

'Wonder Nail' Fortifier invented by Revlon

© REVLON 1969

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Shelter for the taxed

No one who skulked about with a skin allergy in the prehistoric days before cosmetics came to their (and our) senses, is likely to forget the sheer drear of being reduced to baby talcum and a hairbrush. One can only be grateful that Clinique is now on the scene to keep us proud and civilized in their exquisitely compounded balms, lotions, and make-up for contrary skin. And since Clinique believes in lavishing their lore from forehead to feet, three new pleasures have been unveiled: Eye Make-up Remover, an agreeable light cream which works with speed and comfort; Eye Liner Sealer, to use instead of water, thus producing a more dependable lid line; and Extremely Smoothing Body Lotion, which appears to test out as the first rich-rich defender of body skin that is both parched and prone.

The beauty of it all

One of the more womanly obligations is to sail through life looking always radiantly aware, and who fulfills this more admirably than Ana Maria Alba, whose inner glow reflects a high-hearted sunniness, and whose outer glow is owed—at least in part—to the Argentinian and Brazilian herb-laden creams and cossetting balms she aptly calls Fabulosa. But the *lindísima* Ana Maria is not one to stop midway; Fabulosa foundations and lipsticks have appeared, each made with the same secret herbs and mysterious oils that abound in the treatments. Cream Foundation is whipped to airy weightlessness, providing the skin with colour and coverage so sheer it flatters like ninon over nudity. Fluid Foundation gives perhaps a fraction more sheen and colour, keeping, however, the lovely look of naturalness. There is, besides, a brush-on blusher of supreme delicacy, bracketed in a compact with a translucent highlighter.

Softest touch in town

We are hard at work stitching up a set of mink place mats to donate as a prize to the first woman we meet who does *not* have dry, sensitive body skin. In the meantime—and more to the point—Neutrogena, makers of matchless soap, lotion, body oil, and other blessings for fragile skins of both sexes—have been busy crowning their glory with Rainbath, a new source of smoothness in that newest of forms: a gel. A capful of Rainbath under the faucet, and your tub is a froth of fresh-smelling bubbles, packed to bursting with emollients, which linger blissfully and soothingly on the skin. Also, being a gel, Rainbath is admirably adapted to showering. Squeeze it on a washcloth or sponge and foam it up all over your body. Being Neutrogena's own, it also cleanses almost to perfection. (More Ready Beauty, page 166)



HOW'S YOUR FIGURE?

This is the year of the Body Look. The year for swingy, clingy things that reveal every line – good and bad.

HOW'S YOUR FIGURE? And the look of your body . . . the shape . . . the line of your body . . . is your figure. How *is* your figure? Bothered by those often *un*-sleek looking areas like . . . the hips that are a bit "too hippy" . . . the waistline that's "wandered out of line" . . . the tummy and thighs that need to be firmer . . . smoother? Take heart. These are the "trouble spots" you can *do something* about!

RELAX-A-CIZOR DOES IT WHILE YOU REST! IT'S EFFORTLESS! Relax-A-cizor . . . without a whit of effort . . . tones and tightens your own "natural girdle" of muscles. These are the muscles that "hold-in" your hips, waistline, tummy and thighs. And these, too, are the muscle areas that "go soft" when you don't get enough exercise.

By giving effortless, concentrated exercise to these areas, Relax-A-cizor REDUCES the SIZE of HIPS, WAISTLINE, TUMMY and THIGHS. No weight loss!

EASY TO USE! All you do to tone and exercise your hips, for instance, is slip on a pretty little Hip Beauty Belt . . . turn a couple of dials . . . and you're exercising . . . effortlessly . . . while you're watching TV, reading, or just simply dreaming. Same goes for waistline and tummy. It's luxuriously simple! Takes as little as 30 minutes a day!

WHY RELAX-A-CIZOR WORKS. Many women lack good muscle tone because they don't get enough exercise. Relax-A-cizor gives effortless, concentrated exercise to such figure areas as hips, waistline, tummy and thighs. Regular use causes these areas to reduce in size measurably to the extent these muscles lack tone because of insufficient exercise. The less the muscle tone, the greater the degree of size reduction.

• **FREE!** Find out what effortless muscle-toning can do for your "body look." Send coupon today for your free copy of "Your Figure," by Burton Skiles.

©Relax-A-cizor, 1969

RelaxAcizor®

Relax-A-cizor carries the Seal of Nationwide Consumer Testing Inst., Inc.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES: LOS ANGELES, CALIF., 980 No. La Cienega Boulevard, OL 5-8000 / NEW YORK, N.Y., 575 Madison Ave., MU 8-4690 / CHICAGO, ILL., 29 East Madison St., ST 2-5680 / Representatives in cities nationwide! Available in Canada, Mexico City, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore (Overseas franchises available)

FREE! MAIL TODAY!

Relax-A-cizor, Dept. 20-610
980 No. La Cienega Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90054

Please rush me my free copy of "Your Figure," by Burton Skiles. No cost. No obligation.

☐ MRS. ☐ MISS ☐ MR.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

ZIP_____ PHONE_____

☐ I am under 18. ☐ I am over 18.

☐ I am also interested in a selling career with Relax-A-cizor.

20-610 909



CIGAR INSTITUTE
OF
AMERICA

MURRAY NIEMAN
FOR
HANNAH TROY

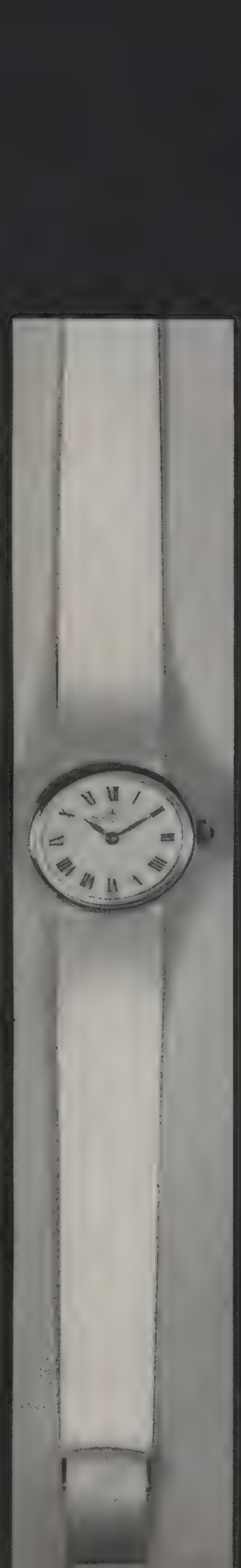
BAUME & MERCIER
Geneve
Designed and created
by
David G. Steven
in fourteen karat gold
$1,700.



CIGARS ARE IN
SMART PLACES
DOING SMART THINGS



BAUME & MERCIER
GENEVE



MURRAY NIEMAN
FOR
HANNAH TROY

BAUME & MERCIER
Geneve
In eighteen karat gold
from the International Collection
for David G. Steven
left, $575. Right, 14-karat, $1,175.

CIGAR INSTITUTE
OF
AMERICA

When she lights a man's cigar...
it's an old world gesture of
the complete woman.

HANNAH TROY
IN
SMART PLACES
DOING
SMART THINGS



BAUME & MERCIER
Geneve
In eighteen karat gold
from the International Collection
for David G. Steven
Left, $990. Right, $1,650.

MURRAY NIEMAN
FOR
HANNAH TROY

CIGAR INSTITUTE
OF
AMERICA

Among the richer enjoyments of
the good life...
the aroma of a fine cigar

BAUME & MERCIER
IN
SMART PLACES
DOING
SMART THINGS







HOUSE OF BRANELL

BRANELL, MISS BRANELL, PAUL BLUMENSTEIN, ALISON, DIVISIONS OF HOUSE OF BRANELL




HOUSE OF BRANELL
AT FINE STORES OR WRITE HOUSE OF BRANELL, 530 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018
Burnt orange patchwork
of sateen and velveteen.
Evening gown, about 275.00.
Dress and coat, about 350.00
MISS Branell

People Who Have Everything Always Wear Wool

PURE WOOL®

They're the ones who always arrive with that perfect, untravelled look wherever they go. Because they depend on the great going looks of pure wool—the fabric of the jet-propelled life. For them, the sewn-in Woolmark is the special guarantee of travel-ability, superb performance, and the world's best in fashion appeal. The Susan Thomas fashions of pure wool doubleknit in the following portfolio are contemporary examples of great jetaway fashions for fall that typify
THE AMERICAN WAY WITH WOOL



SUSAN THOMAS INC*

Susan Thomas · Rona · Adele Martin · S.T.J.

*a division of Genesco

To Finland With Susan Thomas In Pure Wool



FINNAIR
pride of scandinavia

Follow the new jet stream to Finland, travel discovery of the 70's. Fly there on Finnair, where gracious hostesses, excellent cuisine, old-world service and elegance in design are a way of life. The highlight of every travel itinerary: Susan Thomas fashions designed by Ilse Smith in pure wool doubleknit, the fabric that puts elegance and ease in every wardrobe. Above, tunic dress and pants in red, navy or black with embroidery trim. Insert, left: navy, red or white two-piece dress with pleats and embroidery. Both, sizes 6-16. About $70. At Best & Co., all stores; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin, West Coast.* Prices slightly higher in the West

SUSAN THOMAS by Ilse Smith
TOTALLY CONTEMPORARY

To Finland With Rona In Pure Wool



FINNAIR
pride of scandinavia

A must for every savvy traveller: Rona's versatile sleeveless dress and jacket—a Woolmark design in pure wool. Black plum, skipper blue or grey with coordinating paisley scarf. Sizes 8-18. About $80. At Peck & Peck, all stores; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati and Dayton; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Sakowitz, Houston. The traveller's delight: Finnair, the world's fifth oldest airline, makes flying a uniquely comfortable experience. Its new trans-atlantic service offers flights from New York to Helsinki via intriguing Amsterdam and Copenhagen.

Rona.

IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU

To Finland With Adele Martin In Pure Wool



Unique detail and the great going looks of wool doubleknit makes this Adele Martin design the ideal traveling companion. The Woolmark is the guarantee of finest quality and never-before luxury. Black, red or purple with white. Sizes 6-16. About $56. At Lord & Taylor, all stores; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Marshall Field, Chicago; I. Magnin, West Coast. Finnair's modern jets will carry you effortlessly to 11 European countries and to 32 exciting cities, including newly-discovered travel centers such as Moscow, Leningrad, Prague and Dubrovnik.

PURE WOOL

adele martin

YOUR OWN FASHION STATEMENT

To Finland With S.T.J. In Pure Wool



FINNAIR
pride of scandinavia

The designs of Marshall Klugman for S.T.J. are as new as tomorrow—and depend upon the traditional performance of pure wool for travel-ability and fashion appeal. Here, a fling of pleats and white satin accents on black, purple or navy wool. Sizes 4-14. About $70. At Bonwit Teller, all stores; I. Magnin, West Coast; Foley's, Houston; Jacobson's, Michigan. Finnair is the showcase of modern design—a symbol of Finland itself, a land which is rooted in tradition but rich in contemporary thinking.

S.T.J.

NOT MORE THAN A YEAR AHEAD by Marshall Klugman

To Finland With S.T.J. In Pure Wool



Free spirit of fashion—S.T.J.'s Woolmark design—a softly-shaped dress of luxurious wool doubleknit that adapts to every season, time and place. Pink or powder blue. Sizes 4-14. About $60. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Filene's, Boston; Julius Garfinckel, Washington D.C. Finland, land of the midnight sun, has a rugged magnificence and natural beauty which complements its sophisticated culture. And Finnair flies you there-to historic castles, exotic landscapes, model cities and to the many wonders that are making Finland the Tomorrow place.

PURE WOOL®

S.T.J.

NOT MORE THAN A YEAR AHEAD by Marshall Klugman



Perspective '70: multi-dimension dressing. Layer on layer. Color on color. Long long shortcoat, outgoing skirt, soft shirt of camel, gray and burgundy. Converged by Kaspen for Joan Leslie in the multi-dimensional Miss Hudson Shop. Cap by Frank Olive.

The Woodward Shops
HUDSON'S



Perspective '70: a linear, leaner look. Very much to the point, this long-torsoed, pleat-skirted suit with an outstretch of muffler, a distant plaid of brown, green, black. Tiffeau-Busch lines it up for the designer collections in Hudson's Crystal Room.

The Woodward Shops
HUDSON'S

Irene by Hubert Latimer–
Abraham platinum silk crepe
flowing into flashes of brilliance.
Throw-a-party-pajama 375.00.
Specialty Shop

Halle's

Cleveland—Akron, Ohio
Erie, Pa.



Bill Blass' sweater turned
coat—lean length of black and white
wool houndstooth—beneath,
a little black wool jersey with
pleats placed low 600.00.
Specialty Shop

Halle's

Cleveland—Akron, Ohio
Erie, Pa.


WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?.
An exquisite extra-dark
natural mink called
BLACKGLAMA®
bred only by
Great Lakes Mink men
and designed by
Benwit Teller.

THE TRIGÈRE TEMPO...PACED BY ORSI FABRICS...

TIMED BY ROLEX



Wool plaid shaped into a high-spirited, high-waisted tunic over bias trousers.
Automatic gold Rolex, 26-jewel movement, $475.



Malcolm Starr creates a romantic mood for evening in a magnificent gown of opulent patchwork.

Higbee's
CLEVELAND

THE TRIGÈRE TEMPO...PACED BY ORSI FABRICS...

TIMED BY ROLEX



Smashing little coatdress with dimension, silver squares against taupe. Gold Rolex, braided link bracelet, $317.50.

Introducing Parfum de Toilette.

Parfums Marcel Rochas fills a void.

Parfum de Toilette is lighter than perfume, yet much longer lasting than cologne. It's the great in-between.

Add it to your arsenal of fragrances in Femme or Madame Rochas: $6.50 and $10 in regular and atomizer bottles.

For a brief time, our newly designed gift sets include an atomizer of Parfum de Toilette and a flacon of perfume in Femme or Madame Rochas, $6.50 each set.

Parfums Marcel Rochas



THE TRIGÈRE TEMPO...PACED BY ORSI FABRICS...

TIMED BY ROLEX



The frosty glitter of a diamanté-and-jet-sprinkled guimpe,
the cool tailoring of a black Orsinella dress.
Gold Rolex with 24 diamonds, $1,125.

Nardiello for Rona

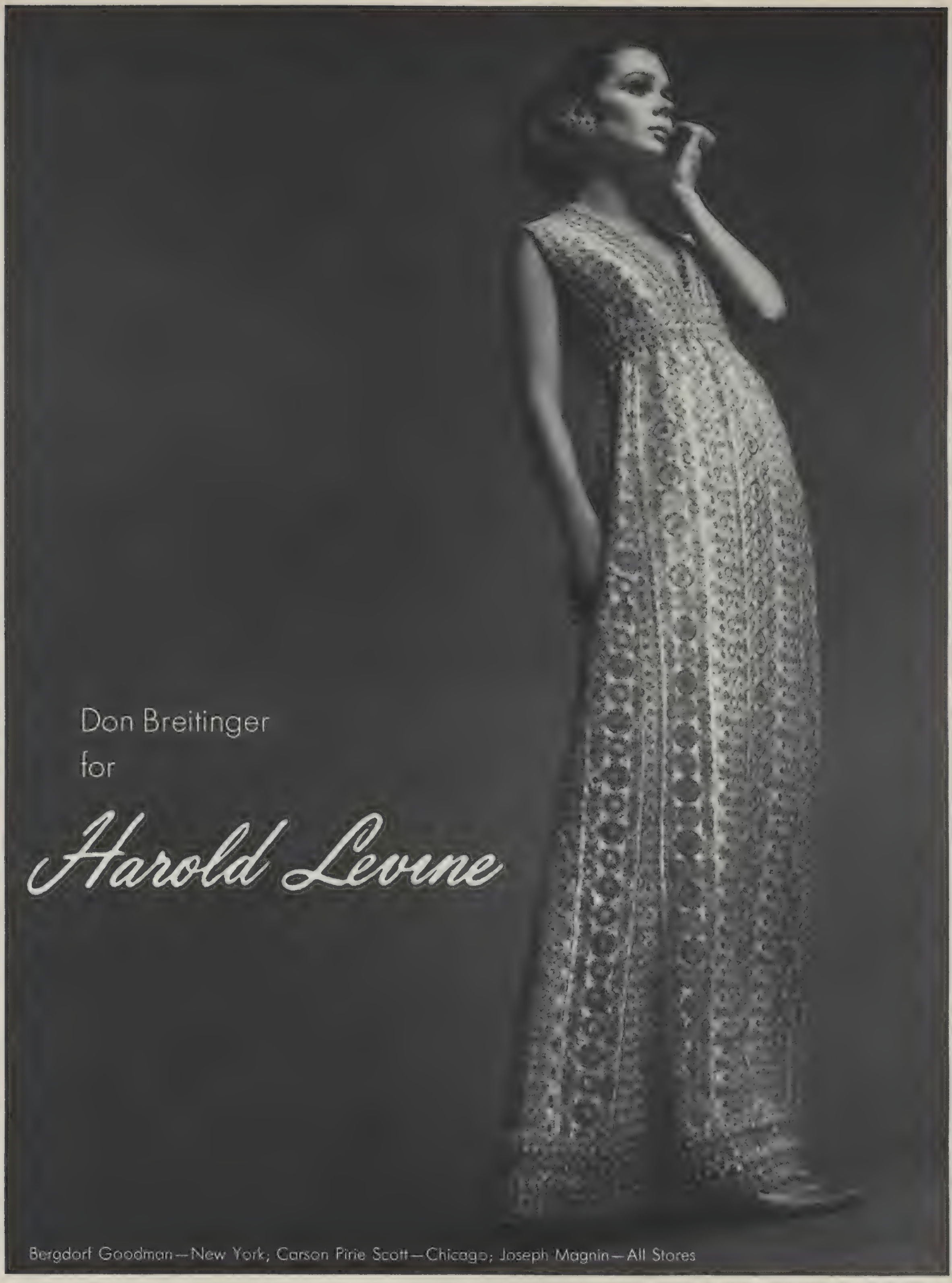
About $1.50. For
store nearest you,
write Rona, Inc.,
498 Seventh Ave.,
New York 10018.
A Division of Genesco

THE TRIGÈRE TEMPO...PACED BY ORSI FABRICS...

TIMED BY ROLEX



Double-faced fleece plus-coat, subtly seamed to reveal a glimpse of its reverse side. Gold watch from the Rolex Cellini Collection, $460.



Bergdorf Goodman—New York; Carson Pirie Scott—Chicago; Joseph Magnin—All Stores

THE TRIGÈRE TEMPO...PACED BY ORSI FABRICS...



Shimmering blouse embroidered with baguettes and diamanté meets the brown Orsinella divided skirt at the hip. The coat echoes the theme. Gold Rolex with woven bracelet, $420.

Jacobson's Michigan



The splendor of old Spanish tapestries, recaptured for magnificent evenings by Kasper for Joan Leslie. Goya blue velvet appliqued with spheres and shapings of crimson and white silk print. 225.00

THE TRIGÈRE TEMPO...PACED BY ORSI FABRICS...



TIMED BY ROLEX



Precious borders: dramatic "wild rice" tweed greatcoat, edged with the many-shaded brocade of its dress. Thirty-one diamonds circle the face of the gold Rolex, $1,250.

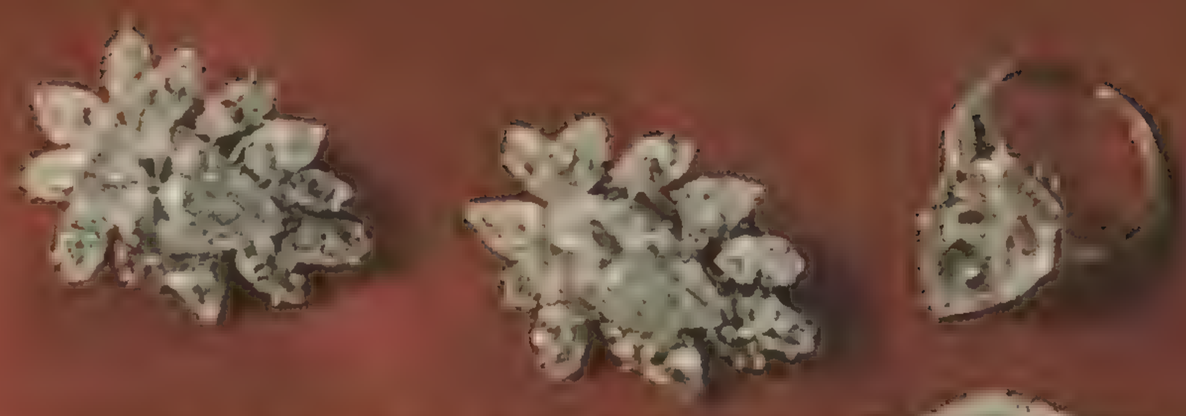
The American Rolex Watch Corporation
580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.

Dalton



Black 100% pure virgin cashmere tunic sweater sizes 34 to 40, about $38.
Black and white wool tweed pants, sizes 6 to 18, about $36.

Featured at: Bonwit Teller, Jacobson's-Michigan, Bullock's-Wilshire and other fine stores everywhere.







Mayor's

of Florida

Fine Jewelers since 1910

5825 Sunset Drive, Miami, Florida 33143

Shopping centers at Dadeland • Coral Gables • Miami

North Miami Beach • Hollywood • Fort Lauderdale • Pompano Beach







And the sweet music of jewelry from Mayor's:

pear-shaped and marquise diamond earrings (26.42 cts) $148,000; pear-shaped diamond ring (8.26 cts) $54,000; multi-colored sapphire and canary diamond earrings, $3,350 and matching ring, $7,600; pin of emeralds, blue and golden sapphires, rubies and diamonds, $9,000.

The watches by Rolex: the ladies' watches have 17-jewel movements and are 14-karat gold; small oval face with 20 diamonds $625; square face with 24 diamonds $1,200; oval face with 20 diamonds $1,050; man's Day-Date



Sweet music composed in lasting, treasured styles . . . . from basic, 14-karat gold to these stunning heirlooms of the future shown here. Let us show you the world of jewelry from Mayor's. Write for our special brochure.

CITY SEASONING BY DAVID CRYSTAL IN DACRON®



David Crystal seasons city fashions with a dash of good design. Here, two café sophisticates of Dacron® polyester doubleknit. A-line dress belted high in an Argyle weave. Sizes 6 to 16. Navy/Red, Black/Brown. About $46. With it, the trim little skimmer in a two-color stripe with squared-off golden buttons. Sizes 6 to 16. Navy/Red, Black/Beige, Red/Navy. About $56.

B Altman & Co

FIFTH AVENUE WHITE PLAINS MANHASSET
SHORT HILLS ST. DAVIDS, PA. RIDGEWOOD/PARAMUS

CHAS. A. STEVENS

CHICAGO WINNETKA - LA GRANGE PARK
EVERGREEN PARK

MONTALDO'S

ALL STORES

Doop's



CITY SEASONING BY DAVID CRYSTAL IN DACRON®



David Crystals
in an old-world setting,
flavored with
subtle fashion details. Both
dresses of Dacron® polyester.
The coat dress
in a diagonal weave.
Sizes 8 to 18.
Green, Brown, Red. About $60.
The belted shift
in a handsome ottoman weave.
Sizes 8 to 18.
Beige, Jade Green, Black. About $46.

Harzfeld's
Petticoat Lane
Kansas City, Mo.

Jordan Marsh
FLORIDA



CITY SEASONING BY DAVID CRYSTAL IN DACRON®



David Crystals in the park...
new versions of the famous Chemise Lacoste®
for a collector's collection.
Pants and tunic-dress and a slender shift.
All in Dacron® polyester doubleknit.
The Lacoste® tunic-dress self-sashed;
cut long enough to be worn alone.
Sizes 6 to 16. Navy/Red, Brown/Beige.
The solid pants to match.
The outfit about $56.
The Lacoste® shift with gold buttons.
Sizes 8 to 18.
Flamingo, Brown, Navy, Jade. About $33.

Prices may vary slightly in certain cities. All dresses available at all stores and at additional stores listed immediately following these pages.

HUDSON'S
DETROIT

DAYTON'S OVAL ROOM®
MINNEAPOLIS ST. PAUL ROCHESTER

HIGBEE'S
CLEVELAND



City Seasoning by David Crystal
pages 160 to 165, also at these fine stores.

Aberdeen, S.D. .....
Marie O. Simmon Shop
Aiken, S. C..Julia's Dress Shop
Akron, Ohio .....Birnbaum's
Albany, Ga. ..Rosenberg Bros.
Albuquerque, N. M..Benjamin's
Alcoa, Tenn.....Proffitts, Inc.
Alexandria, La.....Gus Kaplan
Amarillo, Texas .....Colbert's
Ambler, Pa. .....
Mary Giesler Fashions
Americus, Ga..A. Cohen & Sons
Anchorage, Alaska .....
Welch's Style Shop
Anderson, S. C. .....
The Vogue Shop
Appleton, Wis. .....Bee Frank
Ardmore, Okla. .....
Daube's Department Store
Asbury Park, N. J. .....
Dainty Apparel
Asheboro, N. C..Belk-Yates Co.
Asheville, N. C....John Carroll
Ashland, Ky.....Delmar's
Ashland, Ohio .....
Forecast Inc. Casual Shop
Astoria, Oregon ....Kay-Lynns
Atlanta, Ga.....Leon Frohsin
Attleboro, Mass.....Milady's
Auburn, N. Y.....Bramley's
Augusta, Ga. .....
Punch Mulherin, Inc.
Baltimore, Md..Miller Brothers
Barre, Vt.....Town Shop
Bay City, Mich. .....
Mary K. Dress Studio, Inc.
Belle Meade, Tenn. .....
Grace's Shop
Bellingham, Wash. .....
Robert Burns
Bennington, Vt. .....
Vogue & Vanity
Bethesda, Md.....Haber & Co.
Beverly, Mass....Lorraine Roy
Binghamton, N. Y. ....Drazens
Birmingham, Ala. .....
Margaret Bowron
Birmingham, Mich.....Chudiks
Bismarck, N. Dak. .....
The Alex Ruth Shop
Bloomington, Ill. .....
Paul Anderson
Bloomington, Ind. .....
The Kings' Shop
Bluefield, W. Va. .....
The Thornton Co.
Boise, Idaho .....Carroll's
Boothbay Harbor, Me. .....
House of Logan
Boston, Mass...The Gray Shop
Boulder Creek, Calif. .....
M. C. Hempel
Bozeman, Mont. ..Angionettes
Bristol, Tenn. .....
New Fashion Shop
Butler, Pa. .....
The Vogue of Butler
Butte, Mont. .....Maggi Anns
Cambridge, Mass. .....
Gertrude Singer
Canton, Ill. .....Lee-Rose
Carmel, Calif..Cinderella Shop
Carrollton, Ky. .....
The Carroll Shop
Casper, Wyo.....Blakey & Co.
Cedar Falls, Iowa.....Braley's
Cedar Rapids, Iowa...Martin's
Chambersburg, Pa. .....
The Little Shop
Champaign, Ill...Jos. Kuhn Co.
Charleston, S. C.....Berlin's
Charleston, W. Va. .....
The Vogue, Inc.
Charlottesville, Va. .....
Hazel M. Eastham, Inc.
Chatham, Mass. .....
Puritan Clothing Co.
Chester, Pa. .....Daniel's
Cheyenne, Wyo. .....
National Furs and Fashion
Chico, Calif. ..M. Oser & Co.
Chillicothe, Ohio. ....Tudor's
Cincinnati, Ohio .....Pogue's
Clarksburg, W. Va.....Broidas
Claymont, Del. ..M. Thorngate
Clearwater, Fla. .....Zack's
Clinton, Mass...Redwood Shop
Clinton, N. C...The Town Shop
Colorado Springs, Colo. .....
Gray Rose
Columbia, S. C..Lisbeth Wolfe
Corona Del Mar, Calif. .....
O'Brien's
Coronado, Calif .....
Town & Country Fashions
Culpeper, Va.....Jayne's
Cumberland, Md.....Peskin's
Dalton, Ga...Daisy's of Dalton
Danvers, Mass....Lorraine Roy
Danville, Ill. .....
Parisian Oscar Meis
Danville, Ky...Cinderella Inc.
Darien, Conn. .....Inez
Davenport, Iowa .....
Petersen's Harned Von Maur
Daytona Beach, Fla..Sussman's
Dayton, Ohio.....Billy Lewis
Decatur, Ill...Van Law Carol's
Decatur, Ill. .....Williams
Dekalb, Ill..Eileen's Dress Shop
Dennisport, Mass. .....
Puritan Clothing Co.
Des Moines, Iowa.....Wolf's
Dubois, Pa.....Leonardson's
Dubuque, Iowa .....Zuckies
Duluth, Minn...Arthur A. Silver
Dyersburg, Tenn..Schlesinger's
East Aurora, N. Y. .....
Seaman Hood & Morey
East St. Louis, Ill. .....
Maggi Fashions Inc.
Eden, N. C.. .....Wright's
Elgin, Ill. .....The Boutique
Elizabeth, N. J..Mason-Edwards
Emporia, Kansas....Newman's
Ephrata, Wash .....
The Barnes Shop
Euclid, Ohio .....Gornik's
Fairmont, Minn. ....Georgia's
Fargo, N. D. .....Shotwell's
Fargo, N. D. .....Black's
Florence, S. C. .....
Nettie Elizabeth Shoppe
Fort Dodge, Iowa .....
Hollywood Style Shoppe
Fort Myers, Fla....Elsa's, Inc.
Fort Wayne, Ind. .....
Wolf & Dessauer
Fort Wayne, Ind.....Fishman's
Fredericksburg, Va. .....
Haber & Co.
Frederick, Md.....Haber & Co.
Freeport, Ill....Borchers Inc.
Freeport, Ill. .....Ruhl's
Fremont, Ohio .....
Schmidt Hat & Gift Shop
Fresno, Calif. .....Mona Lisa
Gadsden, Ala. .....Jack Saks
Galesburg, Ill...Fred Schubach
Gastonia, N. C. .....
Matthews-Belk Co.
Glendale, Calif. .....Judd's
Gloucester, Mass.....Adasko's
Goleta, Calif.....Tevis-Togs
Grand Forks, N. D....Griffith's
Grand Rapids, Mich. .....
Alice Jane Dows
Granville, Ohio .....
Phoebe's Custom Apparel
Great Falls, Mont....Miss K-G
Greenville, Miss. .....
Mannequin Shoppe
Greenwich, Conn. .....Ginny
Greer, S. C....Elsie O. Fleming
Guilford, Conn. ...Fred Phipps
Hagerstown, Md..Haber & Co.
Hampton, Va.....Casey's, Inc.
Hanover, N. H. .....
Town and Country Shops
Harrisonburg, Va. .....
Jimmie's Dress Shop
Harwich Port, Mass. .....
House of Morgan
Hazelton, Pa. .....Catherine's
Helena, Mont..J. M. McDonald
Henderson, Ky. .....Bohn's
Hickory, N. C.....Katie's, Inc.
High Point, N. C. .....
Collier Ellis & Co.
Hinsdale, Ill...Heritage House
Holland, Mich. .....Doody's
Homewood, Ala..Penny Palmer
Honolulu, Hawaii.....The Ritz
Hopewell, Va. .....
Rucker-Rosenstock
Hudson, Mass...Redwood Shop
Huntington, W. Va. .....
Brown's Apparel
Hyannis, Mass. .....
Puritan Clothing Co.
Ironwood, Mich.....Eva Wurl
Jackson, Miss..Frances Pepper
Jackson, Tenn. .....
Rosenbloom's, Inc.
Jacksonville, Fla..... Bolun's
Jamestown, N. Y...Nord's Inc.
Johnstown, Pa. .....Brett's
Joliet, Ill. ....Fehrenbacher's
Joplin, Mo. ....Kassab
Kankakee, Ill. .....Lecour's
Kenosha, Wis..Skuhra Fashions
Kent, Conn.....The Barn Shop
Killeen, Texas .....Clytie's
Kinston, N. C. .....
The Fashion Shoppe
Klamath Falls, Ore. .....
Fashion Villa
Kosciusko, Miss. .....Otella's
La Crosse, Wis. .....
Lotties Dress Shop
La Habra, Calif.....Damon's
Lake Charles, La.....Riff's
Lake City, Fla. .....
Bruce Clothing Co.
Lake Village, Ark. .....
Mansour's Dept. Store Inc.
Lansing, Mich..The Style Shop
Laredo, Texas....Polly Adams
Las Cruces, N. M....Geor Jess
Laurel, Miss.....Naomi McRae
Lenoir, N. C..The Corada Shop
Lexington, Ky.....Meyer's
Ligonier, Pa. .....
Post & Rail, Inc.
Lima, Ohio .....Abraham's
Lincoln, Neb..Hovland-Swanson
Logansport, Ind. .....
Plotner's Viola's
Long Beach, Calif.....Schick's
Louisville, Ky. .....Hytkin's
Lumberton, N. C. .....
The Fashion Bar
Lynchburg, Va. ...Stork's Inc.
Lynnfield, Mass..Lorraine Roy
Macomb, Ill. ... .Ring's
Macon, Ga. .....Stephen's
Madison, Wis. .....
MacNeil and Moore
Madison, Wis. .....Simpsons
Magnolia, Ark.....Lois Gean
Manchester, N. H. .....
M. Machinist, Inc.
Manhattan, Kansas .....
Woodward's
Mankato, Minn.....Pierce
Marblehead, Mass. .....
Lorraine Roy
Marietta, Ohio.....Bonham's
Martinsburg, W. Va. .....
M. Cohen & Sons
Marshalltown, Iowa..Herman's
Mason City, Iowa..Lundberg's
Mayfair, Wis. .....
MacNeil and Moore
McAllen, Texas .....
Ladies Supply Co.
Memphis, Tenn..Cathryn Young
Memphis, Tenn..Minor-Frances
Menlo Park, Calif..Surrey Shop
Meridian, Miss. .....
Mark Rothenberg
Mesa, Ariz. .....Mollies
Michigan City, Ind. ..Ohming's
Midland, Mich..The Mode Shop
Millburn, N. J.....Morris's
Milwaukee, Wis. .....
MacNeil and Moore
Minot, N. D. .....Bader's
Minot, N. D. .....
Walter's Women's Wear
Mobile, Ala. .....Raphael's
Modesto, Calif...Lee's Apparel
Moline, Ill. .....La Rose
Monroe, La..The Woman's Shop
Montclair, N. J....Frederick's
Montgomery, Ala.....Alex Rice
Montpelier, Vt. .....
Peter Glenn Ski Shop
Morgantown, W. Va.....Finn's
Mount Vernon, N. Y..Brigitte's
Mystic, Conn. .....Claire's
Nantucket Island, Mass. .....
The Miltimores
Napa, Calif. ....Rosee Shoppe
Naples, Fla.....Elsa's, Inc.
Nashville, Tenn...Grace's Shop
Nashua, N. H. ....Avard's Inc.
Natchez, Miss. .....Ullman's
New Bedford, Mass. .....
Gollis of New Bedford
Newburgh, N. Y. .....
The Stroock Shop
New Hartford, N. Y. .....
E. Cramer & Son
New Haven, Conn..Fred Phipps
New Orleans, La....Gus Mayer
Newtown Square, Pa. .....
Mary Giesler Fashions
Norfolk, Neb. .....Beverly's
North Hollywood, Calif. .....
Rathbuns
North Platte, Neb. .....
The Casual Shop at Hirschfeld's
Ocala, Fla. .....Blocker's
Oklahoma City, Okla..Jerome's
Okmulgee, Okla....Poplinger's
Omaha, Neb. .....Topp's
Orangeburg, S. C. .....
The Maude L. Bryant Dress Shop
Oregon City, Ore. .....
Lance Apparel
Orinda, Calif.....Jack Hughes
Orleans, Mass. .....
Puritan Clothing Co.
Oshkosh, Wis. .....
Gertrude's Town Shop
Osterville, Mass..The Gray Shop
Painted Post, N. Y. .....
Mary Kirkland
Park Forest, Ill.....Lesters
Park Ridge, Ill..The Park Shop
Pasadena, Texas .....
Ellor Pryor Fashions
Pawhuska, Okla. .....Lowry's
Peoria, Ill. .....
Lee Broms Furs-Fashions
Peru, Ind....Plotner's Viola's
Petersburg, Texas .....
The Ladies Two Dress Shop
Petersburg, Va. .....
Rucker-Rosenstock
Pikesville, Md.....1114 Shop
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Ruth Young
Plainfield, N. J.....Tepper's
Pomona, Calif. .....
"The Closet"—John P. Evans
Ponca City, Okla.....French's
Pontiac, Mich .....
Bloomfield Fashion Shop
Port Angeles, Wash. .....
Hankin's Fashion Center
Portsmouth, Va....The Famous
Potomac, Md. .....
Perlhoff Potomac
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. .....
Up-To-Date
Princeton, New Jersey .....
The English Shop
Punta Gorda, Fla...Elsa's, Inc.
Quincy, Ill..Roderick P. Miller
Racine, Wis. .....Murray-Held
Raleigh, N. C.....Ellisberg's
Red Bank, N. J. .....
Wilhelmina Dobbins, Ltd.
Reno, Nev. .....Menards, Ltd.
Richmond, Ind. ..Palais Royal
Ridgewood, N. J...Jenny Banta
Roanoke, Va. .....Horne's
Rochester, N.Y...The Lita Shop
Rockford, Ill.....Edith Parrish
Rockford, Ill.....Phyllis Starr
Rockingham, N. C. .....
Long's of Rockingham, Inc.
Rocky Mount, N. C....Daniel's
Rome, Ga. .....Esserman's
Rutland, Vt..The Fashion Shop
Sacramento, Calif....De Milles
Sacramento, Calif. .....
Lady Fair Fashions
Saginaw, Mich. .....
The White House
St. Cloud, Minn. .....
Vogue Fashions Shop
St. Joseph, Mich...Blakes Inc.
St. Petersburg, Fla. .....
Slimer's Resort Wear
Salem, Mass. .....Adasko's
Salina, Kan. .....Shelton's
Salinas, Calif. .....Vogue
Salisbury, Md. ...Anny Godsey
Salisbury, N. C. .....
Purcell's-Richard Dobkin
Salt Lake City, Utah .....
Arthur Frank
San Angelo, Texas .....
Barnes & Co.
San Marino, Calif.....Damon's
Santa Clara, Calif. .....
Marcus of Stevens Creek
Santa Cruz, Calif .....
Towntry Fashions
Sarasota, Fla..Town N' Country
Saratoga, Calif. .....
The Blue Parasol
Savannah, Ga. .....Fine's
Scottsdale, Ariz. ....Maryon's
Scranton, Pa. .....Dolitzky
Seaside, Ore. .....Kay Lynns
Seattle, Wash. .....Littler
Sheboygan, Wis..Friede's Inc.
Sheridan, Wyo ...Angionettes
Short Hills, N. J. ...Tepper's
Simsbury, Conn...The Calliope
Sioux City, Iowa .....
Kalin's Fur Fashions
Sioux Falls, S. Dak. .....
Ella S. Christensen Inc.
South Hill, Va. .....Martha's
South Orange, N. J. ...Gemini
Southern Pines, N. C. .....
Franjean's
Spartanburg, S. C. .....
The Aug. W. Smith Co.
Spokane, Wash...Hannah Kohn
Spring Lake, N. J...Frederick's
Stamford, Conn. ..Ethel Allan
Staten Island, N. Y. .....
Kirby's Ltd.
Staunton, Va...Schwarzschild's
Sterling, Ill..The Little Gallery
Stevens Point, Wisc. .....
Campbell's
Streator, Ill.....Esther Kirk
Stroudsburg, Pa. .....
Frances Burrows
Summit, N. J. ....Miss Nellie
Sunbury, Pa. ....Rosenblum's
Swarthmore, Pa. .....
The Park Ave. Shop
Syracuse, N. Y. .....
E. W. Edwards and Son
Tampa, Fla. ...Wolf Brothers
Tarboro, N. C. .....
W. S. Clark & Sons Inc.
Taylorville, Ill .....Blakely's
Terre Haute, Ind. ....Pearce's
The Dalles, Ore..Lance Apparel
Toledo, Ohio..Micki Lane Shop
Topeka, Kans. .....The Palace
Troy, N. Y. .....Lord & Tann
Tulsa, Okla. .....Dorothy's
Tuscaloosa, Ala. ...Park Shop
Uniontown, Pa. .....
Ina's Dress Shop
Utca, N. Y. .....Webb's
Valdosta, Ga. .....
C. C. Varnedoe & Co.
Vallejo, Calif. ..Rosee Shoppe
Ventura, Calif..Scott's Apparel
Victoria, Texas .....
M. O. Simon Co.
Virginia, Minn. .....
The Quality Shop
Walla Walla, Wash. ..Gardners
Warren, Ohio .....
Hartzell's Rose & Sons
Washington, D. C..Haber & Co.
Washington, Pa. ...Hal Lewis
Waterloo, Iowa .....Braley's
Watertown, Conn. .....
Davidson's Dress Shop
Waterville, Maine .....
Alvina & Delia
Watsonville, Calif .....
Towntry Fashions
Waukesha, Wisc..Annette Ross
Wausau, Wisc. .....Schmidts
Waverly, Iowa .....Ellen's
Waynesburg, Pa. .....
Jo Ann's Village Casuals
Webster Groves, Mo. .....
The Station Store
West Covina, Calif. .....
Sport & Spree
Westfield, N. J. ...Jane Smith
Westport, Conn. ...Kay Walsh
Wheaton, Mo. .....Mary King
Wheeling, W. Va....Hal Lewis
Whitefish Bay, Wis. .....
Mac Neil and Moore
Wichita Falls, Texas ....Elwyn
Williamsburg, Va..Casey's Inc.
Williamsport, Pa...Lynn Hayes
Williamstown, Mass .....
Vogue and Vanity
Williamsville, N. Y. .....
The Village Tartan Shop
Wilmar, Minn. ....C. Suzanne
Wilmington, Del. .....Finkel's
Wilmington, N. C. .....
Wonder Shop
Wilson, N. C. .....Lisabeth's
Winchester, Va. .....
Margaret L. Hodgson
Woodstock, Vt. .....
Town & Country Shops
Wooster, Ohio .....
Beulah Bechtel Shop
Worcester, Mass. .....
Richard Healy
Yakima, Wash. .....
The Clothes Tree
Youngstown, Ohio .....
Hartzell's Rose & Sons
Zanesville, Ohio .....
Orpha Flowers Shop

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Tray jolie



If you've noticed a multiplication of pretty girls around and about, the blame can be laid smartly at Elizabeth Arden's little red door. What fun-loving girl could resist a plunge into her new Adventure In Make-Up Kit which promises that she will come up looking sublime? The case is incredibly luxurious. It has been cunningly designed in mock-tortoise, with skin cherishers at bottom, and two free-swinging trays above that hold an entire catalogue of makeup, flawlessly colour-planned for blondes or brunettes, by Pablo, Elizabeth Arden's vervy and imaginative creative director. The case snaps securely shut for easy transportation, but our most pampered friend says she's keeping one in her dressing-room, one in her office desk, and one on her boat.

Getting in with the right set

Hair has a beastly ingratitude all its own (if a friend behaved so faithlessly, you'd drop her). Put it up, pamper it, pauperize yourself for it, and what happens? At the first misty gust, it lies supine and shapeless, betraying your dress, your makeup, your cabochons. Well, hair seems about to be put in its place by those gallant geniuses at the Wella Corporation, who have evolved a super-something called Care Do. This fantastic liquid has all the Wella-known conditioning properties in addition to being a terrific setting lotion. Wella says it makes your hair remember its set, which has been affirmed by a girl we know whose hair is long, thick, and bristling with waves. Care Do has given her (we quote), "control, holding, maintenance, and discipline from shampoo to shampoo." Actually, all the other comments and notes on Care Do could be set to music. Once the word gets around, there'll be dancing in the streets—even if it's raining buckets.

(More Ready Beauty, page 202)

KASPER FOR JOAN LESLIE



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21 Today, 30 Tomorrow

The ageing process isn't necessarily reserved for women in their 40's and over. If you want to stave off the indicias of time, read this Elizabeth Arden skin survival plan today. It's essential.



To this day no one has come up with a simpler, more successful way to keep age at arm's length than the famous Elizabeth Arden, who instigated more beauty ideas than anyone in the world. It's a day-in, day-out essential skin care plan that you must follow to the letter (no nights off no matter how late). It takes tops five minutes and its reward is a glowing young complexion that belies your birth certificate.

Each morning begin with proper cleansing. That's vital!



Dampen a pad of cotton with water. Squeeze out. Scoop out Ardena Cleansing Cream and cream-wash your face. Remove with Ardena Skin Lotion with smooth, upward strokes beginning at the neck.

Ardena Cleansing Cream is a thorough cleanser which actually penetrates every pore. (Its thin consistency allows it to go deep beneath skin surface.)



Ardena Skin Lotion is the toning step. Its rare blend of herbal waters and delicate oils acts as a tonic to the skin. Like an ice cold Schweppes on a hot night.



If you're in your 30's, before using a moisturizer and your foundation, apply Elizabeth Arden's new Bye-Lines, a truly unique, light wrinkle lotion that helps tighten, firm and frighten those tiny ageing wrinkles that start showing up in this age bracket. Bye-Lines was made to wear under makeup.



Now smooth on Velva Moisture Film to give your skin a healthy fresh gloss plus the extra moisture it craves. Total time: 4½ minutes with coffee.

At night, follow cleansing directions from morning plan. Then apply Beauty Sleep.

Beauty Sleep is a most contemporary cream. It contains very light oils which penetrate deeply, leaving the skin's surface smooth and lightly scented. Begin at the base of the neck. Pat Beauty Sleep gently onto the skin. This helps stimulate and firm and lubricate.

For women over 30, Elizabeth Arden recommends, before turning out the light, you apply Eye Beauty Cream, a rich cream that helps combat wrinkles, laugh lines, deep circles. Time: 5 minutes.

Unstintingly performed, these easy steps can help you keep your looks. Just try it for a month. This plan is for normal skin. If yours is dry or exceptionally oily, ask any one of Elizabeth Arden's beautifully trained facial experts at your favorite store for a skin plan specifically designed for you, or write us and we'll send a plan to you before you can say, "Divine!"

Elizabeth Arden





Sheer indulgence.

Hanes®

Le Lipstick (closed).



Le Lipstick (open).



Helena Rubinstein has transformed lipstick from a plain little necessity into something very, very exciting: Le Lipstick. A whole new concept in lipstick: how it looks, how it feels, what it does on your lips.

We began with the case. And made it a dramatic fashion accessory that demands to be noticed. An elegant golden cover with an unexpected oval cutout.

We designed an exquisite enamel-like cylinder to replace the cold metal tube. Each time you use Le Lipstick, it's like holding a piece of fine jewelry.

Le Lipstick (on). Young. Bold. Beautiful.



Polaroid portrait by Marie Cosindas commissioned by Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 1969. Fashions by Halston. © 1969 Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

We whipped up the most extraordinary new texture for lipstick. Rich as velvet with five luscious moisturizers. To make your lips look—and feel—scandalously soft. In thirty-six young, right-now fashion shades: creams that gleam, frosteds that glitter on your lips.

Only Helena Rubinstein could have created Le Lipstick—which literally means *the* lipstick.

Young. Bold. Beautiful.

New Le Lipstick. Helena Rubinstein

Made in U.S.A.

SIMPLE OR SENSATIONAL, BERKSHIRE'S NO-HITCH GIRDLE-STOCKING COMBO SMOOTHES THE WAY.

But Engagement does more than sleek and shape you in no-garter, no-hook, no-bother

the classic cool of Pinstripe to the sheer elegance of Actionwear.® Today's fancy-free fashion.

BERKSHIRE



AN *American* FASHION-IN *across the country*

Everybody's on the bandwagon again!

For the second year in a row, stores all over the country will be celebrating the special dash and flavour of American ready-to-wear with a series of fashion shows based on Vogue's report of the New York Collections. For dates and places of these shows, turn to the following thirteen pages.



Golden or silvertone watch with 4 interchangeable grosgrain straps; black, red, white and navy. Gift boxed. $26.00
BEST & CO., N.Y. and Branches

L.S. AYRES
Indianapolis, Ind.

Monday, September 15
at 1:00 P.M.
The Vogue/Symphony Show—
a fashion show for the
benefit of the Indianapolis
Symphony Orchestra,
sponsored by the Junior
Group of the Women's
Committee of the Indiana
State Symphony Society.
Place: Indianapolis
Athletic Club.

AN
American
FASHION-IN

BOSTON STORE
Milwaukee, Wis.

Tuesday, September 23
at 8:00 P.M.
Fashion show and
champagne reception
sponsored by the
Laura Sherry League
of The Milwaukee
Repertory Theatre.
Place: Todd Wehr Theatre,
The Performing
Arts Center.



L. to R.: Sheffield Bamboo Design Watches: golden or silvertone with satin strap. $26.00; golden or silvertone pendant. $23.50
L. S. AYRES, Indianapolis

AN
American
FASHION-IN

BRAMSON
Chicago, Ill.

Thursday, September 11.
Vogue New York
Collections—
a luncheon fashion show
for the benefit of
the Chicago Boy Scouts,
sponsored by the
Women's Service Board.
Place: The Guildhall
of the Ambassador
West Hotel.



Sheffield rectangular goldentone watch with matching link and Corfam® tabs in black, navy, red or white. $20.00; oval goldentone watch with white, black, grey, champagne, burgundy or brown dial, matching leather strap. $19.50
BOSTON STORE, Milwaukee

AN
American
FASHION-IN

EL PALACIO DE HIERRO
Mexico, D.F.

Thursday, October 16
at 9:00 P.M. Premio
a la Moda de Bill Blass—
ball sponsored by
Santa Clara De Montefalco.

Place: The American Embassy.



Sheffield rectangle or oval goldentone watch with jade, tiger eye, lapis lazuli or goldentone dial. Matching Corfam® strap. $21.50
BURDINE'S, Florida



Ring Watches: goldentone cover-up with jade, tortoise or jet color stone. Cover edged with rhinestones. $22.00; petite goldentone. $21.00; bamboo in golden or silvertone. $24.50; goldentone with black, brown, blue or white enamel bezel. $21.00
CARSON PIRIE & SCOTT, Chicago

AN *American* FASHION-IN

FROST BROS.
San Antonio, Texas

Saturday, September 6.
Gotham Gala II—
cocktails, dinner,
and fashion show
sponsored by the
Junior League of
San Antonio.
Place: San Antonio
Country Club.

AN *American* FASHION-IN

B. FORMAN
Rochester, N.Y.

Monday, September 15
at 12:00 noon.
Forman Benefit Fashion
Show—and luncheon
sponsored by the
Woman's Auxiliary to
the Medical Society of
the County of Monroe.
Place: Flagship,
Rochester.



Sheffield golden or silvertone link bracelet watch with matching face and rectangular dial. $23.50
B. FORMAN, Rochester

AN
American
FASHION-IN



Sheffield golden or silvertone watch with silver or black colored dial, rimmed with rhinestones. Matching band. $30.00
FOLEY'S, Houston

JULIUS GARFINCKEL
Washington, D.C.

Wednesday, September 10
at 11:30 A.M.
Vogue's Eye On The
American Collections—
luncheon and fashion
show for the benefit of
the International
Eye Foundation.
Place: Grand Ballroom,
Hotel Mayflower.

AN
American
FASHION-IN

GOLDSMITH'S
Memphis, Tenn.

Tuesday, September 9
at 12:00 noon.
Goldsmith's Presents
The Vogue New York
Collections—
luncheon and fashion
show sponsored
by Subsidium.
Place: Holiday
Hall-Rivermont.



L. to R.: Sheffield Victorian Savonette goldentone pendant watch. $23.50; petite antique-type pendant watch in goldentone. $23.50
FROST BROS., San Antonio



Golden or silvertone chain link bracelet watch, roman numeral dial.
$22.00
GOLDSMITH'S, Memphis

AN
American
FASHION-IN

JOSEPH HORNE
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wednesday, September 10
at 12:30 P.M.
Fashion show and
luncheon, sponsored by
the Junior League
of Pittsburgh.
Place: The
University Club.

AN
American
FASHION-IN

HALLE'S CLEVELAND
Cleveland, Ohio

Wednesday, October 1
at 12:00 noon.
20th Century Club
Luncheon-Fashion
Show.
Place: Chagrin Valley
Hunt Club,
Gates Mills, Ohio



Sheffield 17 jewel open work golden or silvertone bracelet watch.
$35.00
HALLE'S, Cleveland



Sheffield 17 jewel coin bracelet watch with antique goldentone finish. $35.00
JOSEPH HORNE, Pittsburgh

AN *American* FASHION-IN

HUDSON'S
Detroit, Mich.

Tuesday, September 16
and Wednesday,
September 17
at 2:30 P.M.
Fashionscope—
Fall 1969. Fashion shows,
sponsored by the
Junior League
of Detroit.
Place: Hudson's Auditorium.

AN *American* FASHION-IN

HUTZLER'S
Baltimore, Md.

Friday, September 19
at 7:00 P.M.
New York Collections—
dinner dance for the
benefit of the Baltimore
County Unit of the
American Cancer Society.
Place: Blue Crest North.



Sheffield 17 jewel bangle watch in all golden or silvertone, also colorfully enameled in turquoise, coral, black, white, navy. Each or all golden or silvertone. $30.00
J. L. HUDSON, Detroit



L. to R., Ice Cube Group: golden or silvertone bangle watch. $18.50; ring watch in golden or silvertone. $17.50; goldentone watch with link and leather strap.
HUTZLER'S, Baltimore

LAZARUS
Columbus, Ohio

Tuesday, September 9
at 12:15 P.M.
Visions of Vogue
On The New York
Designer Collections—
fashion show and
luncheon sponsored
by the Council
of Jewish Women.
Place: The Neil House
Motor Hotel.

AN
American
FASHION-IN

LEVY'S
Tucson, Arizona

Saturday, September 6
from 8:00 to 11:00 P.M.
Pre-opening
Champagne Party
sponsored by the
Tucson Council
of the Arts.
Place: Levy's New
Mainline Store.



L. to R.: Sheffield antique goldentone Zodiac bangle watch with all 12 Zodiac signs. $25.00; goldentone Zodiac link bracelet watch with individual sign. $27.50
F. & R. LAZARUS, Columbus



Sheffield 17 jewel golden or silvertone filigree link bracelet watch.
$35.00
LEVY'S, Tucson

AN
American
FASHION-IN

I. MAGNIN
Portland, Ore.

Thursday, September 18.
Luncheon for
the benefit of
emotionally
handicapped children,
sponsored by
the Parry Center.
Place: Hilton Hotel,
Portland.

AN
American
FASHION-IN

I. MAGNIN
San Francisco, Calif.

Thursday, October 23.
Fol-de-Rol Opera Ball—
I. Magnin and
Laykin et Cie.,
in cooperation with
the San Francisco
Opera Guild.
Place: Civic Auditorium,
San Francisco.



Sheffield round or oval golden or silvertone mesh bracelet watch. Each
$26.00
MACY'S, San Francisco



17 jewel bracelet watches with genuine mother-of-pearl blue dial and mock sapphires; green dial and mock emeralds or red dial and mock rubies...each edged with rhinestones. Each $45.00
JORDAN MARSH, Boston

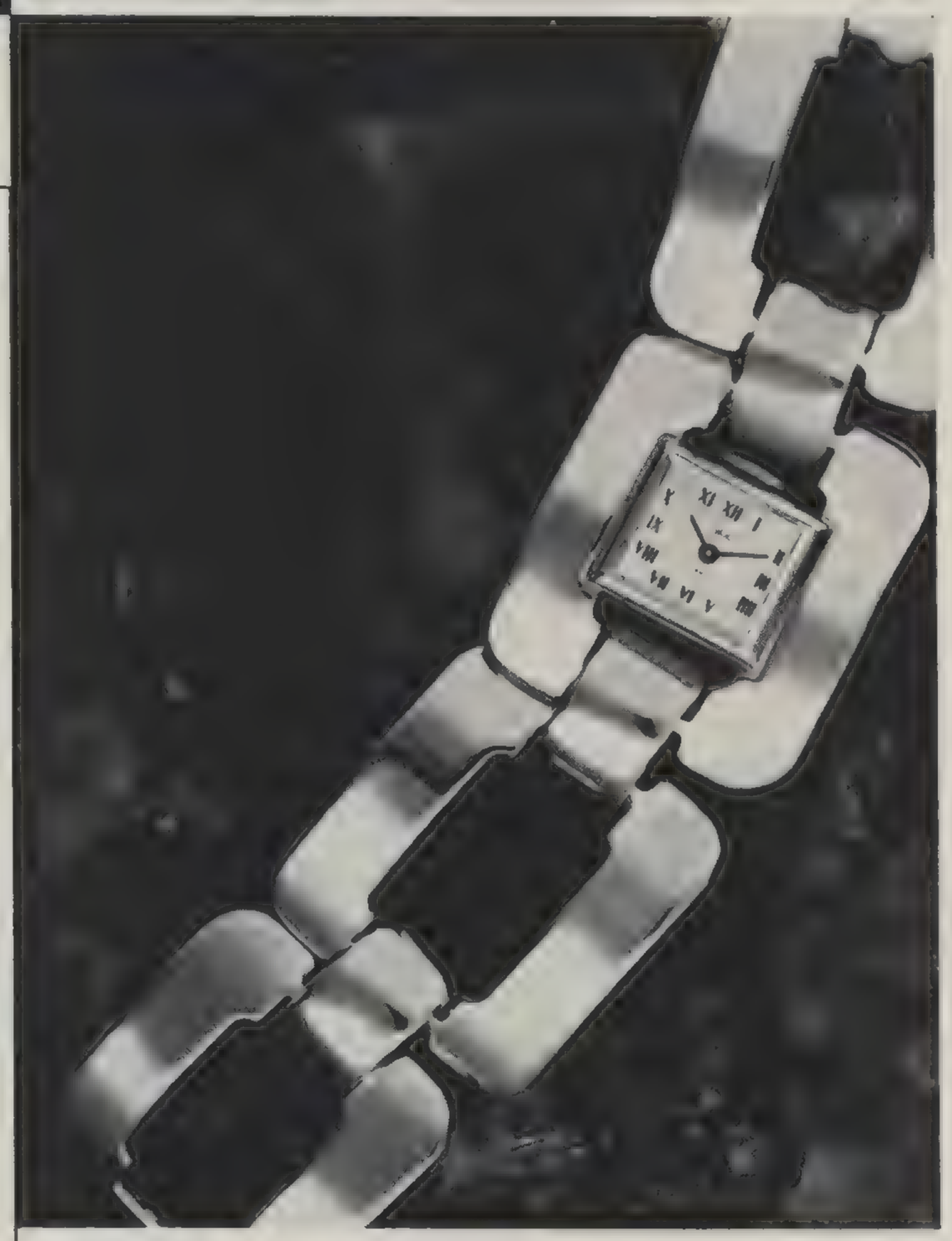
JORDAN MARSH
Boston, Mass.

Thursday, September 18
at 10.30 A.M.
Morning coffee
followed by a
fashion show.
Place: Fashion Center,
Jordan Marsh.

AN
American
FASHION-IN

RICH'S
Atlanta, Ga.

Monday, September 29
at 12:30 P.M.
Rich's Presents Vogue
New York Collections—
a luncheon
fashion show.
Place: Marriott Hotel.



Highly polished 17 jewel golden or silvertone buckle bracelet watch. $35.00. By Kenneth J. Lane for Sheffield.
MAY D & F, Denver

AN
American
FASHION-IN



17 jewel watches designed by Kenneth J. Lane for Sheffield: Golden or silvertone snake pin watch $45.00; Snake ring in golden or silvertone—$40.00; Goldentone turtle pin watch with lapis, turquoise or chrysophase stones. $45.00
RICH'S, Atlanta

AN
American
FASHION-IN

SAKOWITZ
Houston, Texas

Thursday, September 11.

Fashion show

at 2:30 P.M.—Vogue

and Sakowitz

Interpretation of

the Best of the

New York Collections.

Place: Post Oak store.

AN
American
FASHION-IN

RIKE'S
Dayton, Ohio

Thursday, September 11

at 11:00 A.M.

and 2:00 P.M.

Champagne fashion

show for the

benefit of the

Miami Valley School

Scholarship Fund.

Place: Rike's

Auditorium.



17 jewel goldentone bangle watch with coral, turquoise, jade, lapis lazuli or white enamel trim, matching color stone by Kenneth J. Lane for Sheffield. $55.00
RIKE-KUMMLER, Dayton



17 jewel half-dollar coin watch with adjustable silvertone mesh band. $45.00
SANGER-HARRIS, Dallas

AN *American* FASHION-IN

SANGER-HARRIS
Dallas, Texas

Wednesday, September 10
at 11:00 A.M.
American Designer Week—
Fashion show for
the benefit of the
Dallas Civic Ballet.
Place: Sanger-Harris
Auditorium.

AN *American* FASHION-IN

SHILLITO'S
Cincinnati, Ohio

Thursday, September 11
at 12:00 noon.
Fashion show and
luncheon for the benefit
of the Variety Club
Children's Heart Clinic,
sponsored by the
Variety Club Ladies
Auxiliary and the
Children's Heart
Association.
Place: Hall of Mirrors,
Netherland Hilton Hotel.



Men's Sheffield Direct-Reading calendar watch in golden or silvertone with brown or black alligator strap. $23.50
SHILLITO'S, Cincinnati



Men's Sheffield goldentone dress watch with matching textured dial and rim, brown Corfam® strap. $23.50
STIX, BAER & FULLER, St. Louis

AN *American* FASHION-IN

STIX, BAER, & FULLER

St. Louis, Mo.

Saturday, September 27

at 6:00 P.M.

Stix, Baer & Fuller

and Vogue Present

The New York

Collections,

September, 1969—

cocktail buffet sponsored

by the Junior League

of St. Louis.

Place: Junior League

Headquarters,

8250 Clayton Road.

AN *American* FASHION-IN

SWANSON'S

Kansas City, Mo.

Tuesday, September 9

at 11:00 A.M.

Top Cream Fashion

Show, based on the

clothes shown in

Vogue's New York

Collections issue.

Place: Giralda Room,

Swanson's.



Men's Sheffield ultra thin watch in golden or silvertone, lizard strap. $23.50
THALHIMERS, Richmond

AN
American
FASHION-IN

THALHIMERS
Richmond, Va.

Thursday, September 25
at 11:30 A.M.
Fashion Futures '69—
fashion show and
champagne luncheon
sponsored by the
Florence Nightingale
Circle for the benefit
of the Sheltering
Arms Hospital.
Place: Ballroom of
The John Marshall Hotel.



"ALL SPORT®" The Swiss action watch with new date setting device. *Automatic calendar • tested under water to 338 feet (10 atmospheres) • 60 minute timer • sweep second hand • electronically time tested • luminous dial hands.* Above: Smaller version "All Sport®" for boys. Below: Men's "All Sport®" with black tropic strap. Each $17.00
JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia

AN
American
FASHION-IN

WANAMAKER'S, PHILA.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Wednesday, September 17
at 2:00 P.M.
Fashion Review—
for the benefit of the
Philadelphia Orchestra,
sponsored by the Women's
Association for the
Philadelphia Orchestra.
Place: The Academy
of Music.



SHEFFIELD ELECTRONIC WATCHES • 99.99% accurate • Transistorized —no winding • *only nine moving parts • 17 jewels • underwater tested to 169 feet • completely quiet*—Above: 10 micron, golden finish top, stainless steel back and band. Below: Chrome top, stainless steel back and band, elapsed timer bezel. Each $59.50
WOODWARD & LOTHROP, Washington, D.C.

All Sheffield watches pictured are available in stores listed and better stores everywhere. Sheffield Watch Corp., 417 Fifth Avenue., N. Y., N. Y. 10016.

MORTON MYLES FOR

MALCOLM CHARLES





JEWELS BY DAVID WEBB

BODY ENGLISH

JAEGER

THE JAEGER COMPANY, 430 PARK AVENUE, N.Y.C. 10022

FOGARTY DOES FOGARTY



*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

© JOS. BANCROFT & SONS CO. †DUPONT'S REG. T. M. FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER.

BAN-LON SHIRTMAKER DRESS IN DACRON† POLYESTER CREPE. IN RED AND DEEP BROWN. 4 TO 16. $75*.
AT LORD & TAYLOR, ALL STORES. AND AT FINE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 318. ANNE FOGARTY, INC., 530 SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y. 10018.



FOGARTY DOES FOGARTY IN BAN-LON® DRESSES OF DACRON®†.

BAN-LON TWO PIECE DRESS IN DACRON† POLYESTER CREPE. IN BROWN/BANANA. 4 TO 16. $90*.



Look. Geoffrey Beene's
tortoise tweed pantsuit is a feature of our
current New York designer collections. Galleries of fashion, Peacock Lane.
Joseph Horne Co.
Pittsburgh

THE IMAGE MAKERS



Don Sophisticates/Schiaparelli Watches

Opposite: black-and-white fashion story interpreted by Jane Justin for Don Sophisticates in doubleknit wool and satin stripes, accented with Schiaparelli Watches. **Left:** jumper-and-blouse team makes an emphatic fashion statement. About $65. The watch —Warwick—an elegant golden oval. Burgundy, black or white dial. $17.50.

Right: dramatic pantsuit for after-dark with rhinestone-buttoned jacket with lining and scarf in dashing stripes. About $105. The watch—Helena—Roman numerals on black dial make this slim rectangle dramatic in its simplicity. $18.50.

Above: the most beautiful way to tailored fashion is a curved line, Don Sophisticates proves it with a distinctive coatdress in 100% worsted wool gabardine by Westwood, Inc. About $60. The watch—Moneta—antique Roman coins and a curving link bracelet combine the old with the new in a this-minute Schiaparelli watch. Golden or pewter finish. $30.

Jane Justin for Don SOPHISTICATES, INC.

Schiaparelli WATCHES

Don Sophisticates/Schiaparelli Watches



Above: for Don Sophisticates, Jane Justin designs a two-piece dress with pleated skirt in mohair-and-wool, and ties the look together with a long fringed scarf. About $60. The watch—Norfolk—a dashing accessory. Free-form Schiaparelli watch with polished link bracelet in gold or silver tone. Champagne or silver dial. $30.

Opposite, left: now-and-future coat with sleeveless dress, in wool doubleknit by Westwood, Inc., with pure curved lines and crisp white accents. About $110. The watch—Vivo—with the fashion-form satellite ring, launched around the wrist with a slim leather cord. Golden or silver tone. White enamel or champagne dial. $25.

Opposite, right: superbly tailored coatdress by Don Sophisticates in 100% worsted wool gabardine by Westwood, Inc., accented with pewter-like buttons. About $70. The watch—Marbella—by Schiaparelli; totally adaptable, the mesh band abjusts to fit. Golden or silver tone. White or champagne dial $23.50.

Jane Justin for Don SOPHISTICATES, INC.

Schiaparelli WATCHES

THE IMAGE MAKERS



THE IMAGE MAKERS

Don Sophisticates/Schiaparelli Watches



Photographed at "Spats"

Opposite, left: for Don Sophisticates, Jane Justin designs a coatdress in a gleaming brocade destined to shine...and outshine. About $75. The watch–Geneve–detailed engraving gives this Schiaparelli watch the intricate look of Art Deco. Golden or silver tone. $20.

Opposite, right: after-five with a flourish–a shimmer of satin, a lush thickness of wool melton, flipping a pleat and flying a scarf. About $110. The watch–Vionnet–rounded and sparked with Art Nouveau dial. Golden or silver tone. Lizard strap. $17.50.

Above: magnificent evening look by Don Sophisticates that places the moment ahead of the hour. Sweeping coat and pants of soft wool jersey highlighted by long-sleeved satin tunic-blouse and flowing scarf. About $110. The watch–Napoli–elegant oval Schiaparelli watch with link bracelet, twisted rope engraved design. Golden or silver tone. $30.

Fashions slightly higher in the West.

Jane Justin for Don
SOPHISTICATES, INC.

All fashions on these six pages available at: Bonwit Teller, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; I. Magnin, West Coast; Sakowitz, Houston; Rich's, Atlanta; Jordan Marsh, Boston.
All watches available at: Bonwit Teller, New York; I. Magnin, West Coast; Sakowitz, Houston; Rich's, Atlanta; Jordan Marsh, Boston; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.
For additional store listing, see page 202.

Schiaparelli WATCHES



ELEGANCE
IN A SATIN COATDRESS

Designed by Wadih Pharaon. The quiet distinction of satin—black or brown inserted with white, dramatized by white braided buttons. Wear it belted or unbelted. Sizes 6 to 16. About $110, slightly higher on the West Coast. At fine stores everywhere.

Moe Nathan

530 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The case of the thirty-six lipsticks



This is one time when we feel smugly confident that you won't mind being told whodunit right off. It's those super-sleuths over at Helena Rubinstein; what they've done is Le Lipstick, and the mystery is why one's constant companion has not been presented in this charming way before. Le Lipstick comes with a peek-a-boo gilded cover that whips off to reveal a flowered enamel case, which makes after-dinner lipsticking a distractingly decorative bit of business. The formula is quite new, loaded with moisturizers and blissfully satisfactory—Le Lipstick goes on like a satin ribbon and remains sleek and smooth. There are three dozen colours to play with, both frosted and creamy clear.

Makes the glowing great

The skin-sensitive girl who has had to depend on embarrassing moments to flush the peonies to her cheeks can now settle down to a steady, non-irritating gloviness because the woe-watchers at Almay have introduced First Blush, which appears to be the first blusher stick in the hypo-allergenic world. It comes in three toothsome shades, each one frosted or not, and is replete with moisturizers to make life even pleasanter. New too is Almay's superbly organized Color Spree Eye Make-up Compact, which holds four beguiling lid brush-ons, plus Under Eye Cover Creme.

People will say you're in love

Any girl who patters about purring like a kitten, and giving off wafts of assorted geranium, orange blossom, sandalwood, and deep green moss has plainly been immersing herself in Menley & James' irresistible Eau de Love. One of the catchier qualities of this liquid lure is that you can splash it all over (behind the knees is a strategic emplacement) and yet retain the fresh, flower-garden delicacy that is inviting without ever being intrusive. Eau de Love is a natural to use when your heart is happy, but it helps to keep you in the mood during the bleak in-betweens as well.

THE IMAGE MAKERS

The Don Sophisticates fashions and Schiaparelli watches featured on pages 196-201 are available at the stores listed below.

Jane Justin for Don
SOPHISTICATES

All fashions at:

Goldwaters .....Phoenix, Ariz.
Rhodes .....Fresno, Calif.
H. S. Webb & Co. .....Glendale, Calif.
Buffums' .....Long Beach, Calif.
Montaldo's .....Denver, Colo.
Nyden's .....Bridgeport, Conn.
G. Fox .....Hartford, Conn.
Ann Taylor .....New Haven, Conn.
Julius Garfinckel .....Washington, D. C.
Ivey's .....Jacksonville, Fla.
Lillie Rubin .....Miami, Florida
Maas Brothers .....Tampa, Fla.
L. S. Ayres .....Indianapolis, Ind.
Younker Bros. .....Des Moines, Iowa
Kreeger's .....New Orleans, La.
The Hecht Co. .....Baltimore, Md.
Claire Dratch .....Bethesda, Md.
Himelhoch's .....Detroit, Mich.
Jacobson's .....Jackson, Mich.
Swanson's .....Kansas City, Mo.
Arkay Shop .....Springfield, Mass.
Jackson-Graves .....Minneapolis, Minn.
Famous-Barr .....St. Louis, Mo.
Hovland-Swanson .....Lincoln, Neb.
Nebraska Clothing .....Omaha, Neb.
Bamberger's .....Newark, N. J.
Honigsbaum's .....Albany, N.Y.
Tegler's .....Buffalo, N.Y.
The Addis Co. .....Syracuse, N.Y.
Montaldo's .....Charlotte, N. C.
Henry Harris .....Cincinnati, Ohio
Higbee's .....Cleveland, Ohio
Al Rosenthal's .....Oklahoma City, Okla.
Meier & Frank .....Portland, Ore.
Blum Stores .....Philadelphia, Pa.
Linton's .....Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miller's .....Knoxville, Tenn.
The Snooty Fox .....Memphis, Tenn.
Sanger-Harris .....Dallas, Texas
Thalhimers .....Richmond, Va.
Nordstrom Best .....Seattle, Wash.
The Harbor Shop .....Portland, Me.

Schiaparelli
WATCHES
A Division of World Wide Watch Co.

All watches at:

Levy's .....Tucson, Ariz.
The Broadway .....California
May-D & F .....Denver, Colo.
G. Fox .....Hartford, Conn.
D. M. Read .....Connecticut
The Hecht Co. .....Washington, D.C.
Jordan Marsh .....Miami, Fla.
The Hecht Co. .....Baltimore, Md.
Filene's .....Boston, Mass.
J. L. Hudson .....Detroit, Mich.
Dayton's .....Minneapolis, Minn.
Young Quinlan .....Minneapolis, Minn.
Stix, Baer & Fuller .....St. Louis, Mo.
Bamberger's .....New Jersey
Wm. Hengerer .....Buffalo, N.Y.
M. O'Neil Co. .....Akron, Ohio
The May Co. .....Cleveland, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus .....Columbus, Ohio
LaSalle's .....Toledo, Ohio
Pomeroy's .....Pennsylvania
Joseph Horne .....Pittsburgh, Pa.
Goldsmith's .....Memphis, Tenn.
Sanger-Harris .....Dallas, Texas
Miller & Rhoades .....Richmond, Va.
The Bon Marche .....Seattle, Wash.
Gimbels .....Milwaukee, Wisc.



KASPER FOR JOAN LESLIE
HAS
THE TREVIRA POINT OF VIEW

Argyle. Back again and beautiful, in The Trevira Era. With a softness it's never had before. Plus textured excitement and a jolt of color. A perfect summation of The Trevira Point of View — that fashion today must be incomparably elegant, totally undemanding. Kasper and Joan Leslie obviously agree. $125 in green and oatmeal jacquard of Trevira® polyester and rabbit hair by J & G Fabrics. Sizes 4-16 at Lord & Taylor, New York; Joseph Magnin, California; Marshall Field, Chicago; Dayton's Oval Room, Minneapolis; Neiman-Marcus, all stores.

TREVIRA®
POLYESTER
The Extraordinary Fiber

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HIS LONG COACHMAN COAT FROM OUR BILL BLASS FOR PBM COLLECTION.



HER LONG COACHMAN COAT FROM OUR BILL BLASS TRIBOUT COLLECTION.

John Wanamaker
PHILADELPHIA



B.Altman & Co.—New York City, N.Y. • **I. Magnin**—West Coast • **Stix, Baer & Fuller**—St. Louis, Mo. • **Sakowitz**—Houston, Texas; **Sanger Harris**—Dallas, Texas **Hutzler**—Baltimore, Md. • **Woodward & Lothrop**—Washington, D.C. • **Strawbridge & Clothier**—Philadelphia, Pa.

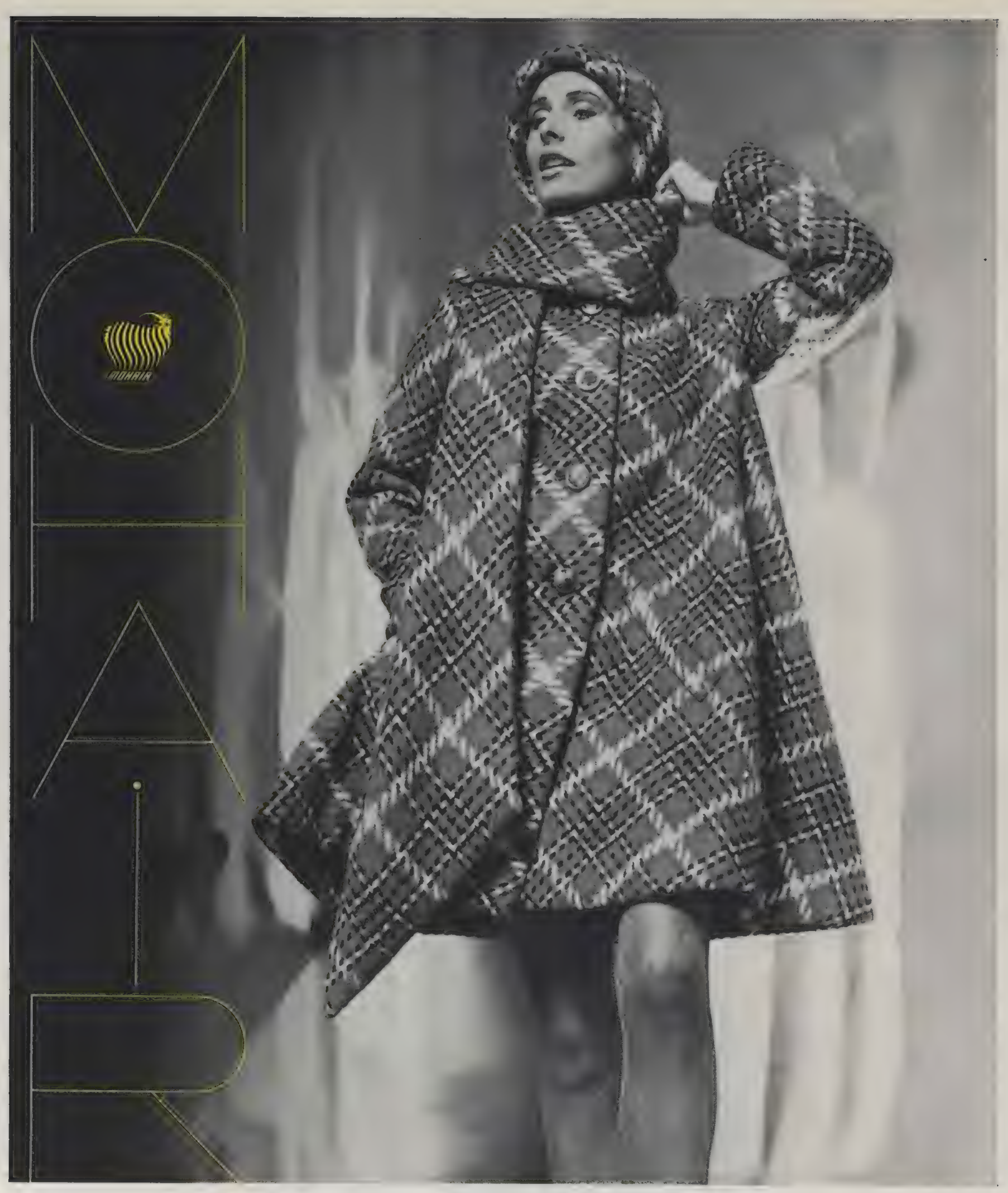


Louis Clausen Designs
in The Trevira® Era

Double-knit Trevira® polyester dress and jacket,
sizes 6 to 16, about $110.00

a.s. costumes ltd.

(DIV. OF ABE SCHRADER CORP.)



Plaid blooms in all the glory of buoyant mohair's radiant colors—emerald, fire red, jet, snow—in this floating scarf-flung coat by Donald Brooks. Anglo Fabrics enriched with pedigreed mohair.

Available at fine stores everywhere.

DONALD BROOKS DESIGNS IN ANGLO FABRICS OF MOHAIR

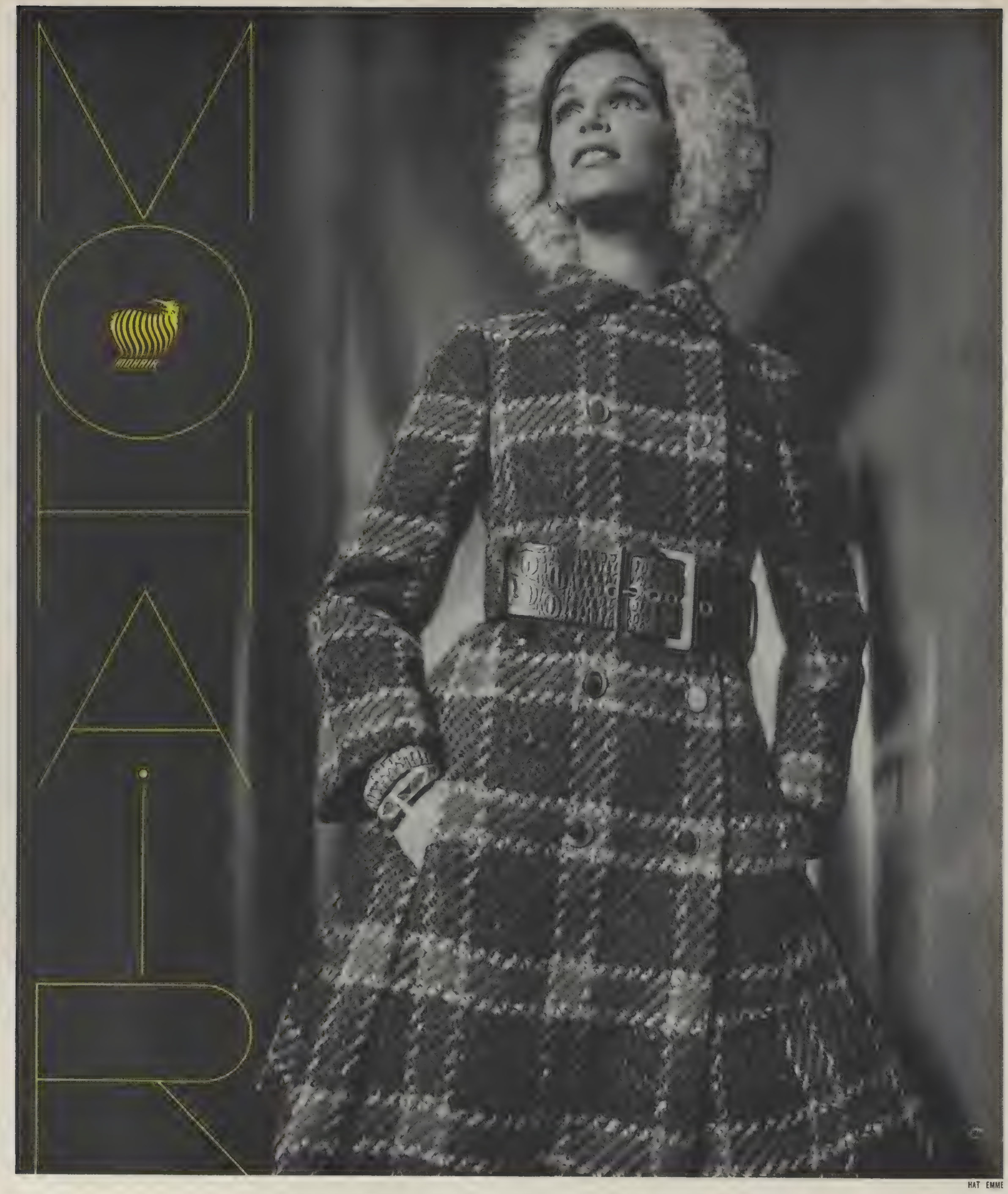


HAT MISS ALICE

The body coat by Christian Dior is a light, warm hug of buoyant mohair from Anglo Fabrics. With jaunty Edwardian revers, it back-swings a pleat and is swagged with tasseled chain.

Saks Fifth Avenue — all stores
Gidding-Jenny — Cincinnati
Esther Wolf — Houston
Stewart Dry Goods Co. — Louisville
Harzfeld's — Kansas City

CHRISTIAN DIOR DESIGNS IN ANGLO FABRICS OF MOHAIR



HAT EMME

Commanding and worldly plaid coat by Originala in deep-textured magnum tweed of pedigreed mohair from Anglo Fabrics. Rich textured, deep buoyant mohair endows it with a suspended weightlessness that has maximum style and warmth.

Saks Fifth Avenue — all stores

ORIGINALA DESIGNS IN ANGLO FABRICS OF MOHAIR



From Pauline Trigère, a wardrobe layered in four parts with wandering cape, suspended in the weightless motion of luxury mohair. The aerated plaid of rich crater grays spiced with cinnamon is from Anglo Fabrics.

Bonwit Teller — New York
Marshall Field — Chicago
Nan Duskin — Philadelphia
Hutzler's — Baltimore
Halle Brothers — Cleveland
J. W. Robinson's — Los Angeles

PAULINE TRIGERE DESIGNS IN ANGLO FABRICS OF MOHAIR

this
is one
original
that
can't
be
copied

MADE, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE. AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES



Bueche - Girod
SWITZERLAND

All Bueche-Girod watches are recognized by their beautiful faces—lapis lazuli, jade, tiger eye, pearl, and many more.
18 karat yellow gold diamond watch. $2200.
Available at CARTIER.



The look of the moment . . .
part of a unique collection of
elegant clothing designed especially
by Cisa for the contemporary woman.

AT MONTALDO'S
and other fine stores


PAT SANDLER

Bueche - Girod
SWITZERLAND

One of the beautiful faces of Bueche-Girod:
18 karat yellow gold diamond watch. $3400.
Available at CARTIER.



Gilli
ITALY

At BERGDORF GOODMAN
and other fine stores

CHESTER WEINBERG
Evening crystals exploding on graphite black silk satin ablaze with paillettes. From our Vendome.
KAUFMANN'S
Pittsburgh





Bueche - Girod
SWITZERLAND

18 karat yellow gold enamel bracelet watch.
In blue, green, white. $690.
Available at CARTIER.



At BULLOCK'S-WILSHIRE
and other fine stores

Flattering diagonals in Fortrel



by Stoner Square Knits

The fashion point is patterned knits, in slants, and chevrons. Stoner Square Knits (a division of Nelly Don) does the chevron pattern in doubleknit of Fortrel polyester, and the diagonal in Quorum's doubleknit, also of Fortrel polyester. The chevron pattern in brown or blue stripes, with matching scarf. The diagonal, in orange and sand, or aqua and brown. Both in 8-18, each about $46. Hammel's Dept. Store, Mobile, Ala., Downtown & Bel Air; Jelleff's, Washington, D.C.; The John Gerber Co., Memphis, Tenn.; Livingston Bros., San Francisco; R. E. Cox & Co., Ft. Worth, Texas; Smartwear, Milwaukee.

CELANESE FORTREL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.,

Bueche - Girod
SWITZERLAND

One of the many faces of Bueche-Girod watches.
18 karat yellow gold sapphire and diamond watch. $2750
Available at CARTIER.

Lisu
ITALY

At HALLE'S
and other fine stores

I'll remember the things we've shared • The breakneck canter down an abandoned road • Bony, brushwood branches snapping underfoot • In the silence, a soft whinny • The people who make my clothes know how it is •

john meyer
speaks your language

PANTSUIT $90/SWEATER $15/CLOCHE $6/PRICES ARE ABOUT



©1969 W.R. GRACE & CO.



Bueche - Girod
SWITZERLAND

The beautiful faces of Bueche-Girod:
lapis lazuli, jade, tiger eye, pearl, etc.
18 karat white gold diamond watch. $13,500.
Available at CARTIER.



At MARSHALL FIELD 28 Shop
and other fine stores

Pubbing and clubbing
in London

Mixed fashion media

Un-trad brocades

This is

THE TREVIRA ERA



GOLET designs a theater coat for the non-stop night life of The Trevira Era. A brocade coat that's sculptured, swirling, sumptuous. In Trevira® polyester and rayon by Tioga. Black with white mink, beige with ranch mink, cognac with black mink. Sizes 4-16. $215. At Macy's Little Shop, New York; Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore; Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co., Buffalo; Everitt-Buelow, Houston; Jacobson's, Michigan.

TREVIRA® POLYESTER The Extraordinary Fiber

TUXEDO IN TREVIRA AND WOOL BY HARDY AMIES

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Bueche - Girod
SWITZERLAND

18 karat yellow gold diamond watch
with engraved face to match bracelet. $2200.
Available at CARTIER.

Fiii
ITALY

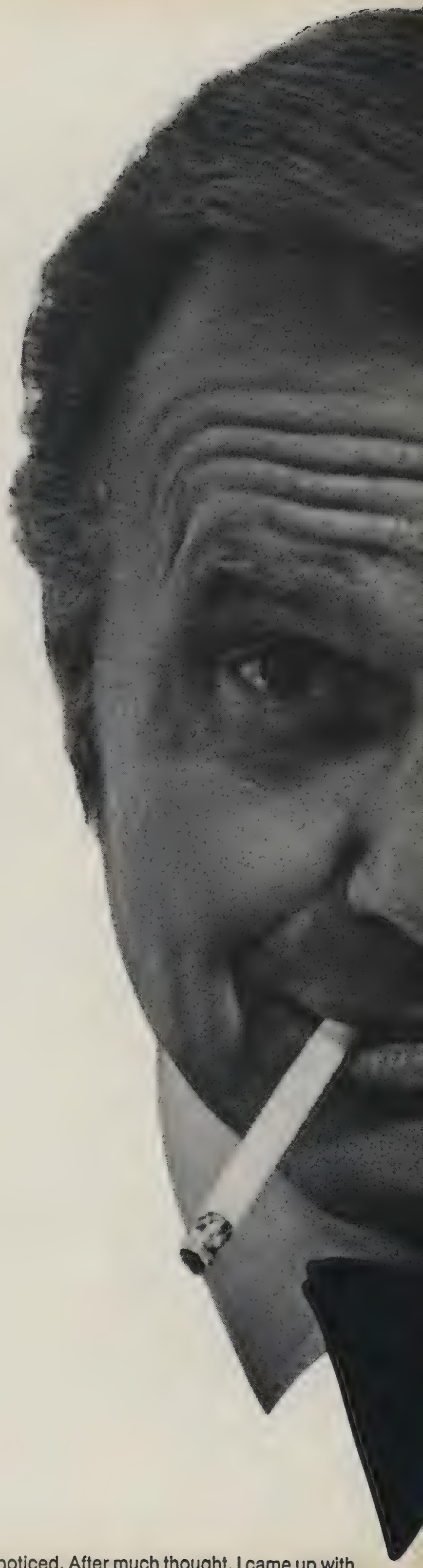
At KAUFMANN'S Vendome Shop
and other fine stores

Rona.
If you know what's good for you.



Jacket and dress costume
designed by
Patrick Porter.
In a fine blend of silk
and worsted. In jade, cherry,
black, nutmeg, French blue.
6 to 16. About $110.*
For store nearest you,
write Rona Inc., 498 Seventh Ave.,
New York 10018.
A division of Genesco.

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



"I'm a sucker
for a challenge."
-Bill Blass
(possibly one
of the most
challenging
designers of
our time)

The Challenge:

Vantage Watches, a product of
Hamilton, asked me to design
a collection of fine
17-jewel watches for men
and women. Watches that are not fads.
That won't fall apart. That
smart men and women
of taste, not age, can afford.
To add a new dimension to your wardrobe. To be noticed. After much thought, I came up with . . .

A watch
for a
lady
in the
shade
of the
Racquet Club

A watch
for a
Pin Stripe
meeting

A watch
called
Tropicane

The Answer:



35.00 to 45.00 at fine jewelry and department stores.

Vantage by Bill Blass

A PRODUCT OF THE HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

350.00

* BONNIE CASHIN'S NOBORIBETSU FOR PHILIP SILLS



*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Francesca for DAMON



CON BRIO — #5306. Get across a kicky kind of elegance in a double breasted coat with scoop pockets, sculptured lapels. Pair it with the chic simplicity of the high-neck A-line dress. Both made in Italy of fine gauge wool in Mandarin Red/Black; Chocolate/Autumn White; Black/Autumn White; Electric Blue/Autumn White. At better stores everywhere, or write: Francesca for Damon, 1410 Broadway, New York, New York 10008 for store nearest you.

Ensemble About $200. *Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

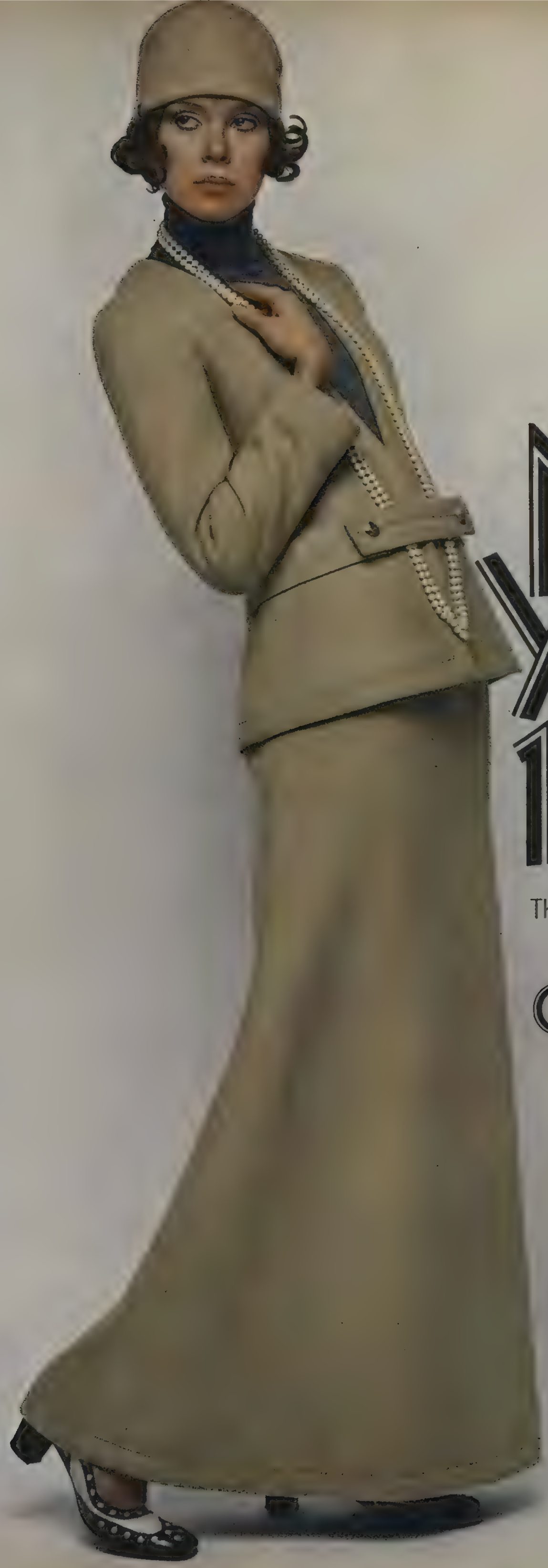
Francesca for DAMON—CREATOR OF QUALITY FASHION ...ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE



LONGED FOR THIS WORLD BY KASPER FOR JOAN LESLIE. BLUE MAXI COAT AND PANTS, ARGYLE TUNIC AND SCARF FOR

JOSEPH MAGNIN

CALIFORNIA & NEVADA



Next Year is 1928.

Victor Joris says so.
The phaeton suit says so. About $165.

Cuddlecoat®

Beauty Mist announces a small miracle.



ConForm™

A funny looking stocking that
comes in only one size. Put it on and it becomes
whatever size and shape you are.
Expands where it needs to. Hugs where it needs to.
No bagging or sagging. Smooth. Sheer. There's
more, too. You choose from 16 demure-to-daring colors.
How much? $1* a pair. That's right. One dollar.
Now do you believe in miracles?



ConForm™
by Beauty Mist®

SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE

Hubert Latimer for Irene, ours exclusively at Nordstrom Best, *Seattle, Portland*





The Formfit Rogers Body Package—two ways to be somebody for only $10.
The non-cling Sleekaire™ Bra Slip in Fortrel® polyester. One smooth line. Number 575. A, B, C 32 to 38. Mink Mist, Champagne, White.
And The Stocking Girdle™. It gives you girdle control and pantyhose freedom. Number 0300. In a complete range of colors and sizes. The Bra Slip: $7;
The Stocking Girdle: $3. The Formfit Rogers Body Package for $10.

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Formfit Rogers

*Fiber Industries, Inc.

Here's what Joe about Stevens

Joe Eula is an illustrator, a costume designer and a painter.

His accomplishments include the murals in Manhattan's new Jockey Club restaurant and the costumes for a new ballet.

But Joe hasn't yet designed women's fashions.

We at Stevens felt it was about time he did. So we gave him our Forstmann wool crepes and left him alone.

The evening gaucho pants below are topped by a loose Russian cossack blouse.

On the next page, his imposing floor length coat of medium weight crepe covers an extremely short skirt.

Also worn over boots, Joe's sleeveless, sideless dress in light pink.

Its line is created by a bias seam from back to front and a sloping hem. (All the boots



Forstmann® wool crepes

Eula thinks Fabrics.

were designed by Beth Levine in collaboration with Joe.)

You won't find Joe's designs in any store. These designs are only his expression of what our woolens can be.

If you're in the business of making clothes for women, and have a vision of your own, call (212) OX 5-1000, Ext. 8102. We'd like to help you make it come true.
J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.,
1460 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10036

Stevens Fabrics®.
For whatever you can think of.



Forstmann® wool crepes



This elegant mink-trimmed Italian knit is available at fine shops everywhere or write Coltalia Imports Corp., Dept. M, 500 Seventh Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018

Nature meets her match





Natural Sunburst



Natural Deluxe Flutters

Natural Heavy Flutters



Natural Starlite

Natural Medium Flutters

Flutters. . the new generation of lashes born to blend with your "no make-up" look. Inspired by Nature. . . grown by Andrea for the woman who wants to look like herself — only more so.

See how carefully they follow the care-free design of your own. . . cluster for deeply-feathered cluster, taper for exquisite taper, blink by beautiful blink.

Up to now, you had to be blessed with lashes like these . . or achieve them with painstaking precision one-at-a-time, the way models and other beautiful people have learned to do. Today, Andrea hands this starry-eyed innocence to you on an ingenious, gossamer strip you apply in a zip.

Choose *your* perfect match. In varying lengths and thicknesses, all of 100% European hair, for every pastime of day from Sunburst to Starlite. Black or brown. $5 to $8.50

Andrea

from the world's largest collection of 39 personalized lash styles

AKRON: M. O'Neil Co. • CHICAGO: Chas. A. Stevens • CHATTANOOGA: Miller Bros. • DALLAS: Sanger-Harris • Titche Goettinger • DENVER: May D & F • FORT WORTH: Monnig's • W. C. Stripling • HARTFORD: G. Fox & Co. • HOUSTON: Foley's • Joske's • Palais Royal • KANSAS CITY: Jones • Kline's • Macy's • LOS ANGELES: The May Co. • Bullock's • MIAMI: Jordan Marsh • Richard's • MILWAUKEE: The Boston Store • NEWARK: Bamberger's • NEW ORLEANS: Gus Mayer • NEW YORK: B. Altman & Co. • Abraham & Straus • Arnold Constable • Fortunoff • Westbrook • B. Gertz • Gimbel's • PASADENA: Bullock's • PEORIA: Bergner's • Carson Pirie Scott & Co. • PHILADELPHIA: The Blum Store • Helen Caro (Cheltenham) • Gimbel's • Lit Bros. • PITTSBURGH: Kaufman's • PORTLAND: Meier & Frank • ST. LOUIS: Stix, Baer & Fuller • SANTA ANA: Bullock's • SAN DIEGO: John Hogan Co. • SAN ANTONIO: Joske's • Dillard's • SAN FRANCISCO: City of Paris • The Emporium • Macy's • Joseph Magnin • SHERMAN OAKS: Bullock's • WASHINGTON: The Hecht Co. • and other fine stores.

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PAGES FROM A TASHKENT DIARY

By Rose Styron

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Recently, William and Rose Styron went to Russia at the invitation of the Soviet Writers' Union. While there Mrs. Styron kept a diary and from it come these pages of the Styrons' visit to the Soviet republic of Uzbekistan. William Styron, the author of* The Confessions of Nat Turner, *is the "Bill" of the diary. A poet, Mrs. Styron is a companionable, charming woman with four children who has found time to exert an influence on* The Paris Review *since its beginning in the 'fifties. In addition, she has had some of her translations published in the Olga Carlisle anthology of Russian poetry,* Poets on Street Corners.

The plane from Moscow dipped suddenly for Tashkent in Soviet Central Asia. The land slanted, rose like watered silk, the brown moire of Victorian Sunday elders. Near the cellophane river dark Beardsleyish swirls patterned the soil. Then, stretches of monochrome sand gave way to dusty green fields, dusty green trees, severe townscapes of dusty white and green vineyards, orchards, grazing land, low precise houses, then, abruptly, marble towers, painted domes, railroad lines, industrial plants, an airport. The old balustrades and arches of the arrival building looked as if they had been painted with a fresh coat of mud. Tall roses, long past their prime in petal and hue, crowded between the dusty green oaks and little purple and ochre and pink flowers that bordered the walks. The colours were wrong everywhere. The airport drowsed.

We waited. The sun pulsed, the air dry and hot on this abandoned oasis. In Moscow the day before we had been completely disarmed by our airport welcome, exhilarated by our drive down crisp autumn streets to the magnificent Kremlin, stimulated by our night's conversation with new Russian friends. In Tashkent there had been a mix-up, and whoever had come to meet us earlier had returned to the Conference. This is what we were invited for: to observe the Afro-Asian Writers' Conference. We were the only North Americans; one Australian and one Communist from Chile apparently comprising with us, The West.

At last we were called for, by an agreeable young man named Valery, and taken to our hotel. Banners of welcome in four languages obliterated the huge façade. Opposite the hotel a large square with fountains shooting skyward, statues everywhere, children running, kiosks and stands which sold piroshki, candy, and drinks, reminded me vaguely of a corner of the Tuileries in Paris.

Our simple room with its balcony and French doors overlooked the blue tent of a travelling circus and a bus stop where dozens queued up peaceably for the small carriers. Behind the tent, tall iron cranes were finishing their evening demolition and the lights of welders flashed low in the sky. The strong man flexed his muscles within the fence, in his bright red satin trunks, now and then hoisting his dumbbells. A lone elephant with pink scalloped ears waved his trunk and danced to "Some Enchanted Evening," which hummed forth from a transistor radio his trainer carried. Bill and I stood on the balcony, watching, until we were called for again: It was time to attend a poetry reading at the city auditorium.

We entered the vast marble building, restored with perfect speed since the recent earthquake (as everything damaged by the tremors of nature and man—palaces, apartment houses, laboratories, monuments—had been rebuilt throughout the USSR to the glory of Labour).

(Continued on page 248)



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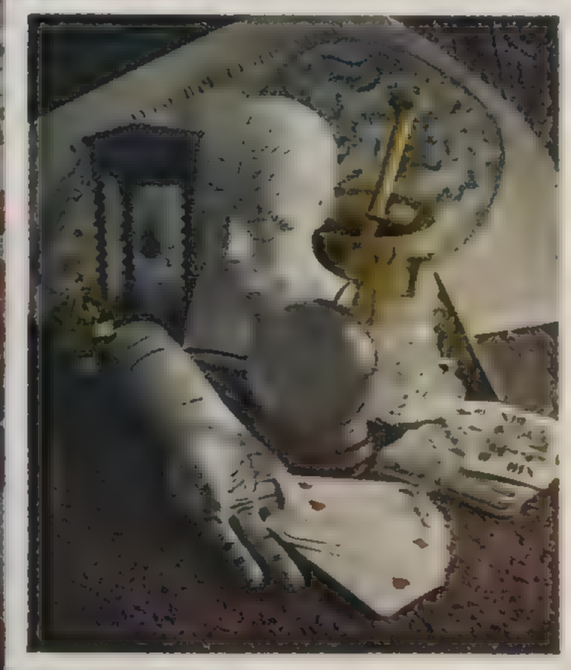
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Tashkent Diary

(Continued from page 240)

Taking the wrong stairway to the assembly, we wound through corridors and muraled halls and lounges, decorated with grillwork and scenes reminiscent of Mexico thirty years ago. We found the balcony entrance to the auditorium and sat down.

It was for us, arriving from Europe late, a fitting introduction to the variety and difficulty of the Conference. Above baskets of pink and yellow roses that bloomed from the floor an Indian poet moaned, pleaded, chanted: "Emotions are more important than words." A stocky grey-haired Russian, Gamzatov, crinkled his eyes in a smile and beamed poems of love for the ladies over the loudspeaker. My attention was drawn to an open scroll behind the platform where five arms of different colours—brown, black, yellow, white, red—joined in a single handclasp. I was to see it in many places, as the symbol of the symposium, all the labouring races of the world joined in literary friendship (and opposition to Neo-Colonialism, to Western Imperialism). This was the tenth anniversary of the symposium, whose first meeting was also held in Tashkent. In the vast wood-baffled room with cameras flashing and televisions whirring, about forty poets and twenty translators—Russian, French, Uzbek, English, Japanese, Spanish, Hindu, Arabic, Hebrew, Lithuanian, Bulgarian, Rumanian, Swahili, and Amaric among their languages—awaited their turns. I recognized only Simenov and Yevtushenko, in the back row.

A fine-boned Keatsian young Arab from Haifa, Mahmoud Darweesh, rose, read with passionate authority a marvellous poem-of-terrors, "The Song and the Sultan":

"It was no more than the description of a burst of rain
And handkerchiefs of lightning that burned the secret of trees;
Then why did they resist it? . . ."

A peasant-shirted poet from the Levant, a turbaned Uzbek, a soft-spoken woman from Iran, then a burly Lithuanian in a pinstriped business suit followed, cool and correct. Tikhonov, a twinkling white-haired poet who resembled Alexander Calder, was succeeded by a slim brown youth in a jersey, representing the Republic of Mali. The Malian declaimed in French with fervour and flashing teeth, as if to mock his stolid-faced translator. Prolonged clapping and cheers brought, as an encore, a short poem in the Russian tongue, and fresh applause belled out. Now a portly Georgian, Karlo Karavi, welcomed us on behalf of his beautiful country. His voice was that of a magician and he conducted the air with his right hand while reading from the book in his left. Another Georgian delivered sing-song stanzas to slight, polite applause.

Then a handsome dark-eyed poet from Jordan, his face lined like a young Auden's, took the platform, his resonant voice alternately staccato and rolling, rhythmic, sure. Yevtushenko was beside him translating his poem, "Empty Drums," into dramatic Russian:

"The land is gone and nothing is left,
Not even a rein in a hitching post
And the sword is gone and the windmill
Gone, and we haven't a single dovecote. . . ."

The pair made interesting alter egos on the dais: both very tall, Yevtushenko ramrod-straight and elegant in his narrow-cut dark suit, his blond hair shorter than on his last American trip, his blue eyes flashing, his words clipped, his quick smile wide with pleasure at the ovation—and Muin Beseiso, tanned and brooding in a soft turtleneck. Beseiso originally from Gaza, Cairo, Beirut, and Damascus, from prison camps and exile. It was the electric moment of the evening, and the many poets who followed were at a disadvantage. There were brief speeches, variations on themes we were to hear again and again, damning the Viet Nam war, damning Israel as the agent of American Imperialism. There were also words of harmony for the writers of the

(Continued on page 290)

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

September 1

Afro, natural—anyway, it's great

Things you may not have known about the Afro hairdo . . . the big, marvellous, soufflé coif that has swept the scene like a brushfire: 1. The In name for it now is "natural." 2. Paradoxically, it's at its best when it *isn't* natural, *is* a Dynel wig. Real hair tends to be too heavy to fuzz up properly; it can be done, with dozens of tiny curlers and pincurls, but a Dynel wig gives exactly the right look . . . airy, foamy, frothy. 3. The wigs are now turning up in shades of blond, red, off-white, as well as black. 4. Most women wear it on a part-time, just-for-fun basis. . . . For all this, we're indebted to Walter Fountaine, a hair stylist who's a real fount of information on this topic—as well he might be; he was one of the pioneers of the natural hairdo, and designed the first natural wig on the market. His salon is Coif Camp, at 203 West 23rd Street. . . . Mr. Fountaine, a Clevelander, studied music and art at Ohio State, Cleveland University, and the Art Students League in New York, before entering the beauty field. A serious student of African history and art—masks, graphics, bronzes—he was called in to do the authentic African hair styles for Dionne Warwick in the movie, *The Slaves*. The next great leap forward for Mr. Fountaine will be a new salon in London—the location, somewhere in Mayfair, to be announced soon. . . .

Cooling it in Kuwait

Herewith, a quick report from our Paragon Traveller in Kuwait. . . . Come in please, Paragon Traveller: "The yoghurt answer to cola drinks in Kuwait is a drink called Leban-Up. Cool, calm, it's an especially thin yoghurt you drink with a straw. If yoghurt makers dream of empire, this form of *leban* (their word for yoghurt) might just go universal. It seems it's the refresher that does what a salt tablet can do for you in the summer. The Kuwaiti ought to know—their summer temperature can hit 130 in the shade." . . .

New beauty environment

When a top-flight hairdresser happens also to be a talented avant-garde designer —when he then designs his own spacious new salon as a completely functional, multi-level, starkly attractive fashion and beauty centre—then you have something as never-before exciting as the Fredrick Glaser Fashion Center in Chicago. Everything white—except for dark-grey carpeting, green plants, an occasional sharp colour accent: white vinyl walls that undulate, sweep, flow around corners; white moulded-Fiberglas chairs; white washable cushions. What isn't white is apt to be see-through or mirrored, so the whole environment seems light, clear, almost floating. Everything functions with dreamlike speed and efficiency, yet the atmosphere is one of restfulness, of privacy—no client is ever crowded up against another, whether in the washing, drying, or combing stage. . . . Mr. Glaser has re-thought, re-designed almost every piece of equipment. Shampoo chairs and bowls are all in one piece. Drying stations, all on different levels, are roomy and airy, islands of comfort and calm: non-slip places for your magazine and coffee-cup, a huge screen that flashes news and pictures. If you'd rather walk around, phone, or shop in the boutique which is part of the centre, there are newly-designed portable dryers—like clear, bubble-y space helmets—that allow you to do all those things while still plugged in to dry. Everything that can be disposable is: bright paper smocks, matching slippers, towels—all, chuckable. . . . More space-age touches: one-way windows—seeable-out-of from the inside, not seeable-into from the outside; closed-circuit TV so the management can see at all times who's where, what's happening. . . . What's happening really, at Chicago's 740 Rush Street, is a new environment for beauty.

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Knit togethers like these. Me+Plus
Knit Togethers in pure, supple wool.
They let me be free to enjoy
patterns plus textures in the same outfit.
Skinny-rib-looks plus cheerleader cardigans.
Flirty pleat skirts plus serious blazers.
Lanky pants plus long torso vests.

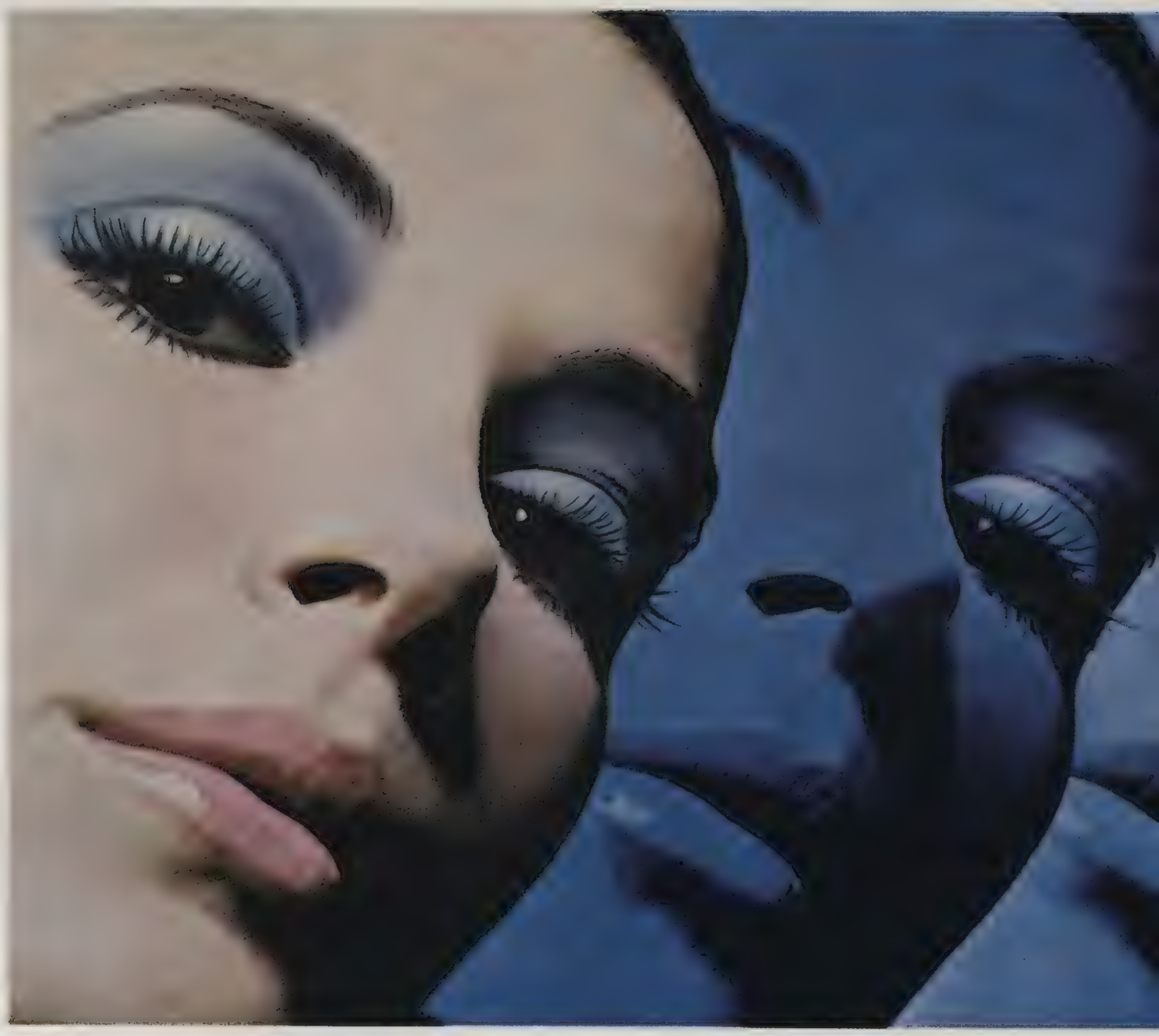
All me. But much more.
Me plus all the looks I could ever want.
Me plus moods that move from pants to skirts,
from place to place. Me plus me.
And the way Catalina has designed Me+Plus,
no matter what I choose, I'm always right.

Me+Plus Knit Togethers wear the
Woolmark, your assurance of
quality in pure virgin wool.

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Everything you need for the soft, sexy eye from high lid to low lash in tones of one color...in one sleek compact.

Make waves. Sight waves of shimmering sensuous color. With 'WaveMakers', the new on-coming tide of all-of-a-hue eyes Aziza invented. It starts with a ripple of color for highlighting. Tone by tone it deepens for lid shadow and contouring. Then intensifies for liner and mascara until from brow to lash base your eyes are swept in multiples of one luminous color. Please, when you wear it, watch out for undercurrents.

Aziza does only two things. Beautiful eyes.



Five 'WaveMakers' eye kits with
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In Echoes of Blue, Currents of Green,
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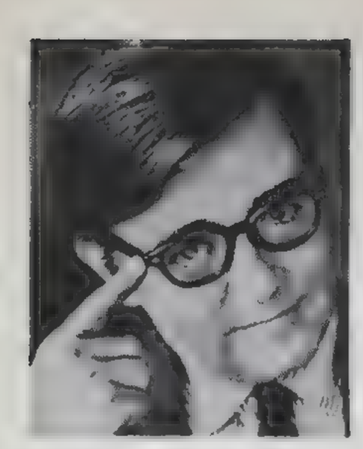
a division of Leslie Fay, Inc.

Prices slightly higher in the West. Hat: Mr. John

When fashion makes a statement Gossard underlines it.

A group of unseen essentials that contribute to the look that is Geoffrey Beene, Bill Blass, Donald Brooks, Oscar de La Renta, Jacques Tiffeau from Gossard's fall 1969 foundation and daywear collections.

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Geoffrey Beene makes a fashion statement

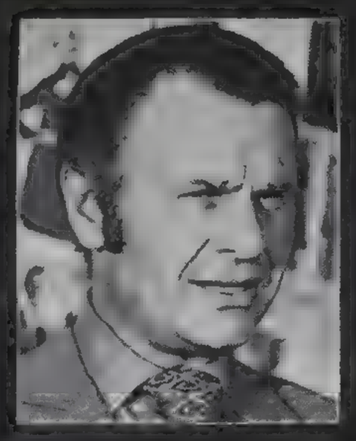
"There's a new importance of wool jersey for evening, perfect for a dirndl skirt that falls to a new cocktail dinner length. The soft plunge of the neckline must, of course, be complemented by the proper underfashion."

Gossard underlines it...

softly and smoothly, with a far-and-wide plunge bra. A barely there underwire guards your natural charms. Gossard's bra 3991, ABC 32-36, about $6. And comfortably, with garterless Cling-Mate, a leg-proportioned mini-brief for smoothest panti-hose holdup. Waist sizes small, medium, large, each in petite, average and full leg sizes. Gossard's pantie, about $5.

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Bill Blass makes a fashion statement

"The plaid coat and short trousers are to be worn with a casual flair, a certain spirit of self-confidence, possible only if the undergarments do not inhibit, but allow a freedom of movement."

Gossard underlines it...

with a sheer cover-all that uncovers unheard of new freedom. The torso fabric, a new circular knit, contours and moves like a bias cut. Dressmaker stitching shapes the bosom. Seams don't show through. Perfectly balanced fabric and design for the second-skin look. Gossard's Body Brief 1100, sizes B 32-36, about $11.

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Donald Brooks makes a fashion statement

"Important now—the proportion story of a great sweeping coat over tunic-and-pants that require some control underneath to give a smooth, sleek silhouette."

Gossard underlines it...

with one bare ply of 15 denier nylon tricot. A bra with the breathtaking look of flower-crossed nudity. Skillful darting and stretch banding shape and support. Gossard's bra 3969, sizes ABC 32-36, about $6. In a matching nude mood, the garterless mini pant with just enough shaping to smooth the body lines. Gossard's pantie 869, sizes small, medium, large, about $8.

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Oscar de La Renta makes a fashion statement

"The soft gossamer evening dress demands a body veil that conceals, yet reveals. Underfashions that lightly hold the body but allow for a complete feeling of freedom."

Gossard underlines it...

with Body Skimmer, a veiling of nylon tricot that soothes the silhouette like a silken body lotion. Under see-through and nearly nude fashions it conceals its own detailing with expert skin-tone blending. A marvelous coverup that remains invisible, strictly out-of-sight. Gossard's Body Skimmer 3011, sizes petite, small, medium, about $6.

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Jacques Tiffeau makes a fashion statement

"The dress that isn't all there needs an underfashion that is even less there . . . that makes a soft, subtle understatement all its own."

Gossard underlines it...

with a bra designed by Jacques Tiffeau for Gossard as an identical replica of the fashion it underlines. The sheer cup adjusts as naturally to the body as the fashion that inspired it. Truly the first perfect marriage of outer and inner fashion, the sought-after new way of dressing. Not only a dress lift, but such an alter ego of the outer look, it comes in body sizes only. Jacques Tiffeau for Gossard bra style 4500, sizes 32-36, about $7.



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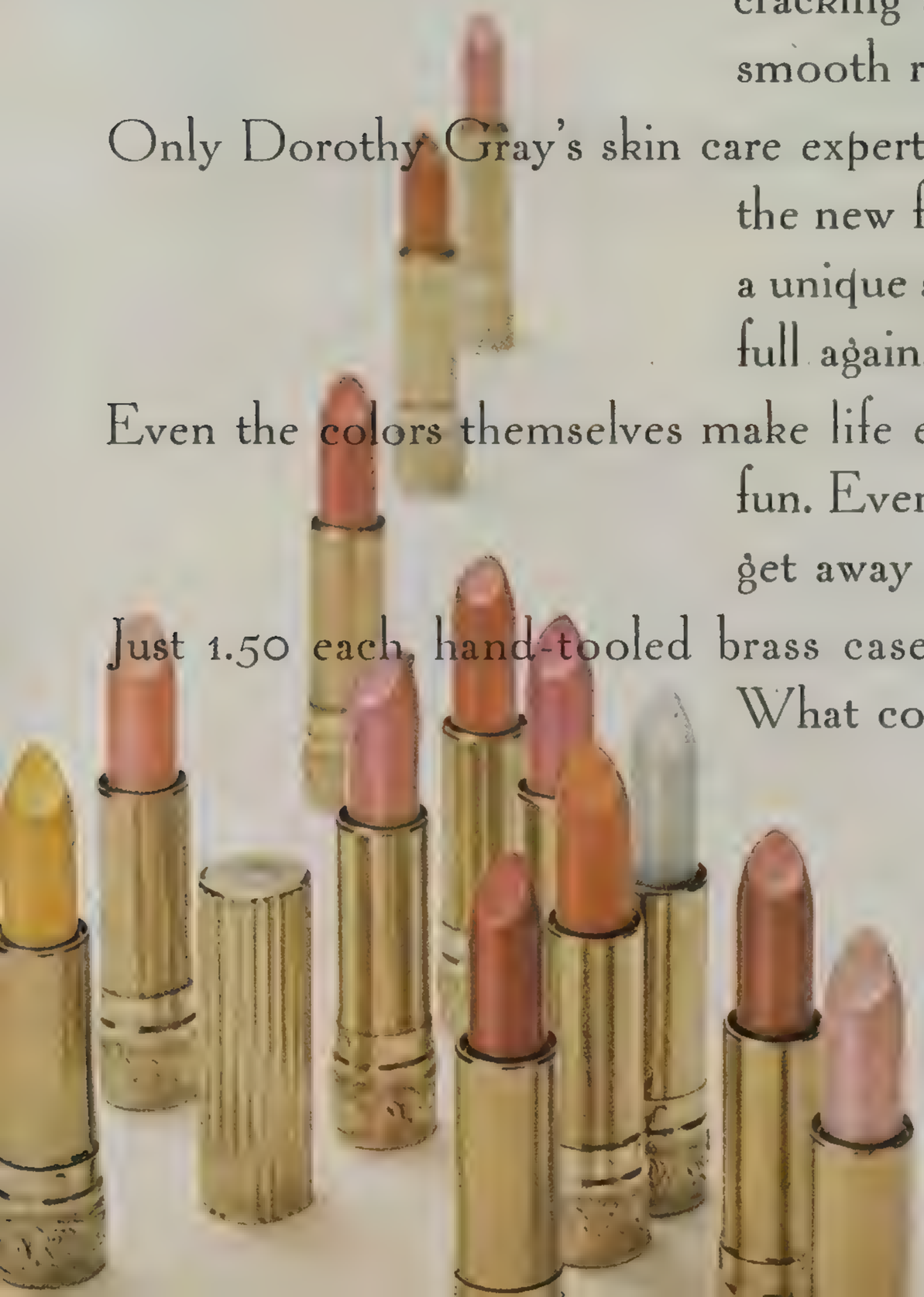


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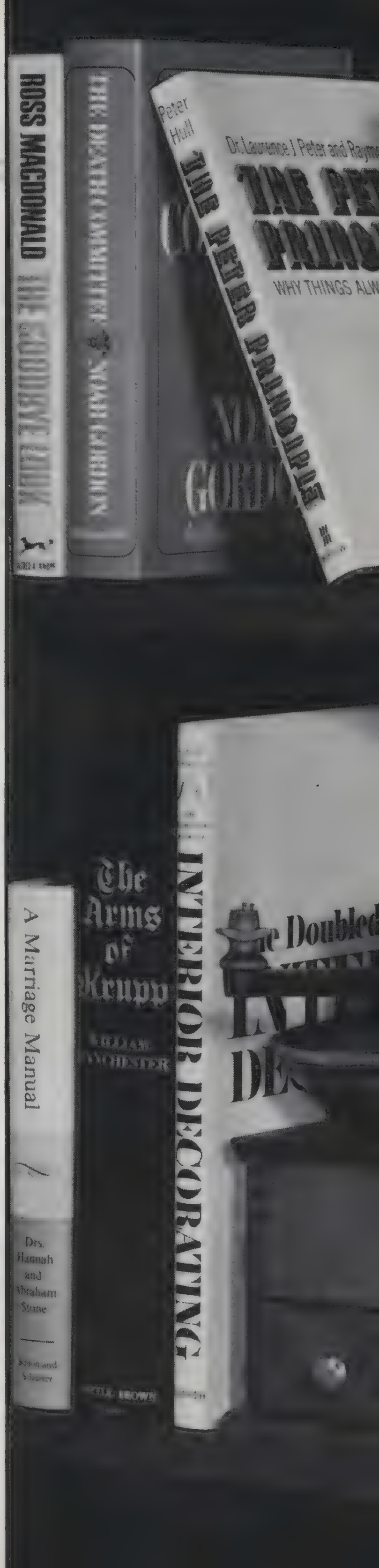
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Tashkent Diary

(Continued from page 248)

world. The audience, about two thousand strong, of every age, race, and costume, were enthusiastic. Hungry, we left before the end. In the foyer, Uzbek ladies with long black braids, in national dress (a satiny mu-mu in various off colours with a jagged geometric print not unlike that of Navaho blankets we sat on as children) stood beneath the busts and statues of Lenin chatting. We missed the climax of the night, Yevtushenko's own poems, which received such stampeding applause that even the poet was said to be embarrassed.

We returned to the hotel for the first of many meals there: delicious flat bread, tomatoes, grapes, and ice cream offsetting tasteless fried sturgeon. We talked with Mursi Saad-El Din from Cairo's Ministry of Culture. He had helped found the symposium and gave us some history. His recent arrival in the USSR had followed a trip to Korea, where he witnessed the mass "confession" of the Pueblo's crew to "seventeen spy missions" in Korean waters. Would the television pictures taken there appear on the United States networks, he wondered? Mursi's friend Alex, a South African writer, currently from London, was to become our nightly singing director. He knew every American song of the century, it seemed, as our Russian friends knew every American book. He had sung them to his wife in the jails of Africa; imitations of Nelson Eddy and Pete Seeger were his specialties. Yevtushenko came by to say he would call us in the morning.

Morning comes early to vital Russians and a knock on our door brought in our energetic friend, striding, smiling, ready to take us to Tashkent's sprawling market for breakfast. He had not slept, he said, because the elephant had wailed all night "like the sick conscience of the world." At the market we walked in bemused admiration through the piled melons—golden and green, ripe, striped watermelons—while Yevtushenko selected the best for us. It was football-shaped, an apple-green one big enough for our elephant. The melon, which he and Bill sliced like competing surgeons in the tiny café, was sweet, gorgeous. With the tea, fresh-baked, crusty bread, and myriad juicy grapes, we had the finest breakfast of all time. We watched brooms being tied, peanuts being roasted. And Yevtushenko tantalized us all the while, describing places we should visit and the great Siberian Taiga. Even with such forests, he told us, Russia does not produce enough paper to print half the volumes of poetry the public asks for.

By ten we were due at a formal session of the symposium. A writer from the Sudan was thanking the Soviets for helping them achieve independence and a Russian was commenting that "poetry is not just love, it inspires and aids each fighter." He quoted Pushkin: "This is no time for sunsets; reality is the true clock."

We were now in the Uzbek Drama Hall. The writers spoke against a painted backdrop of shimmering pink and blue and silver trees. The platform was guarded by a banner of the five races clasping hands again in "The Spirit of Tashkent." A medallion of Lenin's vigorous face presided over the group from the side wall. He is Christ, of course, in the Marxist World, his concern for writers well-remembered, his image everywhere.

A Black delegate from Kenya rose. In shoulder-padded tan suit and elegant tie, he thrust like a spear his philosophic words: "When two elephants fight, it is the grass that suffers; when Capitalism and Socialism clash to crush the small countries of Africa and Asia, it is their artists who will bleed." This man of dignity and simplicity, old enough to have led his people for some years, asked the Russians, "Do you promise to support us in our quests for liberty, for the defeat of poverty?" He was the first delegate to speak English that day.

An aristocratic lawyer-turned-poet from Senegal, Jean Brierre, took the stand next, and was presented with birthday flowers by Uzbek schoolgirls.

(Continued on page 302)

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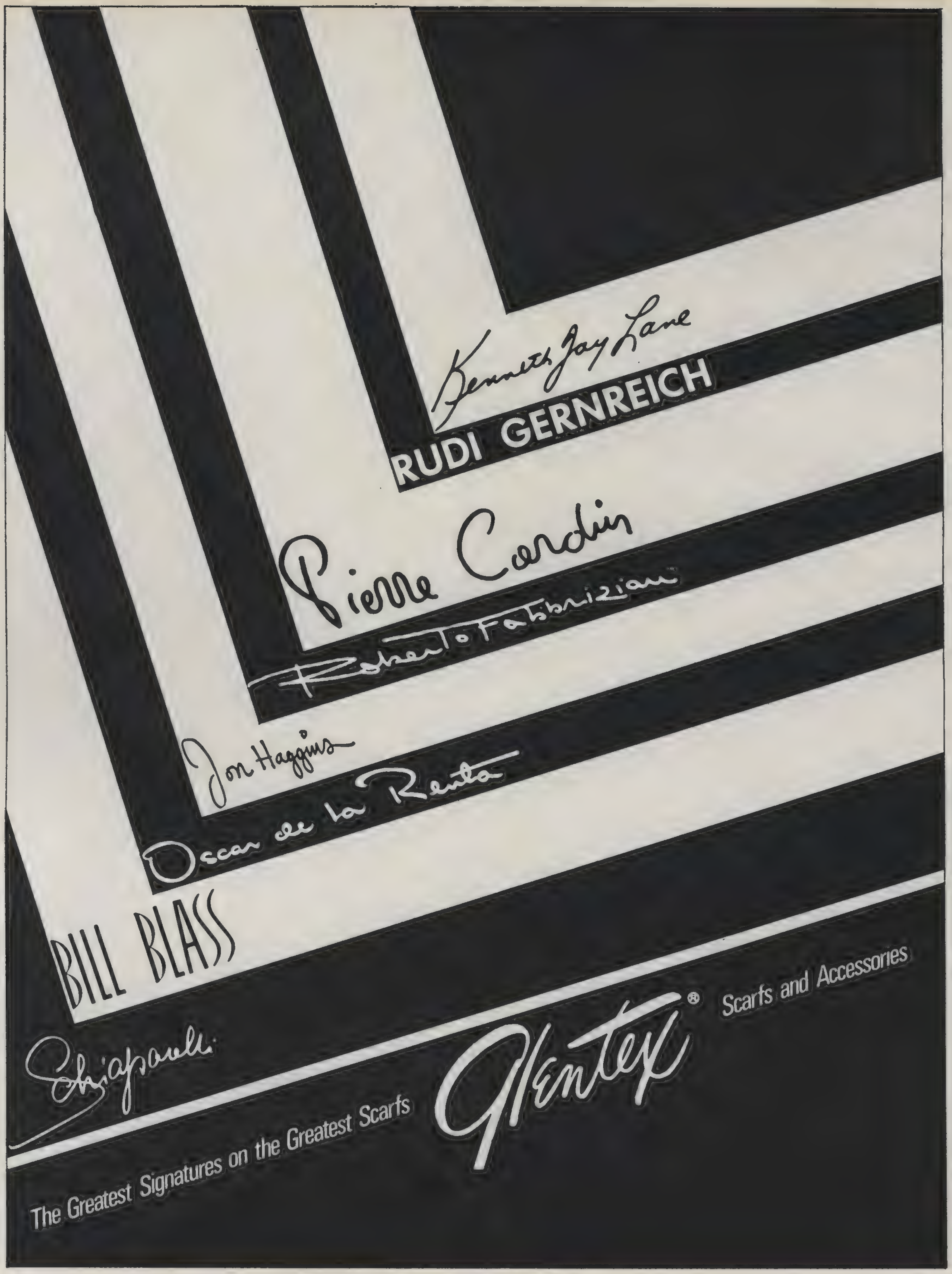


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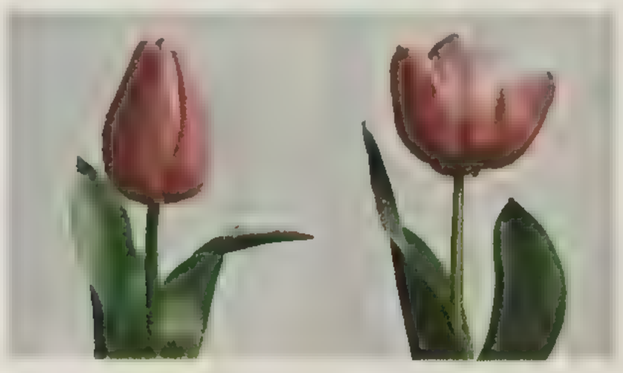
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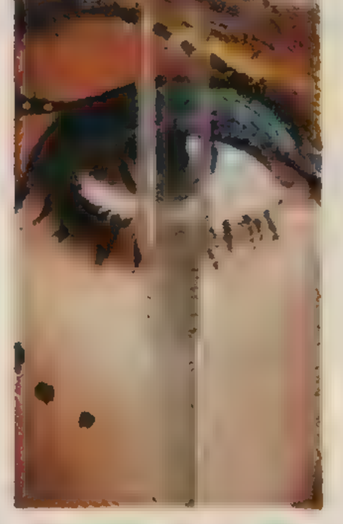
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Tashkent Diary

(Continued from page 290)

Later, a well-known critic from Moscow, Alexander Izbak, spoke of Norman Mailer and of the movie *Green Berets*. He praised Mailer as a writer who resists current U.S. politics; he deplored the film. We were interested that Mailer was the only American writer whose name we heard from the platform.

Rurikov, the intelligent editor of Moscow's foreign literature magazine, took the platform last. He spoke out against propaganda, against aggression. He pointed out, sympathetically, that the rôle of writers was becoming rapidly more important in the world, and that they would welcome renewed contact with the Chinese writers who had once come as delegates to Tashkent. "The hearts of five continents join here. . . ."

And the session ended.

"JANKEES! HANDS OFF HEROIC VIET NAM," read a banner as we left to visit a Collective Farm that sunny afternoon. We were greeted there by the deep bow of a gentleman with twinkling eyes and flashing gold teeth and a great drooping moustache who wore a bemedalled general's uniform (like the one in Stalin's Yalta photographs) and a square Uzbek cap. It turned out that he was no general, but the oldest chairman of a collective Soviet farm and a deputy to the Supreme Soviets. He talked glowingly of American places he had visited—especially of Florida—as he led us over a small bridge to a moat-encircled gazebo. Here, surrounded by willows whose bleached trunks stretched upward like reversed umbrella stays, he bade us partake of his bounty. The small table before us was piled pyramid-fashion with the farm's edible produce. Lilac and gold ladyfinger grapes, russet "camel's-tooth" grapes, blue "kishmish" grapes, figs, nuts, pomegranates, pickles, and candy almost touched the roof of the pergola, delicately painted with pastoral scenes and stylized flowers. Orange juice (canned at the farm; we never saw a fresh orange in Russia), cognac, vodka, shashlik, and plov were served. Between innumerable toasts ("Dadna!" was the command: Bottoms Up!) and the refilling of glasses, I looked beyond the moat to the shaded path where railed beds-on-platforms, covered with bright carpets and cushions, waited to accommodate guests who had eaten and drunk too abundantly.

I longed to rise and visit the famous cottonfields but mentioning my curiosity led only to statistics on produce and the scientific experiments being conducted. The chairman was a scholar and had received his medals for thirty-seven years as an agricultural expert annually reelected by the people. Facts were his specialty.

At last, beyond surfeit, we were permitted to rise and walk a short distance to the vineyards.

They were exquisite. Lush green arbours stretched forever, one after another of the wooden structures obscured completely by the enormous grape leaves, and hundreds of bunches of grapes in every colour, so perfect in shape and size that they looked like an artist's design for old-fashioned wallpaper. The scent was sweeter than belief.

We walked and walked, in a soft cognac afternoon haze, tasting grapes and listening to our guide: "In this alley there are 110 varieties—the long lady's finger, the pointed camel's tooth . . . we grow eighteen tons of grapes per hectare every year . . . the new tractors have doubled our production. . . ."

I tasted the most luscious grapes of all, the seedless kishmish that hung high up in close, jewelled bunches. I picked stalks of exotic-smelling herb grass: green cloves, black anise, and flowers, and a dark red vine the natives use to cure smallpox. I fingered persimmons, unripe on their trees, and pomegranates, shiny red-yellow but quite unyielding. I regarded a silver samovar placed on a sudden low stone, and a fancy wood-and-porcelain washbasin at a tilt, across from an outhouse with tall carved doors under tangled vines. Enormous bouquets of the farm's beautiful flowers were placed in my arms by the director as some time later he bowed and beamed and bade us good-

(Continued on page 305)







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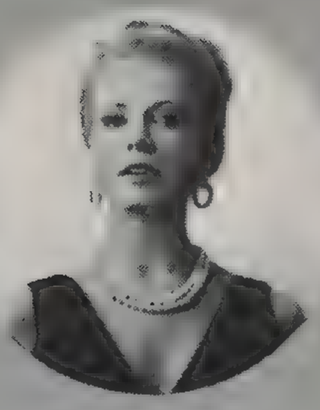
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Tashkent Diary

(Continued from page 302)

bye.

The next morning we walked around Tashkent with our gay, sensitive interpreter and constant companion, Tanya. The city was half-old, half-new. We passed, in turn, the big Café Pinocchio, a spiralling glass and concrete affair; a monastery; an open manhole with a worker dangling his legs in it and talking on a polished telephone to someone below; an old leather-faced, bearded man from Kazakstan in black tunic, high leather boots, fur-fringed hat; a white-robed nomad; scores of women in print dresses and high-heeled pointed white shoes walking briskly to work while the traffic director, a Cossack policeman or general, his navy tunic smartly belted and gleaming with medals, waved them across the wide street; slower women, in dusty sandals and gauzy scarfs of gold-banded magenta and turquoise, their dresses identical to those of their more energetic sisters; windows full of native fabrics, and more windows full of ugly boots and heavy shoes and styleless men's suits; pretty little girls in fluffy, white dresses and fat organza hairbows; neat school children in blue uniforms with red sailor ties; a hotel with the banner PEACE across its façade; a young soldier with his arm around his girl; banners strung from trees, telephone poles, and bus stops, welcoming the writers.

At the Uzbek Museum an astonishing collection of fourth-rate painting greeted us. The "People's Art of Uzbekistan" was at least authentic: fanciful pottery, horned animals with open mouths and magenta tails, woven rugs and square embroidered caps.

At noon we arrived on schedule at the ceremonies to dedicate the National Literary Museum, a marble palace with the numbers 5·2·5 on top, to celebrate the 525th anniversary of the "Shakespeare of Uzbekistan," Alisher Novoi. We were not the only delegates who failed to recognize this poet and patriarch whose image pursued us through speeches and dramatic offerings in the days to come. (Once in Samarkand, we were greeted by a barrage balloon hoisting Novoi's oversized portrait above the gold domes and mosaic tigers of that ancient shrined city.) Long-throated silver karnai horns welcomed us from a high parapet as the President of Uzbekistan, a lady recently out of purdah, trilled in Uzbek, and everyone munched pears. Bill's comment: "We've landed in Oz."

At five we met Yevtushenko and climbed hastily into a car with him: We were almost late for a poetry reading he was giving for the students of Tashkent University.

The hall was packed. Kids stood pressed together in the aisle like expectant sardines, clapping, cheering, wild with affection. We sat at the side of the stage, and looking down at the mass of eager young smiles I was reminded of the last time I had sat on a stage—when Senator Eugene McCarthy delivered a speech at the Cow Palace in San Francisco—the kids had pressed forward to the platform, their hands reaching up to touch his.

The poet announced his first selection, "Execution," a poem about a police chief whom Lermontov accused of killing Pushkin. ("God's judgment is more important than the world's. . . .") The hall immediately hushed. Erect in a light-blue shirt with stiff white collar and cuffs, his blue eyes flashing, Yevtushenko could have been a soldier, part of an honour guard, but as he began to recite in a voice that modulated from crisp announcement to anger to sadness, his right arm, and then his left arm, moving slowly in arcs of emphasis, he was a young Olivier playing Hamlet. A girl on the other side of the stage fainted. There was a flurry of excitement as she was carried out by her friends, the poet in concerned attendance.

He returned, and began his next poem ("My darling, sleep, don't torture me. . . .") It was delivered like a lullaby. The kids began to write notes, fold them, and throw them onto the platform at his feet. These young people were much better looking, more stylish than their elders.

(Continued on page 307)

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Tashkent Diary

(Continued from page 305)

Their faces were Eskimo, Russian, Japanese, Indian, everything.

Yevtushenko introduced us to the crowd as his guests. The clapping was loud, and Bill stood to take a bow. They continued to look at us with friendly curiosity, as the poet launched a long new poem, dedicated to Dr. Spock:

"I am Dr. Spock, a children's
doctor, also,
as claimed by certain judges
with finality,
a well-known instigator of
the country's youth—
a bawler and a doubtful
personality.

" 'The history of your
malady?' It is long
and drawn out. I suffer
most it seems, for all
the children who see
themselves so strangely,
sunbeams reflected on a
shadowed wall."

Had they seen an American writer before or heard of Dr. Spock? Applause, and the photographers, multiple now, jumped up again. A light "Ode to Mushrooms" came next, and then witty stanzas about Russian soldiers who to their delight were taught to read at the end of World War II. "Masha ate a dictionary for beginners like gruel!" Most poems were delivered completely from memory.

A standing ovation, the traditional rhythmic clapping, and the presentation of flowers and a cap and teal silk robe which the poet donned onstage, marked the end of the afternoon. Yevtushenko went out the back, squeezing us into a car with him as fans pressed at the doors. We drove off, with Tanya and two young men introduced as leaders of the regional Komsomol, towards the country, an hour's quiet.

Yevtushenko, tired, described a time when he had been frightened by a crowd of his Moscow fans. They had put him high on their shoulders after his reading in the square, and lunged round and round with him, even blockading and attempting to hoist up the car he escaped to at last. We sat, the six of us, at an iron table under a stand of trees. Vodka and beer were brought and our companions showed us how to drink them—first vodka, then beer with salt around the rim of the glass—without taking a breath in between. We talked of the necessity for patriotism, Russian and American, in these charged times. Our companions were their country's best ambassadors.

After a brief return to the hotel, we were taken along on a new adventure: A Moslem circumcision celebration to which the poet had been invited. An unusual honour, a remarkable night. We drove up a dark narrow street in an old quarter of Tashkent, debarking at a candlelit archway where two boys bowed and welcomed us. Through the arch we were led to a garden where the party took place under a bright moon. On the porch, the old men sat separately, propped against high pillows. The garden was edged with rows of trees, not very tall; a table extending on three sides, like a croquet wicket, between them.

The young and middle-aged sat and stood in the centre, while the children performed. It was *their* night. A joke-telling contest was in progress as we were seated behind the garden proper at a long, slightly elevated table prepared for special guests (artists are highly honoured here as throughout Russia). We sat in the centre, and were immediately served tea, vodka, fruit, a novel flaky bread, and meat in twisted crusts. The contest was between three small boys and a dwarf. The dwarf appeared to be a professional entertainer, and clowned about while reciting, to the delight of young and old. A table before us gleamed with china, glasses, flowers, as for a wedding reception. The host and several children, including the three- and four-year-olds whose rites we celebrated, came to shake hands. Music rang out, everyone toasted everyone else in unintelligible Uzbek. There was sweet laughter all around.



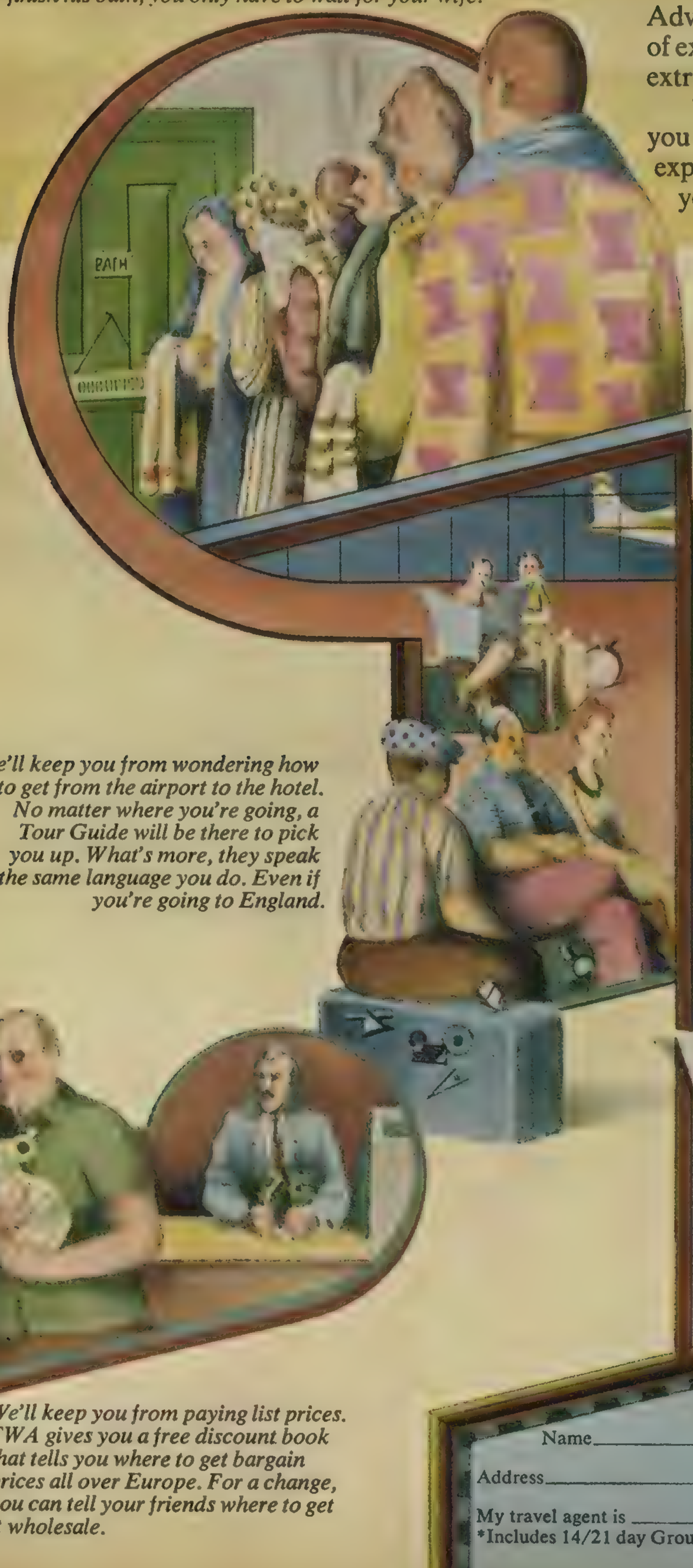
Howard Wolf flings a seven-league scarf over the impeccable wool ensemble. Circa $105 at The May Company, Los Angeles; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Lord & Taylor, New York; and other fine stores.



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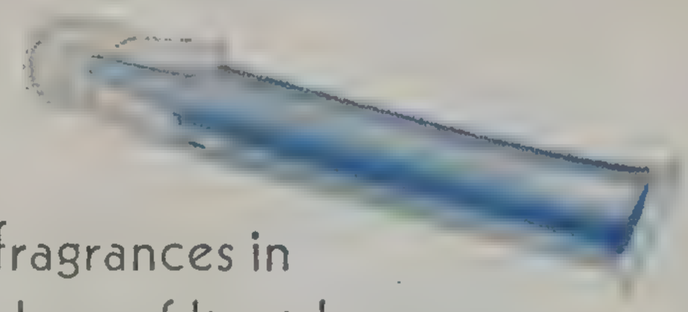
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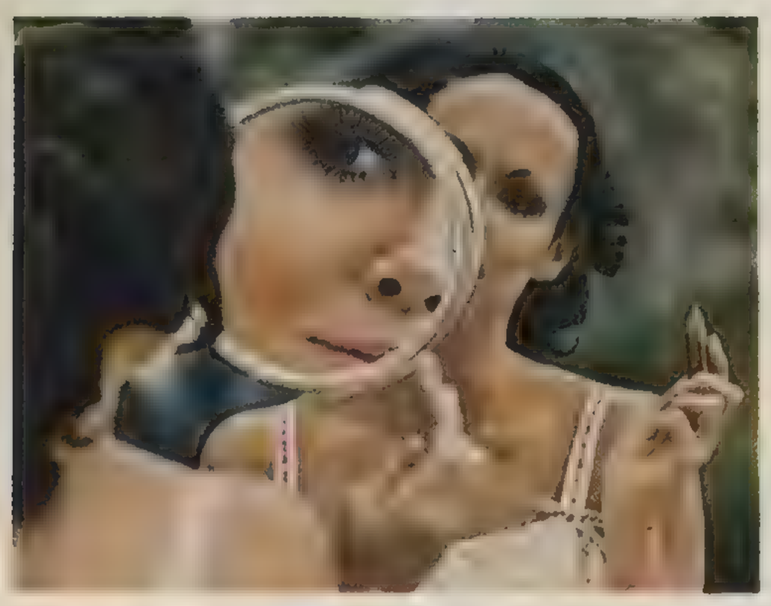
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She wasn't a beauty. Her hair was plain and...

It was the Summer that I was 12 that I spent with my Uncle. And one Sunday afternoon, the drawing room was filled with what seemed like all the beautiful people in the world.

And then She came into the room. She wasn't a beauty. Her hair was plain. Her bones, too large to be delicate. Her dress, I don't even remember. A large window nearby was pouring sunlight. And when it touched her, she paused and stretched to it. My Uncle, idly watching her, suddenly smiled and moved to her, eddying me with him. The fragrance she was wearing was light but constant. I remember the flickering wonder of whether there were lakes in Paris filled with overshadowed greens and the softest freshest flowers.

My Uncle was talking animatedly. And her eyes listened. She leaned toward him to answer when I heard myself saying, "What is that perfume you're wearing?"

She looked at my Uncle, smiling, "It is a blend of scents I have always loved...if you like," she sprinkled some drops onto her handkerchief, "Here." I fingered the softness, "Thank you, does it have a name?"

"No, but you can give it one."

Later we were watching the guests leave. My Uncle, his hands behind his back, was standing by the window. "She wasn't pretty," I said. "No, she wasn't pretty," he answered. "But," I added quickly, "I loved her perfume..." He smiled and reached for the lacy cotton. "It is like her. In a painted world Polly, there is something lovely about a fresh cut flower; will you remember that?" I nodded. And with the wisdom of a twelve year old, I never asked for the handkerchief back.

I never saw the woman again. But, when I decided to create a perfume I knew exactly what it must be. A perfume which would make you wonder if there were lakes in Paris overshadowed with greens and the softest, freshest flowers. A perfume that is a silent beautiful place to be.

Perhaps she is reading this. If so, I hope she remembers that little girl and the afternoon she told her, "You may name it if you wish." I have named it Tortue...



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Blame me on civilization

By Philip Callow

Philip Callow, forty-eight, is a novelist, short-story writer, poet, and autobiographer. Born in Birmingham, England, he is married and now lives in Devon. His latest novel, Going to the Moon, *was published recently in England by Macgibbon & Kee.*

First of all I tried to write like God, that is to say traditionally: Went inside people's heads and hearts as if I had a right to be there, as if I knew my way around. Which was ridiculous. Then one day I made a little discovery: you can stay very close to life, autobiographically, and still not write autobiography. This was elementary but liberating; it still excites me. As an engineering apprentice, I watched a young man bounce past several times a day, and he had a radiance; he overflowed with something marvellous. He was popular because you only had to catch sight of him and your spirits would lift. At the time I just registered the fact of him, glad and forgetful like everyone else. Years later he swam up to the surface and I found myself writing songs of praise to him in a book. I poured out hero-worship, thanked him extravagantly for existing, raised him up in adoration—and he happened twenty years ago. I doubt if I exchanged a word with him. It wasn't him, it wasn't me when I'd finished. We were part of the rhapsody.

With this kind of writing, the price to pay is too steep for some who are used to going through the world armoured. I was born a skin short. And what a lie the other way is, what a bore pretending to be God, ordering characters around. No more of that stuff, I told myself. No tricks. Start with the truth and see what happens. Make a collage of the facts.

Am I making excuses for a monstrous self-absorption? Maybe. The artist is a monster, that's certain. What kind of monster am I, then? Dostoyevsky, that ultra-modern, predicted me and my age, but I doubt if even he would have known the particular form my Englishness, my pride and prejudice, would take. That's my own creation. It's all I have and so I'm very passionate about it, very proud, possessive as a woman. My self. Yet I'm at the mercy of it. And I am a child of this age: no God, no party, no roots that won't pull up, no family bosom waiting. I'm a single-handed passage man: I know there's only me. I don't believe in work or careers or anything that doesn't have its source in the personal life. The new loneliness and new morality is the air I breathe. I'm fragmented, restless, in a hurry.

I know there's just me and nobody else but that's all I know. For a monster of egotism I'm curiously in the dark about myself. Thankfully so. There always has to be some mystery, some darkness I can dip down into.

I prefaced my new novel with a quote from Anaïs Nin: "We are going to the moon . . ."; the whole sentence (from memory) went something like this: "We are going to the moon, but man has much further to travel inside himself." Leslie Fiedler harps on the same theme when he talks of "the conquest of inner space," but he's a professor and his writing is theoretical rather than lyrical. I refuse to be one of his science-fiction mutants. I'm my own kind of monster. Like Ubu. I'm a monster in human form. and Fiedler's new creatures are what he calls post-humanists. I don't trust the orderly predictions of the professors. The lyric anarchy of the future will be *more* human, not less. In the novel I want some chaos, some of the unpredictability of life, and above all, poetry. The basic question for me is always: does it sing? Because the novel is going to sing.

More and more I suspect the

(Continued on page 322)

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Blame me

(Continued from page 318)

puritanical tradition to be at the root of so much of my behaviour, and that, of course, is another thing I am up to—trying to liberate myself, escape from prison. How to make sense of a mania for truth-telling, self-exposure, nakedness, and the paradoxical longing to be anonymous, lost in the crowd, nobody? I can only explain it in terms of my puritanism. For instance, I'd never dream of undressing in a roomful of strangers, yet in books I do it savagely, in a sort of defiance. But often the impulse to confess is only a means of getting started. The truth is apt to be forgotten in the passion of the telling.

I expect to continue making discoveries about myself, uncovering prejudices, peeling away more layers of puritanism. I have just moved into a big old house after years cooped up in a cottage—after a lifetime of being cramped. So that over the years I developed a lust for space, a great need. Now I have more than enough room and I find I have to overcome a definite feeling of guilt. I go around complaining that something's wrong—all this space arranged formally around me, isolating my self-importance. And it's cold. Lonely. It echoes. The emptiness bothers me, the excess of space; it fills me with a Tolstoyan rather than a Dostoyevskian shame. I want to give it away. And generosity is surely that—the need to make contact with people again.

I don't know what kind of monster I am. Blame me on civilization, on a society that makes dancing naked a necessity, even if it's only in a book. And please don't misunderstand that "only." The meaninglessness and conformity of a great deal of modern society are being opposed, eloquently and often, in books. Better than that, they are being used. Speaking for myself, I seize the chance in writing to reclaim the past and simply affirm the richness of life, once we wake up to it and decide to live it. If I ever fully wake up, I probably shan't want to write at all.

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What's needed under closer to the body clothes? A softer, smoother bra† of satin tricot shown with a long-leg pantie† in a blend of Lycra® tricot. Or a bra contoured with fiberfill shown here with a sleek, lighter-than-whisper brief. Pastels, black, white. At selected stores with coordinating lingerie. The bras and brief, $5. Pantie, $6.50. Long-leg pantie, $7.

The Sea Dream Collection by maidenform®

†Powernet: Nylon, "Lycra" Spandex (exclusive of decoration.) ‡All "Antron" Nylon. Backs and Band: Nylon, "Lycra" Spandex. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off © 1969 by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles, lingerie.



The Sea Dream Collection by maidenform

Here are some of the fine stores that carry The Sea Dream® Collection:

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—The Diamond Dept. Store
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Dallas, Texas—Sanger-Harris
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
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Ft. Worth, Texas
—R. E. Cox Dept. Stores
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Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co.
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Kansas City, Mo.—Macy's
Little Rock, Ark.—Pfeifer-Blass
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—Cherry & Webb Store
Massachusetts & Rhode Island
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Milwaukee, Wisc.—Gimbel's
Minneapolis, Minn.—Donaldson's
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Nashville, Tenn.
—Castner, Knott Dry Goods Co.
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—Hahne & Co. & Branches
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
Peoria, Ill.—P. A. Bergner & Co., Inc.
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Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach Co.
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—Harris Co. & Branches
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Getaway gear

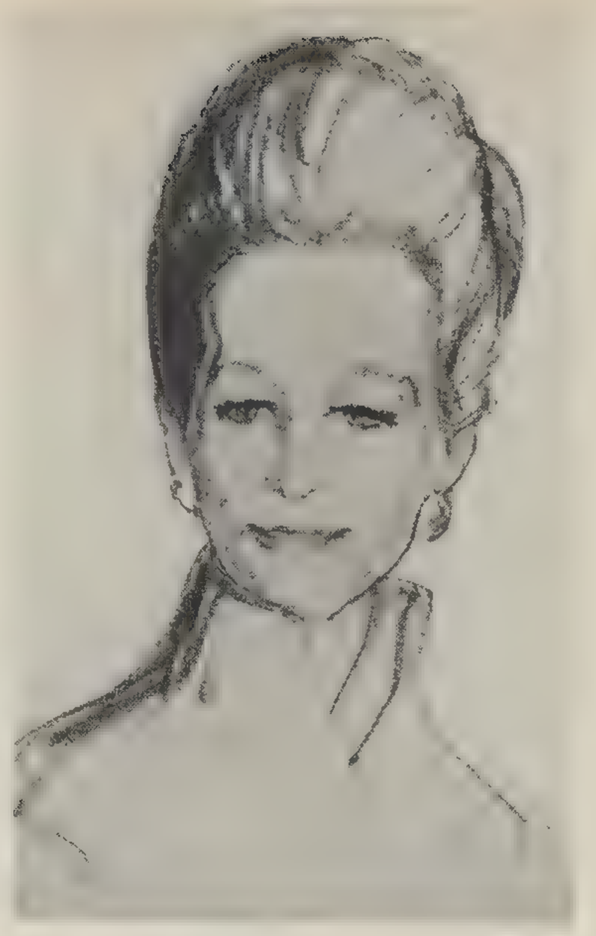


Dapper cotton duck, a-swash with buckles and patch pockets make this brace of bags just the ducky ones to take on safari from North Africa to East Hampton. *From top:* 20-inch zippered tan roll for stashing up for'ard. $40. Shoulder-slung, red attaché—the kind of landing gear you might need on the Karachi run—pocketed for tickets, tapes, and so on. $33. Beige cabin bag, very much wanted on voyage whether it bunks in on the new QE II or the old Orient Express. $55. All: Wings Luggage designed by Bill Blass. At Altman's.



BERRY BERENSON

Day trip to another planet coming up and with it the sort of handbags that hold everything for an outing out of this world. *In front:* practical, washable hold-all of grainy vinyl with a plastic lining. $20. Squared-off, shoulder-strapped version of the same with zip-up pockets inside and out. $17. Both, in a good clear red. Samsonite Saturn. At Abraham & Straus. *In back:* large strap-handled canvas envelope. In beige with brown and tan stripes. $18. By Lee Stemer. At Bonwit Teller.



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The Unequaled Hand-Fashioned Italian Knits

100% hand-fashioned wool knit in Rust combo, Green combo, Lilac combo. About $65.00. See Page 111.

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BERKELEY—Kaldor's Knit Shop
BEVERLY HILLS—The Den
BURLINGAME—
Robert W. Gates (C)
Geneve's (P)
CARMEL—Kramer's
CARMICHAEL—Nan Long
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REDWOOD CITY—Francis
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Leonore Smith
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SANTA MARIA—Town Togs
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MATTAPAN—Dainty Dress
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RENO—Hatton's

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MANCHESTER—The College
Shop

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ATLANTIC CITY—
Trousseau & Travel
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DOVER—Shirley Shops
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Woodruff-Julian
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Orchard Dress
JOHNSON CITY—Marie's
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MEDINA—Curry's
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COOS BAY—The Hub
CORVALLIS—The Clothes Tree
EUGENE—Town & Travel
McMINNVILLE—Village Square
MEDFORD—Knits Imported
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SALEM—Johnson's
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PENNSYLVANIA
ALLENTOWN—Emil E. Otto
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WASHINGTON
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BELLEVUE—
Casual Aire (P)
BELLINGHAM—
The New Martinson's (C)
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EPHRATA—The Barnes Shop
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Getaway gear



More soft-pack, zip-top trappings, wicker-patterned like that great old Rolls but streamlined and weightless as a lunar landing. *Centre:* 25-inch case that's really three compartments, each with clothing frames. Black with sand. $113. *Left:* roomy grip for a weekend trip has zippered sides for flat packing, centre space for the heavy stuff. $73. *Right:* shoulder bag that has to be the zippiest flight bag around—all sorts of zipped pockets inside and out. $45. This, and the grip at left, sand with black. All three of Du Pont Dorzan. All by Lark. At Bonwit Teller.



BERRY BERENSON

Everybody's bag—double-handled lightweight white leather decked with brass and saddle stitching. Just a question of choosing your size and shape, your lock, zip, or latch. *Clockwise from bottom left:* soft-sided, boxy bag, $110. Open-topped tote with a tongue closing and outside pockets, about $38. Pony Express saddle bag, about $90. Satchel-about-town, $65. All by Estancia. At Altman's.

A *different* formula has been found to keep underarms absolutely dry — even for thousands who perspire heavily. You get more anti-wetness agent than it is possible to put in any aerosol can. By anybody.

After decades of common "deodorants," it took a chemical invention to make this truly effective protection possible — with the same safety to clothing — the same skin mildness as popular "deodorants." Called Mitchum Anti-Perspirant, it is the product of a trustworthy 56-year-old laboratory. By the thousands, women with problem perspiration are finding the protection they need — and never could find before. And fully effective as a deodorant, too, of course.

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more effective against odor.



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Getaway gear



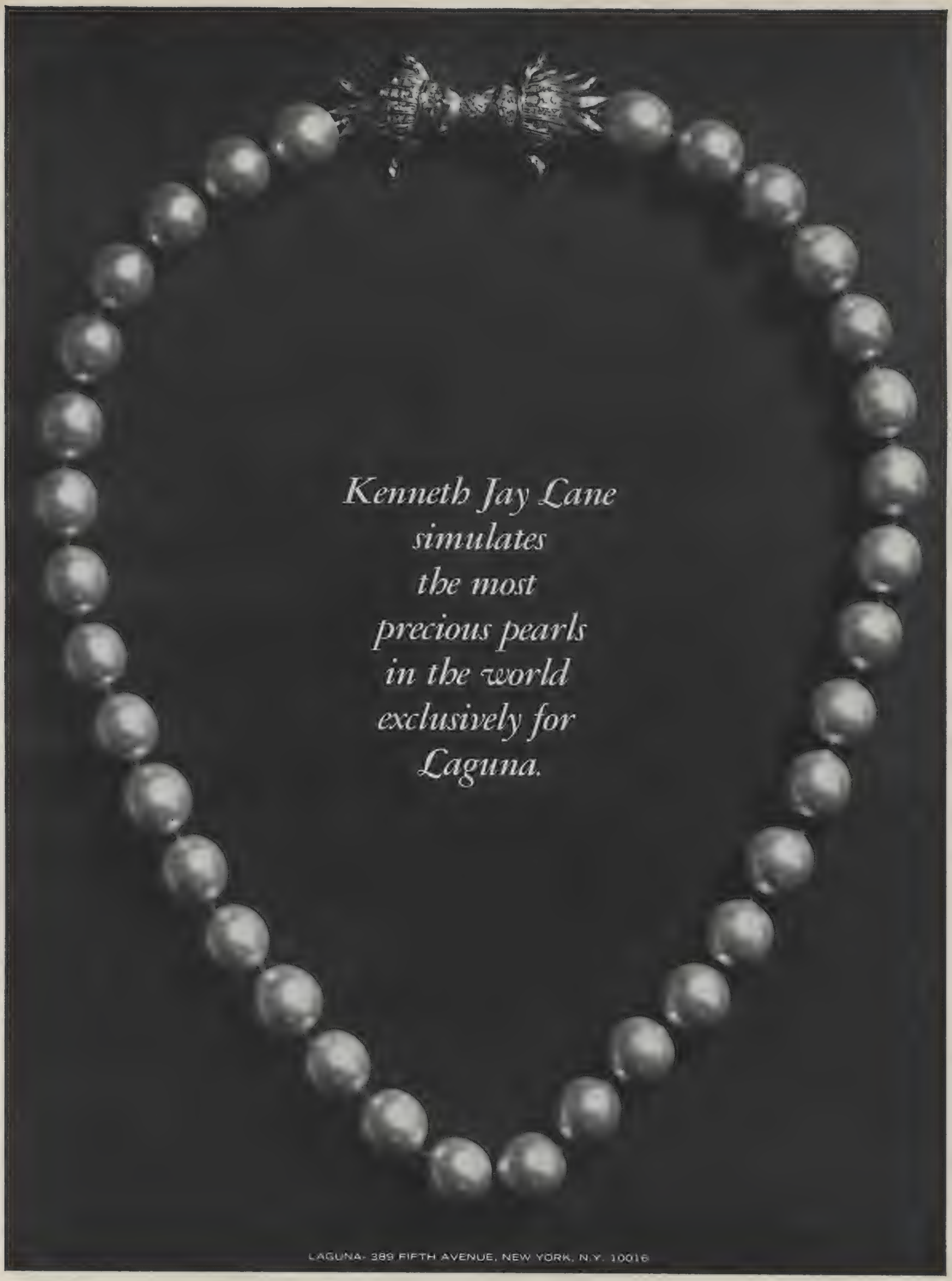
Fitted, 18-inch scarlet vinyl case, *above left*, that takes the lock, stock, and barrel from the bathroom cabinet in its quilted lid, the here-today-gone-tomorrow essentials inside. $33. Beside it: a red vinyl shoe bag with removable pockets that might shuffle off to Buffalo or anywhere else you can't go barefoot. Takes four pairs, measures 15 inches. $25. Everything in the picture, American Tourister. Bloomingdale's.





BERRY BERENSON

Being in the doghouse, *above*, has a certain cachet when the dog is a travelling man and his carrier nothing less than a Louis Vuitton canvas-and-leather job in the familiar brown-and-tan print. Small, medium and large. This one, Peke-size and $125. At Saks Fifth Avenue. One for the birds, *left:* not exactly a gilded cage, but a breeze in bamboo for anyone who wants to take a bird away. 25 inches is the height. $25 buys it. At The Phoenix. White paper-and-cotton doves. At Azuma.


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A spangled party for the début of Carmen Martínez Bordiú in Spain



1



2



3



NISBERG 4



5

6



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8



9

A tornado of flamenco blew in for the party given for the granddaughter of Spain's Chief of State, Generalissimo Francisco Franco, by her parents, the Marqués and Marquesa de Villaverde at their light-blazed finca near Madrid. A record-breaker, the party spanned ten hours with eight hundred guests dancing to two orchestras in the tented ballroom and to another set of musicians in a smaller boîte. Among the guests were bullfighters, Spanish dignitaries, and a flash of the greatest flamenco dancers—La Polaca and Lola Flores. Ringed by young guests seated on the floor, a band of gypsies from Andalusia put on an impromptu spectacular of whipped guitars and stamping heels.

1. The Marqués and Marquesa de Villaverde with their daughter Carmen Martínez Bordiú. 2. Señor Manuel Benitez (El Cordobés), Señorita Merche Esmeralda. 3. Gypsy dancers. 4. Marilu Kahn, Inés Bielto, Barón de Sifon, Manuel Gibernau, Christina Bielto. 5. Miguel and Alvaro Figueroa, Isabel Martínez Bordiú. 6. Margarita Muñoz-Calero, Javier Torras, Mamen Escobar. 7. Don Luis Miguel Dominguin, Condesa de Villapadierna. 8. Juan T. Serclaes, Mara Villamena. 9. Piluca Araid, Francisco Franco (brother of the débutante), Alvaro Covian. 10. María Calleja, Martan Cañedo, Roberto Batista, Susan Girard, José Benevites.

10

The ensemble by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. The fiber by Enka. The photograph by Avedon.



Enka one of the great producers of man-made fibers.

Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's city coat and pants ensemble is made of Encron® polyester fiber. No ordinary fiber, because Encron lives. Fabric by Calvert Textiles. Available in dusto only. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12. About $430 at Bonwit Teller, New York; Sakowitz Bros., Houston; Joske's, San Antonio; Rich's Inc., Atlanta; Nordstrom Best, Seattle.

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Black/white/brown
6-14 $36.00
Ribbed sweater
Black, White, Brown
S-M-L $22.00
Weskit Black
6-14 $70.00



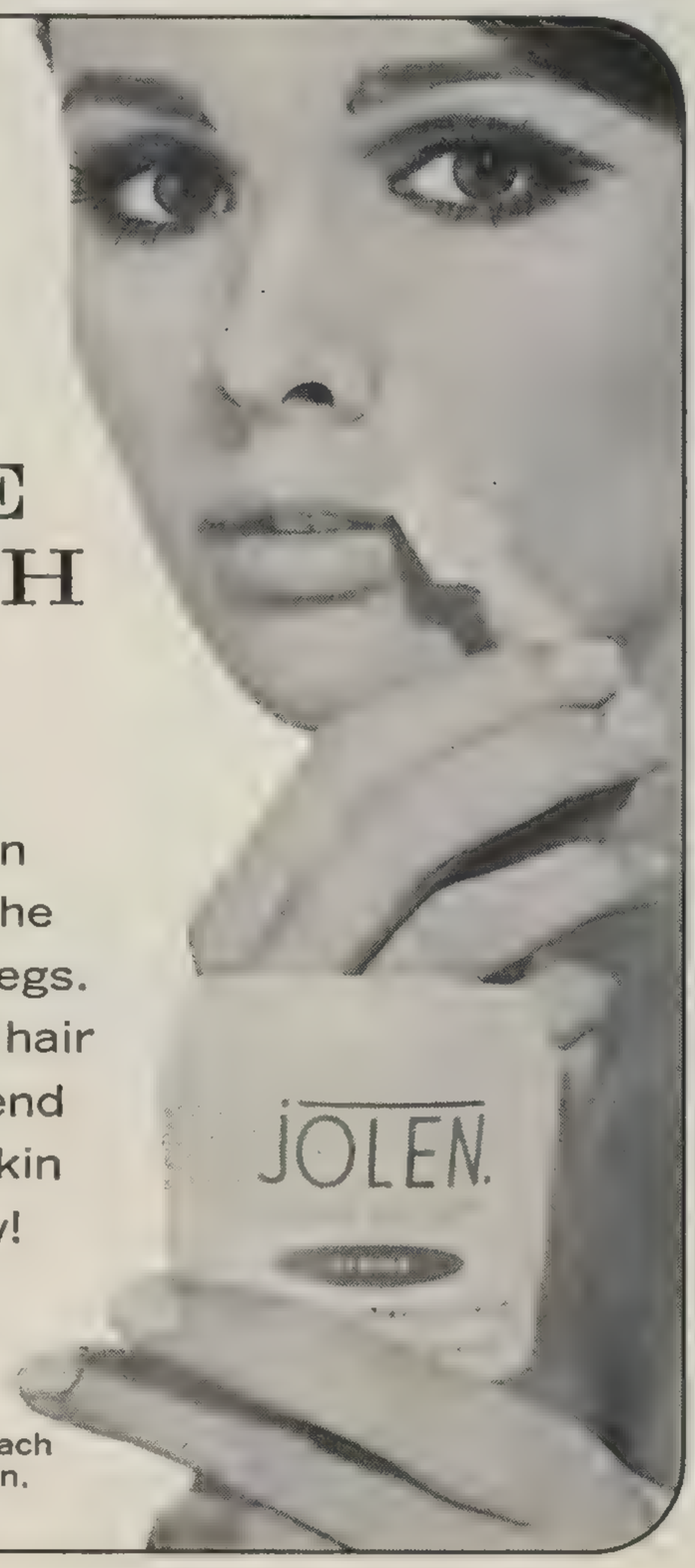
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VOGUE'S

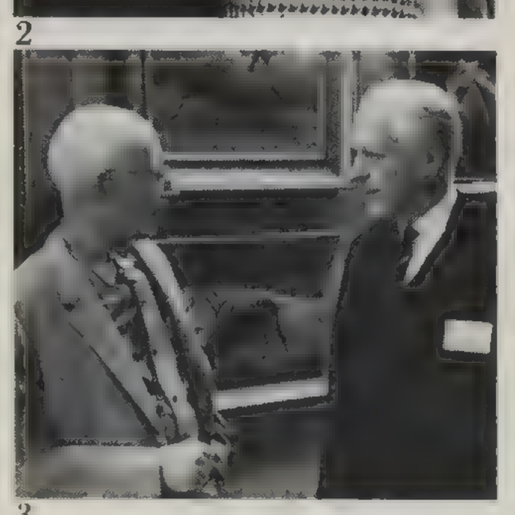
Opening of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming



1



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Three days of ribbon cutting, speeches, ceremonies, and parties celebrated the launching of a new complex of Western Americana. Then the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, with its paintings and sculpture by Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, Albert Bierstadt, and George Catlin, was joined to the Buffalo Bill Museum, with its Plains Indian tribal costumes and artifacts, stagecoaches, cowboy saddles, guns, and the Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill) memorabilia. 1. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney in front of the statue of Buffalo Bill, sculpted by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, mother of Mr. Whitney and founder of the memorial centre. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Alan K. Simpson. 3. Dr. Harold McCracken, Director of the Center;



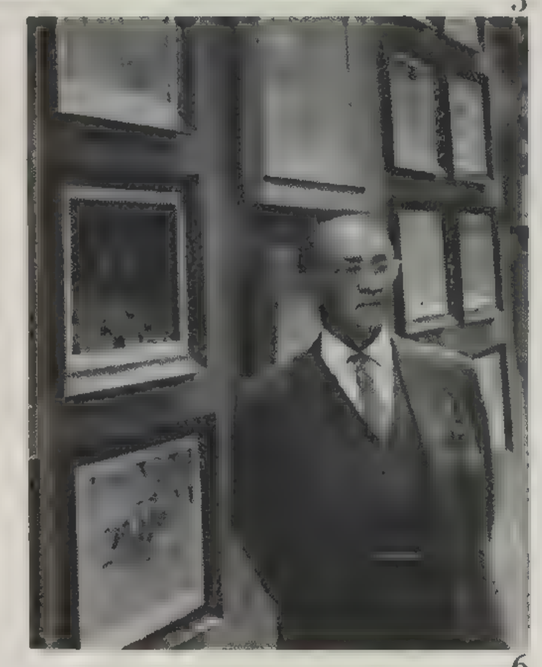
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NOTEBOOK



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Mr. John Walker, Director Emeritus, National Gallery of Art. 4. Mrs. Henry H. R. Coe's supper party at Pahaska, Buffalo Bill's hunting lodge. 5. Mrs. McCauley Conner, Mrs. George Headley (granddaughter and daughter of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney). 6. Hon. Robert D. Coe with the Frederic Remington Collection, given by the W. R. Coe Foundation. 7. Mr. H. Peter Kriendler with the Mission Saddle, given by the Kriendler brothers. 8. Mr. and Mrs. William E. Weiss, junior, who gave the Charles M. Russell paintings and sculpture. 9. At Pahaska Tepee: Mr. Harry Jackson, Mrs. Beverly Livingston, Mr. Neill Roan, Mrs. C. V. Whitney.



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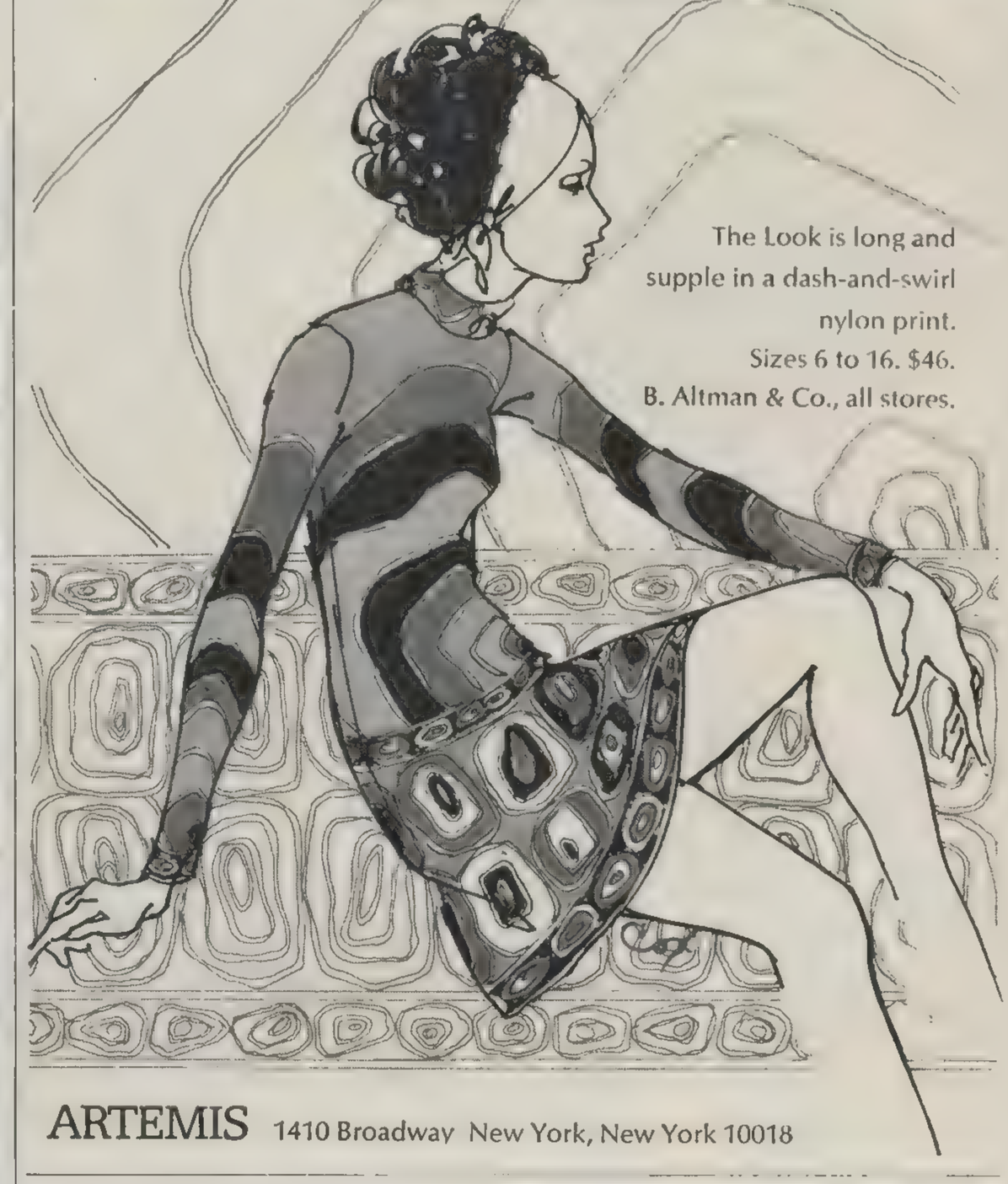


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VOGUE'S

The wedding of H. R. H. Princess Maria Gabriella di Savoia and Robert de Balkany



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Their faces luminous with reflected light thrown up the steep terraces of Èze-sur-Mer, the de Balkany manor at the Mediterranean, H. R. H. Princess Maria Gabriella di Savoia and Robert de Balkany were married in an almost rustic ceremony —the bride without veil, but with daisies and buttercups twisted in her hair. The parties before and after the wedding, pulsing with gypsy music, were crowded with royalty, including the bride's parents, the former King and Queen of Italy. M. de Balkany's present to his bride: a cable car to reach the dock of his yacht, "Mavala," on which the pair sailed after the wedding.

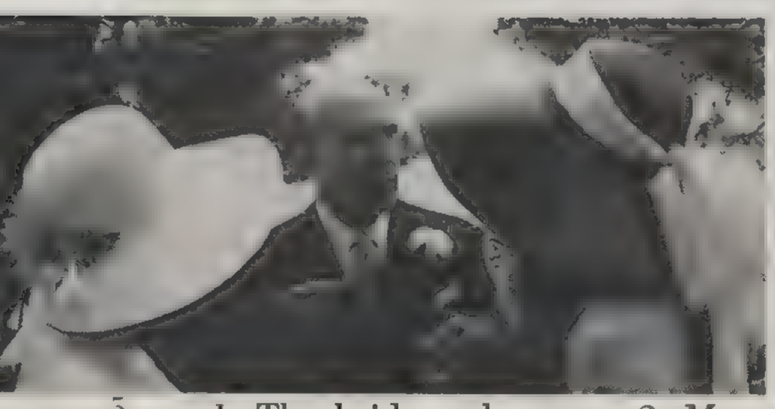


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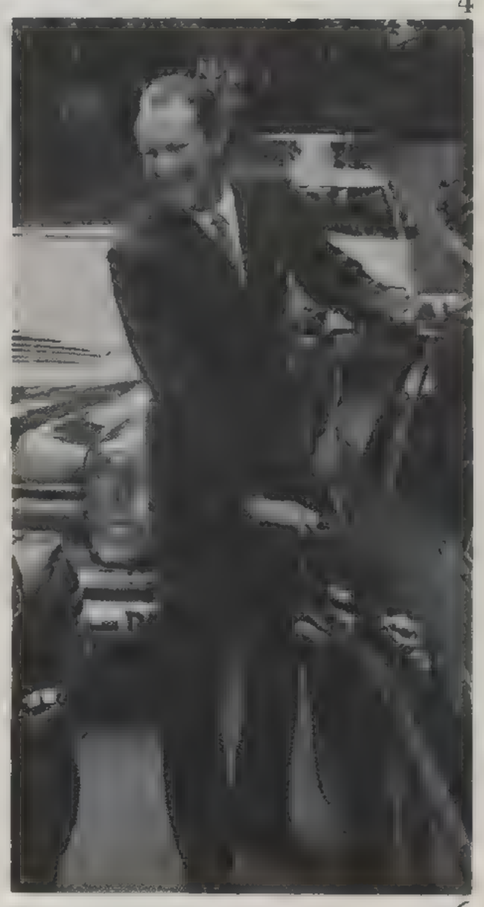
NOTEBOOK



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BRUNO BARBEY, MAGNUM

8

1. The bride and groom. 2. Monsieur and Madame Jean-Louis Hachette. 3. In the chapel of Èze-sur-Mer, built especially for the wedding. Front row: M. Aladar de Balkany; T. M. Umberto and Maria José di Savoia, former King and Queen of Italy; T. S. H. Prince Rainier III and Princess Grace of Monaco; H. R. H. Princess Maria Pia of Yugoslavia. 4. From left to right: Vicomtesse de Ribes, H. R. H. Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, Princess Caetani, M. René Georges Thomas, H. M. Queen Maria José di Savoia. 5. H. M. King Umberto di Savoia. 6. H. R. H. Prince Vittorio Emanuele di Savoia. 7. The ushers. 8. H. R. H. Prince Henry of Hesse, Princess Marie José del Drago, Mr. Federico Forquet, Mrs. Yul Brynner.





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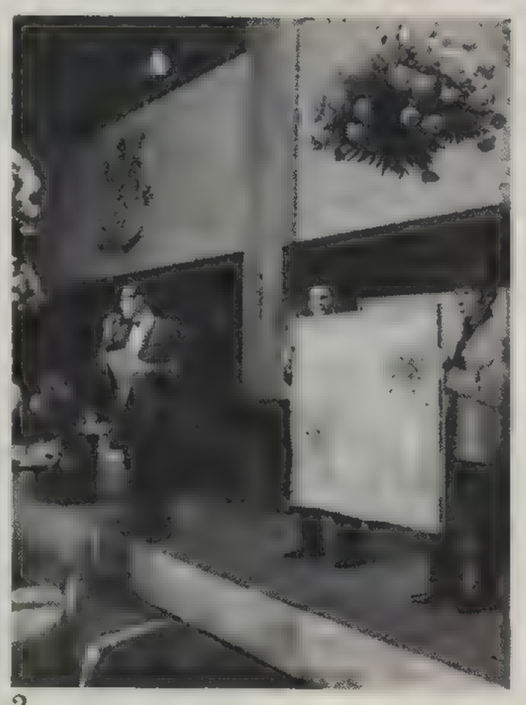
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VOGUE'S

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Everything from a trip around the world to a contemporary art collection for an executive's office or a vacation at one of the Texans' far-flung estates was auctioned off in a ballroom to an undertow of laughter-and-excitement at the Custom Auction, organized by a highly powered group of men and women who comprise TACA, Inc., in Dallas. The group includes Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Lambert, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Allen Guiberson; Mr. and Mrs. Clint W. Murchison, Jr. Many of them had their services as butlers, maids, and cooks auctioned off to help TACA benefit the Dallas Theater Center, the Dallas Civic Opera, and the Dallas Symphony Orchestra with some $225,000.



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NOTEBOOK



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1. The TACA Custom Auction at the Sheraton-Dallas Hotel. 2. Mr. Edwin Jenkins auctioning a painting by Richard Banks. 3. Andrik the Dutchman, who sang. 4. Mrs. Pio Crespi, Mr. Kelly Pierce, Mrs. Johnson Rafield. 5. Mrs. William H. Hudson; Mr. Lawrence Kelly; Mr. Waldo Stewart with his St. Bernard dog and her puppy TACA, which was auctioned. 6. Mr. Hassan Taghavi; Mr. Paul Raigorodsky; Mrs. Walter F. Pape, Jr.; Mrs. Herbert Nelson; Mrs. Clint W. Murchison, Jr., co-founder of TACA, Inc. 7. Mr. Bruce McCashin, Mrs. Robert J. Gurney, Mr. Edward S. Magowan. 8. Mr. William H. Pardoe, Mr. Steven Snider, Mrs. Comer Jennings, Jr. 9. Mrs. Max L. Thomas, Mrs. Carr Pritchett. 10. Mr. and Mrs. Hervé de Rochefort, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Murchison.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

Come Back If It Doesn't Get Better,

"a resplendent intelligence"

"Intellectual reviewers took him up in left-wing papers because of his music-hall background and appreciated him in a way that made him wretched. They wrote as though finding him funny were something radical and upright, of a kind with rallying good will toward coloured immigrants." These tough, supple sentences, proceeding from a wondrously undissembling compassion, a resplendent intelligence, and a boundlessly inventive wit, appear in Penelope Gilliatt's story, "Fred and Arthur," one of a collection of nine titled *Come Back If It Doesn't Get Better* (Random House). If her parlay does not bring in a winner each time, her entry nevertheless places and pays off a tidy sum in coin of the realm. This qualifying statement must be qualified: all the stories are brilliant but some are more amazingly so than others. Miss Gilliatt's materials are friendship and marriage and the ententes and Armageddons within families; frequently the parties to these conjugations are eccentric, are close to lunacy, and to her teratological examinations and diagnoses she brings a rational enlightenment, a serene and generous acceptance that make her comic genius soar into the empyrean with no sound of motors running.

A woman literary agent who smokes cigars and whose face, at one point, "looked like a Buick," has published a manual on playwriting in which one chapter is called "So You Think You're Chekhov." In the title story, an intransigently left-wing woman doctor is also so intransigently unhygienic that she has driven most of her patients to the Christian Science church or to herbalists and gypsies. "Was I Asleep?" deals with the case of an eminent linguist who lives amid twenty thousand books (for the most part abstruse and rare) in a disorderly Elizabethan house with a second wife (his first was a Norwegian physicist who did higher mathematics in her head—for her, a form of woolgathering) who sets an abominable table for multitudes of guests on weekends. One Saturday evening, having said good night to his admirers, he leaves the room with his wife and they encounter the German *au pair* girl in the hall: "Heidi mustered herself, put down the hot-water bottles on the bottom stair, shook hands with them both as if she were a businessman at an export party, and said warmly, 'Good night, Professor Tenterden. Good night, Mrs. Tenterden. Have a nice time in bed.'" This is one of the very richest of the stories: it is a cosmos of bedazzlements. So, though, is "What's It Like Out?" in which the venerated (but half forgotten) octogenarian Oxford team of Franklin and Milly Wilberforce make a hash of a young journalist who is interviewing them on the disadvantages of being old and who uses "senility" and "old age" interchangeably.

The crotchets and vagaries, the fierce idiosyncrasies and nutty causes to which Miss Gilliatt's people cling do not insulate them against an unkind world. Their hearts get broken; their fortunes go downhill; lonely and dismayed, some of them find themselves boozing in grubby bed-sitters or airport hotels. Often their tragedy, cutting straight and sure to the bone, leaves the reader gasping with surprise and shock even though the surgery was inevitable and had been indicated all along. Penelope Gilliatt is a thoroughbred crackerjack.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

THE Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

Museum of the Media, "*hardware-software*"

Out of the dizzying chaos of mixed media—the by now all-too blinding and ear-shattering worlds of lightworks and audio-visuals—has come some much-needed order. Beginning this month, the Museum of the Media—quietly in operation for a year and a half at One Union Square West in New York—will make available, nationally and internationally, its presentations of hardware-software combination of computerized visual information.

This may sound too forbidding, or simply suggest more of the same discombombulating paella that art and technology has thus far produced. The Museum of the Media, really a laboratory, has, however, developed a system whereby educational institutions throughout the world can rent a pre-packaged audio-visual environment at very little cost, and can produce their own multi-media educational shows with a minimum of mechanical or technical know-how.

In essence, the Museum has done away with the past problems inherent in multi-screen and multi-projection systems. It has developed a series of modules—actually twelve separate box-like constructions—each containing its own individual sound and projection systems. These modules, about eight square feet, can easily be set up in any environmental way. When in operation, the fronts of these boxes form a single screen that also splits into twelve separate screens as the pre-programmed presentation calls for them. In short, the idea is related to Cinerama or a large split-screen in which one image can span the entire width of the screen or can be split into many sectionalized images.

What's different and significant about the Museum's presentations is its use of a wide variety of media to make the point. For example, the Museum's first program is an in-depth study of the human head. Through many photographic techniques, twelve faces are studied in microscopic detail.

By superimpositions, zooming shots, close-up details, and other techniques, the faces offer a universal landscape of the human physiognomy. Huge and beautiful close-ups of eyes, noses, mouths, et al., put one in touch with the confounding anatomical workings of nature, with results both awesome and instructive.

The Museum of the Media programs its material so that no narration is needed. This not only cuts across language barriers, but fulfills one of the Museum's chief aims: to do away with verbal explanations on any given subject. The Museum wishes all communication to be on a wordless level.

The Museum staff includes not only three young brothers, Ronald, Richard, and Stephen Globus, who are, in order, director, programs coordinator, and educational director, but also Stephen Schacht, systems engineer, Tom Mangravite, director of cinematography, and Stanley Shaffer, director of photography. These, and a group of actively involved friends, are all basically interested in education. They feel that the collection of static objects found in museums these days can no longer serve as all-encompassing forms of communications. The Museum of the Media is now at work preparing multi-media studies of colour, insects, and the Amazon River Basin. Because of the versatility of their techniques, the range of their "exhibits" seems limitless.

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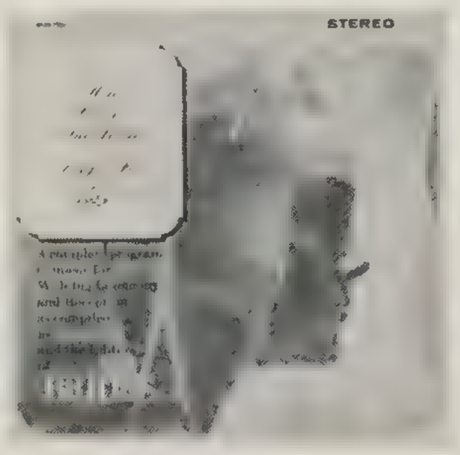
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY FREDERIC TUTEN

Putney Swope, "*comedy of reversal*"

I roared when the president of an advertising agency slumped dead from frustration and a heart attack at not finding the right word to complete a harangue to his board. "How many syllables. Mario?" whined a senile executive in an effort at discovery, as some of his associates quietly pilfered the dead president's wallet, watch, ring. *Putney Swope* was a great grisly comedy until the credits appeared.

Not that the film thereafter accelerated into tedium—solid chunks of this spoof on the world of advertising and the shades of Black and White power and corruption are hilarious—but it is directionless and occasionally dim-witted. Part of the problem is that director-writer-producer Robert Downey blackjacks everything before his camera with the same uncalibrated slam: pun, innuendo, irony are not terms in his vocabulary. Downey began with a promising idea that never developed beyond the level of repetition. Putney Swope, an ethical, Black music director, is voted president of an ad agency on a fluke. Swope immediately fires all the whites except one, hires a variety of soul brothers, from Muslim to militant, and begins the adventure of trying to run a scrupulous, imaginative agency that refuses to promote alcohol, cigarettes, and children's war games. Too soon Swope's company, Truth and Soul, Inc., outdoes all others in the crassness of its advertising and makes a fortune.

Downey can not sustain the idea and, instead, exploits a comedy of reversal; that is, Blacks treat whites the way bigoted whites treat Blacks: a white messenger boy is made to ride the freight elevator by Swope's gun-toting bodyguard; Swope's Black wife berates her blond housemaid in what Downey must think is a parody of white matrons' treatment of Black domestics. More gratuitously offensive are Downey's mediaeval attempts to create humour from physical aberration. The President of the United States and his wife are midgets, and, in one of the highlights of bad taste in the film, they grope about in bed in a pathetic lovemaking fumble.

Lapses of these kinds apart, *Putney Swope* remains one of the funniest films I have seen since *Duck Soup* but, unlike the Marx Brothers, Downey's strengths are not in situation comedy or in the surreal juxtaposition of fantasy and reality—he has no wide-eyed Harpo scissoring off diplomats' ties or lighted cigars for reasons unknown to man or God. Downey is the master of the long-winded put-down, of the syntax of aggression, and the perfectly placed four-letter expletive.

Some of the vulgar gusto of the film comes from Downey's obvious rapture with the world he spoofs. The smutty television commercials that Truth and Soul produces are so visually attractive and charming that I would have been happy if they had comprised the film. In one instance, I was uncertain whether Downey was trying to satirize or to improve on existing commercials. The Lucky Airlines ad: soft focus, warm colours, slow motion: gorgeous mini-skirted girls in see-through blouses jumping and bouncing in a tunnel-like cushion-padded room, blouses suddenly bursting open and naked breasts cascading to a rock accompaniment—a joyous festival of flesh, Mod Bacchae in a vitalizing paroxysm. For a moment, Downey seemed to have forgotten Putney Swope, Madison Avenue's ethics of corruption, Black and White power. . . . So had the audience. Yes.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Greece in winter

Greeks have a word for winter sun—*liakada*. It is a particular sun: "brilliant rays generating heat in winter." On these days, the light defines everything, the air smells of rain-soaked earth, and the sun drills into the bones. Greece in winter is different, quieter, and less flamboyant. Living is comfortable, hotels are pleasantly heated. (The weather is changeable, sometimes cold.) Here, some suggestions on what to do in the winter there.

AROUND ATHENS. Lunching on the sheltered terraces of the Dionysos Restaurant, with its overwhelming view of the nacre-ribbed Acropolis polished by sunshine, is unbeatable. In the middle of town at Constitution Square—an oasis that is part café, part orange grove—the flawless oranges on trees look definitely phony. The pretext for dawdling at any open-air café is the sun. At Glyfada, a beach ten miles from Athens, the newest of the Astir Hotel bungalows are heated and quiet, except for the threshing sound of the sea. Nearby, the eighteen-hole course of the Golf Club at the foot of the purple-veined Hymettus Mountain smells of thyme mixed with sea. Further along the coast at Vouliagmeni, the pleasant balconied rooms and restaurants of the Astir Palace overlook empty blue bays. On mild days, its clubhouse serves lunch on a broad terrace above the motionless sea.

BEYOND ATHENS. An excellent target on a shiny day is Cape Sounion, a rocky ledge above the crinkled sea. Here, in a kind of marble shorthand, bridal-white columns insinuate the remnants of a temple to the sea god. On the ninety-minute drive from Athens, the road curls through pines, edges naked, leafless vineyards, along stretches of beach on the Saronic Gulf. At Sounion, Athenians lunch at Aigli, an unpretentious lean-to by the sea.

WAY BEYOND ATHENS. From Athens, Delphi is about a three-hour drive on a new highway or a day's trip travelling on the old road packed with history. Among the many places on the old road there are, in Daphni, the eleventh-century Byzantine Church, with its glisten of austere mosaics; the plains of Thebes, a battlefield of Alexander the Great in the fourth century B. C. Further on, Livadia's main street is lined with shops draped in bright local woolen blankets, and smells of lamb and laurel roasting on braziers outside cafés that provide car service.

A view of the tremendous Lion of Chaironeia, an ancient white stone cat with curled-up lips, is worth a side trip from Livadia as is the Byzantine Monastery of Hosios Loukas, with its cupcake-shaped dome and superb mosaics of gaunt-faced saints. The Tourist Pavilion facing the church serves meals.

For many Greeks, a trip to Delphi on the razor-back Parnassus Mountain north of Athens is like a pilgrimage. In the crisp air, the pock-marked ruins seem even more noble: the silence, complete. Two pleasant places to stay: the modern Amalia Hotel with a burning log fire in a grey marble lobby, and the cliff-hanging Hotel Vouzas with small old-fashioned card rooms—almost across from the museum that has, among other treasures, the bronze Charioteer with his extraordinarily handsome feet.

NEWS FROM THE ATHENS AIRPORT. Olympic Airways now occupies two spacious air terminals: One, only for international flights, includes customs and other clearance centres; the second operates only for domestic runs. New York to Athens is about a nine-hour overnight flight on Olympic jets; on the return leg, it's a trip in sunshine, above the reach of weather.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Pop Music

BY J MARKS

The Hip Establishment, "*tyrant kids*"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *J Marks is, at twenty-seven, a rock entrepreneur. This* Wunderkind *roiled the San Francisco cultural shallows with his Contemporary Dance Center (starting point for Jefferson Airplane and the first light show), his underground magazine and now has detonated a record (made with Shipen Lebzelter),* Rock and Other Four Letter Words, *a book by the same name, and plans more records, music, rock fables, dis-Establishment television, and a rock theatre troupe called First National Nothing.*

In the same way that adults believe that youth is wasted on the young, kids believe that power is wasted on the old. The young are determined to do something about it. As a result, young people all over the world have drastically and forcefully contested the nature of conventional values. The dissent of the young seems to amount to a generation of idealists turned militant and fighting a full-scale war against established institutions.

The power of the youth army is not just its vast numbers. Heretofore we have been impressed by its unity and common goals. Now, however, the relativity of truth has become a major factor and the powerful youth forces have splintered. Ideals are no longer homogeneous: The pacifists on communal farms who dream of sexual and psychological liberation through drugs and commune-ism have little in common with the college militant-activist who dreams of social and political liberation through confrontation and civil disobedience. The breakdown of values within the youth camp has created the same kind of insecurity that has often made room for despots in Establishment society. The age of tyrant kids is upon us: Some of them will be good leaders and some of them will be cranks and brutes.

The young power class is a Hip Establishment: created intentionally by certain money interests, created unconsciously by a lot of fashion-following adolescents, and manufactured egotistically by a select group of hip angels turned devious. What it amounts to is a generation determined to preserve the unity of young people by the formation of a power class that prescribes dogmas of taste, morality, political purpose, and artistic aims with more authoritarian insistence and often with more bitterness than the old Establishment.

Some of the seventeen-year-olds who have been catapulted to early success and who have had a taste of power and fame are becoming hateful jaded brats who don't know just what to do with success. They have power and influence, they have talent but a terrible dearth of human experience. Their prose, in particular, is vitriolic, and their rigid distinctions between what is "pure" and what is "impure," what is "in" and what is "out," are ridiculous and pretentious. The *Los Angeles Free Press,* king of the underground newspapers, said, "The Byrds are for the birds!" in their death-dealing review of a rock album by a formerly big-time group. *Rolling Stone,* a San Francisco newspaper, once wrote adoringly of Jim Morrison—the theatrical lead singer of the famous rock group called The Doors—and then put him down mercilessly as a hype because of his teeny-bopper success.

London's *International Times* (*IT*) asked: "What can YOU do to help bring about a more loving (Continued on page 348)

Kayser is marvelous in bed.

There's a time and place for everything. For being a female female, this is it. The satin and lace applique gown in sinuous, supple Enka Crepeset® nylon.



Bonnie blue, spun gold, bon bon pink, aqua spray. S,M,L, about $9.

Why should femininity stop when the alarm goes off? Same softly rich Crepeset®, same lighthearted laciness in the petti. About $4. Bra, about $4.50.

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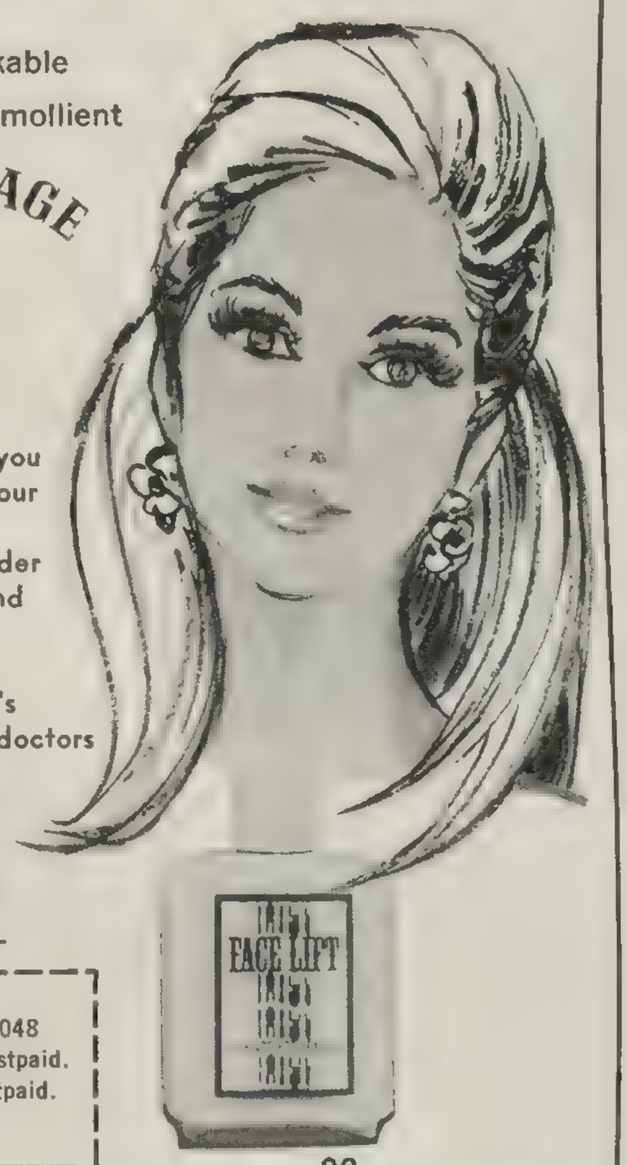


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YOUR SKIN MAY BE MUCH OLDER!

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Use FACE-LIFT day and night . . . under make up (especially eye make-up) and while you sleep to protect against dryness, weather and aging.
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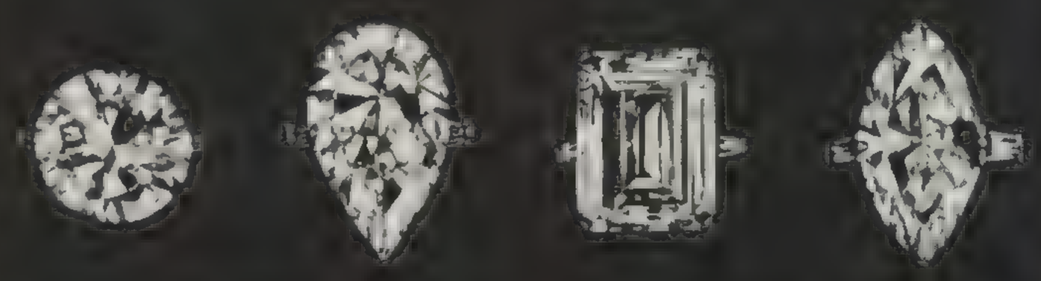
Try Eye-Lift, too . . . super-performance eye make-up remover and conditioner . . . $5.00

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Send_____FACE-LIFT @ $5.00 each, postpaid.
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Give her a LUSTIGEM solitaire—always set in PLATINUM—not sold as diamonds, but treasured for their own beauty and permanent brilliance. Three to fifty carats (closest weight sent with price adjustment). Sixty-five dollars per carat includes PLATINUM ring and side tapers. Special prices for under three carats upon request.

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Pop Music (Continued from page 346)

society?" It recommended: "Open up new channels of communication so that the established media will no longer be able to impose a blanket of silence on your views." The notion is beautiful. But it is ironic since the new channels of communication, namely, the underground press and radio, are steadily closing down all expression of opinion beyond their approved dogmas. *The East Village Other* (*EVO*) began in part as a counter to the Establishmental attitudes of *The Village Voice*, which, way back, began publication to refute the Establishment views of *The New York Times*. Recently, *RAT* came into existence as a newspaper hoping to liberalize the conservative political views of *EVO*. (Didn't H. G. Wells predict all this at the end of the movie *Things To Come?*)

Business has also helped to create a Hip Establishment. It uses popular concepts as the basis for selling anything to the kids. It uses the new language and the new youth ideals in television, radio, and magazine advertising, using these hip elements in their private lives because it's commercially as well as socially valuable to appear to be part of the hip scene. Business has bastardized the new slang, the new imagination, and the new ideas. It has made acts and words and expressions that originally were genuine and significant seem absurd and insignificant through their promotional shucks. Business is cashing in on the unpleasant fact that weekend hippies exist and that many young people feel a compulsion to join a "movement" that they don't clearly understand. While business may disapprove of the realities of the youth movement, it is cashing in on the "saleable part of the poison," as one ad man said.

Business is not the only factor responsible for the decline of the individual power of the hip ideal. Businessmen can only make bread where there is a market, and the people who really created the market are frequently and sadly the rock musicians who had an enormous influence on the young but who rarely had the least notion of what the youth rebellion was all about intellectually, artistically, or spiritually. They wanted to make it big and rich. Most of them believed in music, but that's about all—except, of course, for their own fantastic egos, which a dozen or more major record companies inflated with a constant stream of overheated air. Many rock stars play the Hip Establishment game.

"It's the most vicious, mean, and competitive business in the world," the former editor of a major youth magazine told me sadly. "They like to characterize themselves as not being show business, blah-blah-blah . . . but actually they're worse than all of those show-biz types put together. I could easily name five or six people who control success and failure in the rock scene ruthlessly. On a whim they can slice people apart and screw up a whole career."

There are also the people who *really* believe in the new values and who pioneered many of the new concepts of morality, politics, music, art, theatre, and literature. But when they got some attention, they got hung up on private ego trips. Many of the leaders of the young have fought very hard for a channel of communication. Now that they have it, they have become the same kind of people they warned us against. Their vice is in their efforts to create a world in their own image. Wasn't that the chief flaw in the lives of our parents?

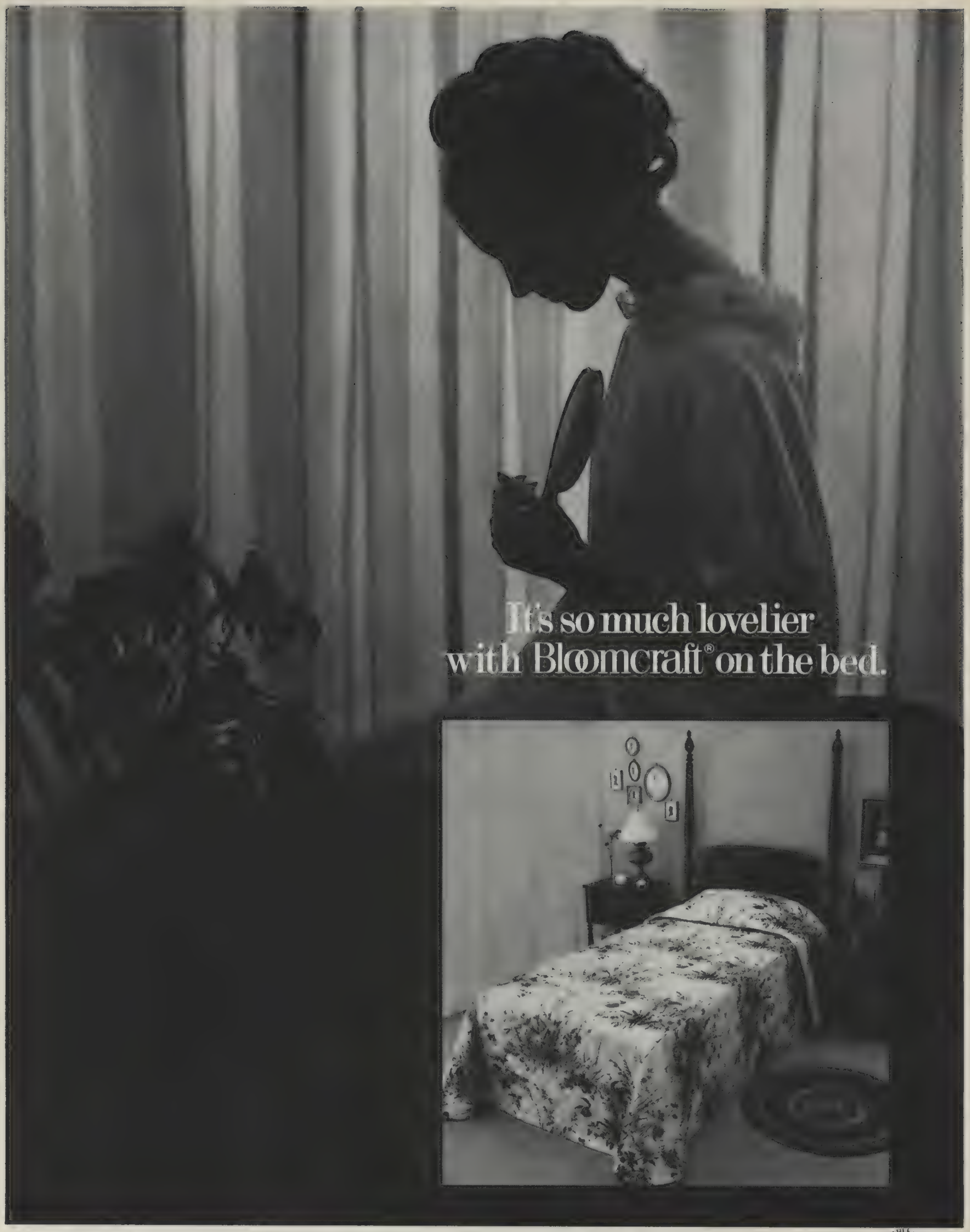
The Hip Establishment reaches out just like the Adult Establishment before it: bringing ratings and incurable money-mindedness to FM radio. There is a new media monopoly—the underground press—whose chiefs often gloat at the demise of the competition when a writer or newspaper is busted; the Bill Graham conspiracy, which gently (Continued on page 470)

In The Tanner Manner

The Tanner that you'll wear and wear everywhere is an all wool double knit princess coat dress with button front, bright braid accent and brass buttoning. In navy/red, grey/white, sizes 8 to 18, about $60.



Abercrombie & Fitch, New York City & Branches/Boston, R. H. Stearns/Cincinnati, Gidding-Jenny/Ft. Lauderdale, Carol Carter/Lake Placid, Frances Brewster/Memphis, Minor Francis/San Francisco, Robert Kirk, Ltd./Sarasota, Westmoreland's/Springfield, Bressmer's/Tucson, Dorothy Rice/Washington, D.C., Julius Garfinckel/Winston-Salem, The Ideal. Or write: Tanner of North Carolina, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018.



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COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE COTTON

VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR FASHIONS IN LIVING

Easy does it . . . news

1. Slipcover it! . . . That's the word from decorator Joseph Braswell, 333 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y. 10022. He chose hand-washable cottons for a fragile-seeming room in lettuce greens and white, which stays as fresh as a spring salad. His polished cotton print design, Basquetrie, curtains the walls; $10 yd. A delicious dressing table cover is of cotton taffeta; $10.50 yd. Both at I. D. Fabrics, 979 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10021. The Berven of California carpeting uses Allied Chemical's sturdy fibre, Source.

2. Appliance timer: Champion, a remarkable new timer, simply plugs into any appliance to be Man Friday 24 hours a day. It will turn lights, air conditioners, TV, heat, pumps, etc., on or off, or both, can be set to repeat regularly, $7.98, Ingraham Industries, at Hammacher-Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10021.

3. Mr. Wrinkles-Away: A 15-ounce, 9½″ high hand steamer removes wrinkles from curtains, slipcovers, clothing. Just fill it with tap water, plug it in, and slide the Teflon-coated steam head over the wrinkled area. $19.95. By Franzus Industries, at department and appliance stores.

4. Vinyl-coated fabric: Schule-McCarville Designs, 33 E. 74th St., New York, 10021, used a Pucci print velvet to upholster doors for Count Emilio Pucci, then covered them with tough, washable 12-gauge clear vinyl. They also make screens or wall panels, to order, using this technique.

5. Electric Massager: A new Hitachi foot massager that can also work on legs, thighs, and waists, has a switch for high or low speed vibrations, and will not interfere with radio or TV reception. $29.95 at department stores.

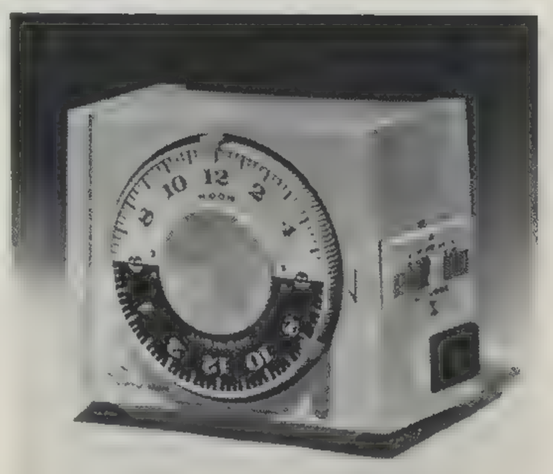
6. Italian colander scoop, $8.50; French ovenproof casseroles, $15 and $22. From Tablerie, a pretty shop filled with specialties for cooking and dining—a haven for brides, gift-givers, gourmets. Their four-part cooking classes will resume on October 8. For information, write to Tablerie, 1033 Third Ave., New York 10021.

La Crêpe Catering: Delicious Brittany crêpes, those paper-thin pancakes filled with anything from crabmeat to flaming Suzette, can now be prepared at your own house for parties. La Crêpe Services, 743 Fifth Ave., New York 10021, will plan a menu and provide it, with costumed waitresses and butlers and chafing dishes to prepare the crêpes and serve anywhere from 10 to 500 people.

Everything for Everybody: It's John Scully's all-inclusive service. For an annual fee of $5, his clients use his listings for services, jobs, apartments, anything. He hasn't been stumped yet; has offices in New York, Miami, London. For information, write to 43 Eighth Ave., New York 10014.



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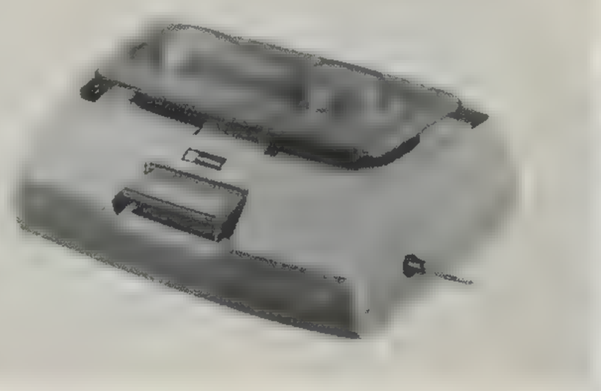
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5



6

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Levi's Body Pants.



Body shirt, too. Both from the Levi's® for Gals collection of over 200 heavenly bodies.

Levi's for Gals

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

New York: The Banker's Holiday Clothes

From Monday to Friday at Lazard Frères in Wall Street it's impeccably tailored banker's grey for Prince Eduard Egon zu Fürstenberg. Weekends: Another Matter.



BERRY BERENSON **1**

Still impeccable tailoring, but dashing combinations of colour and pattern. Typical turnout for lunch at Gino's, a gallery tour, and shopping for Perspex furniture at Albrizzi on Madison Avenue: **1.** Cinnamon-and-russet plaid wool by Caraceni of Rome, cream mini-check shirt, sepia-and-rust tie. Or, **2,** new, longer (thirty-three inches) navy flannel blazer by Cardin USA. $145 at Barney's, Seventh Ave. and 17th St. Grey trousers, black boots, long yellow silk scarf in the neck of a white shirt. **3.** Under consideration, down at



3

O Boutique, 236 Park Avenue South, fantastic fringed leather trousers, strictly for home wear, $160. **4.** *Vade mecum,* come winter weekends, a narrow black mouton coat, collared and cuffed in fox, sweeping to mid-calf length and lined in violet silk. The guideline Egon uses throughout: "In New York on the weekend, to be too 'dressed' is to be badly dressed."

1

2



Open house next door.

How 'bout a visit? The White House, like everything else in our great country, is right in your own backyard.

Whether you decide on New England, the west coast or any spot in-between, the important thing is to get to know your country.

This year discover America. You'll have a ball.

DISCOVER AMERICA IT'S SOME BACKYARD

ROBERT-DAVID MORTON
Martha • New York Sakowitz • Houston Jacobson's • Michigan Bramson • Chicago Cyreld • Boston Bon Marche • Seattle

Sept. 1
thru
Sept. 15

HOROSCOPE

ARIES. March 21 to April 19. The first cardinal (active), fire (adventurous) sign. The unique planet Uranus is in your seventh house of associates, partners, and mates, and stimulating and introducing many new excitements (especially if you were born early in the sign). From the 5th to the 11th one of the new ideas Jupiter stimulates can be realized. The new moon on the 11th proves your judgment to be timely in displaying your talents. The 12th to the 15th will be a good time for leisure, relaxation, and love.

TAURUS. April 20 to May 20. *The first fixed (steady), earth (procedures) sign. If you are resisting new and heavier responsibilities and would like to ease up, choose the weekend of the 6th. The 7th brings information that will be very useful—information that should be acted upon from the 8th to the new moon on the 11th. Be certain you have responded to the new suggestions by the 15th. However, do not prod others, for they are powerless to grant you any further help. Now is a receptive period for enjoying others. Slow-starter Taurians have much the same problem in ending things.*

GEMINI. May 21 to June 21. The first mutable (reciprocal), air (informative) sign. Now, you truly can act on your versatility, which suits you with the harvest of planets—Uranus, Jupiter, and your own ruler, Mercury—and provides both the opportunity and wherewithal for your amazing pursuits from the 4th to the new moon on the 11th. It would be wise to complete all your projects during this beneficial period. Then, allow the new moon on the 15th to reward your efforts, this especially if you are interested in an entirely new set of ideas, and that includes love.

CANCER. June 22 to July 22. The second cardinal (motion), water (moody) sign. The stimulation of those around you may somewhat scatter your forces. Nevertheless, a money-maker like you must realize that the ideas presented to you on the 4th should be pressed fully for their value during the following three days. On the 7th, relax and assess the fruits of your efforts. During the weekend of the 12th, you can celebrate your prosperity by giving that dinner. You will be happy with the outcome.

LEO. July 23 to August 22. *The second fixed (resolute), fire (enthusiastic) sign. There may well be two new loves in your life: one, a friend, and the other, a splendid new idea. A new partnership will bring the windfall of a very valuable experience. If the 4th poses an irritating question, do not try to resolve it on the 5th, for the outcome will surely disappoint you. Put all business matters off from the 8th to the new moon on the 11th. The evening of the 12th brings very good and unexpected news that will do much to restore your faith. The 13th, 14th, and 15th prove to be harmonious. The new relationship justifies the faith of Leo.*

VIRGO. August 23 to September 22. The second common (amenable), earth (practical) sign. With the power of the Sun in your birth sign, you are now truly master of your destiny. Take advice from both the older as well as the progressive members of your organization. The first week by the 6th especially will provide guidelines for you to follow from the 8th to the new moon on the 11th. Having enjoyed the comfort of loved ones on the weekend of the 12th, apply your most concentrated efforts to the 15th when Mercury, the ruler of your sign, becomes retrograde or stops.

LIBRA. September 23 to October 23. The third cardinal (changeable), air (distributing) sign. You are attracting so many new opportunities now that you may wonder which of them to accept. As the month begins, love occupies your thoughts and, if you permit, may lead to marriage. On the 5th, your business requires your attention. If the newest of your financial concerns receives your attention first, then the 5th and 6th will yield the best results. Precisely on the 11th, the new moon, resolve the older idea. Friday, your Venus day, returns you to thinking of love and a holiday.

SCORPIO. October 24 to November 22. *The third fixed (resistant), water (emotional energy) sign. Opposition will come either from the past (Saturn) or from senior partners who may try to force you to accept old methods. However, three elements in your most secret background will come to your aid. A new evaluation should be made concerning investment on the 6th. The new moon (the 11th) to the 15th should bring all negotiations to a reliable completion. Take time out on the 14th to spend with your secret love.*

SAGITTARIUS. November 22 to December 21. The last mutable (agreeable), fire (idealistic) sign. You, too, are attracting many new friends. One in particular provides a rare new opportunity for you. Develop the opportunity as well as the friend. Stimulated by your ruler, Jupiter, in your eleventh house of friendship, one hope should come true. Give attention to more than one offer, research and compare the alternatives between the 4th and the 8th. The 9th is a splendid day to accept your latest offer. You may receive a proposal on the 13th or you may be the one proposing. Be sure of your feelings, for you will most certainly be accepted.

CAPRICORN. December 22 to January 19. The last cardinal (organized), earth (useful) sign. The plans you initiated in May require a follow-up now to move your development to a stronger stage of fulfillment. Those in authority (the Sun) are giving you full cooperation. It is more propitious now for ideas to flow from others. Your rôle is to be active and effective. Avoid a confrontation on the 5th. Warm to a new relationship on the 10th. The new moon is very good to you. Work until the 15th to realize the hope for which you have so patiently waited.

AQUARIUS. January 20 to February 18. *The last fixed (rigid), air (circulating) sign. Uranus the new and Jupiter the beneficent excite your creative ability to promote new ideas. (One has fad value.) Start at least two new programs—one important enough to endure for at least seven years. Write your plans on the 5th. The birth of an idea begins with the first written word. Make important inquiries early in the morning of the 9th. Seek out the one you love on the 14th.*

PISCES. February 19 to March 18. The last common (agreeable), water (sympathetic) sign. The planning planet Saturn is now in your house of practical thinking, encouraging you to execute that long-envisioned plan. Cooperative power (the Sun) is in the seventh house of partnership. The 5th and 6th show an idea acceptable to the public. Promote this new idea on the 11th, the new moon, to bring forth the buyers. Persevere until the 15th, then rest to allow time for your efforts to be rewarded.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE


GEOFFREY BEENE
&
FRENCH
RIVER
MILLS
create for
THE TREVIRA ERA


BUBBLASS
for MAURICE RENTNER
&
FRENCH
RIVER
MILLS
create for
THE TREVIRA ERA

DONALD BROOKS

& FRENCH RIVER MILLS

create for

THE IREVIRA ERA




SEYMOUR FOX
&
FRENCH
RIVER
MILLS
create for
THE TREVIRA ERA


JAYSAN NOEL
for CUSTOM COUTURE
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THE TREVIRA ERA

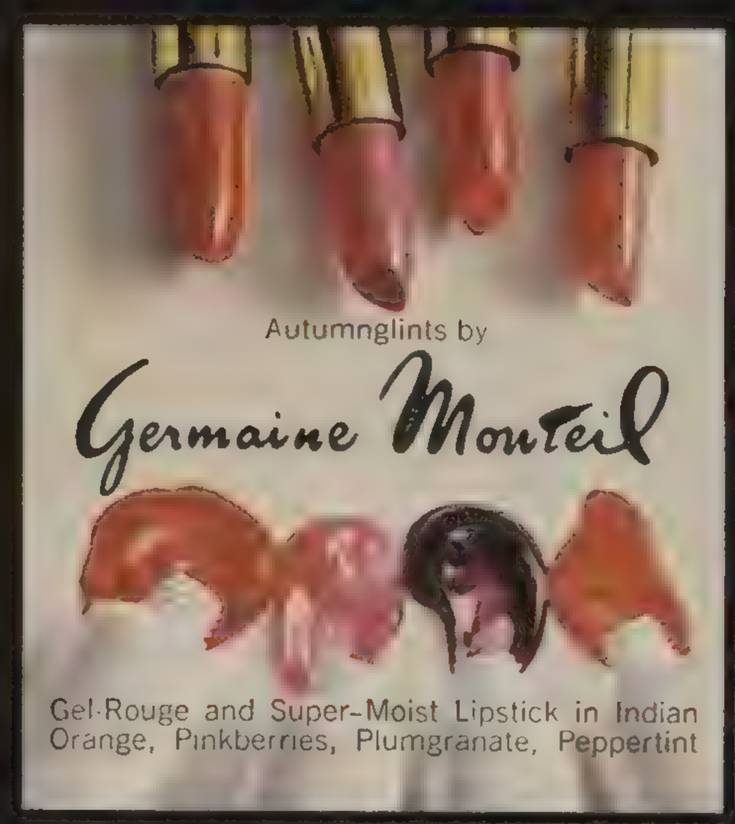

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create for
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ROXANE for
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If she's
tenderly,
tantalizingly
flushed
like a woman
who has
just been
told she's
all woman . . .

and
if her lips
are the
rapturous
color
of a
five-minute
kiss . . .

then she's
probably
wearing new
Autumnglints
transparent
Gel-Rouge
and
Lipglints
color-matched
by
Germaine Monteil.



SEPTEMBER 1, 1969

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

DV.

Your new short coat is a wide coat—widening from a small top, with a languid ripple at the hem over pants or dresses. . . . And there's the longer coat—narrow through the top, big through the skirt, tightly belted.

The hacking jacket—a dashing new cut. Lightly fitted, highly shaped. Great with pants or snug britches. Could be tweed, silk, velvet—everything.

Boots to the knee with *all* short dresses—to see a rosy-golden glint of silken skin between a lamé boot and the hem of a short gilded evening dress just couldn't be prettier.

Fringe is flicking, flashing, flying—it's staying around. . . . Ditto leather. For every hour. Real or fake. Matte or shiny. And suède is supreme, refined and luxurious as gloves—little suède dresses and mini-jupes; pullovers and beautiful pants to pull up to your waist, cut straight as sleeves. Then there are the greatcoats—suèded hide, fur inside, often embroidered—a swagger and dignity inherited from the Magyars and Polish courts.

The greys are around us. Sometimes tauped up with a little brown. Sometimes veering into mauve or strange greens. And sometimes they are just straight-on grey—charcoal to Oxford to clear, pinky Quaker grey—in flannel—Persian lamb—grey suède boots, et cetera.

A smashingly-buckled leather belt with brass grommets is your best friend in fashion today: you can create your own silhouette with it. Experiment with your jersey shirtdress—belt it tight, tight, tight at the waist, as you haven't done for years. Pull—really pull in your Bungalow-Bill fur coat—crack the line right in the middle, and let everything go soft above and below. On a very small dress or on a pullover and pants, loosen up—let out your belts and stack them—2, 3, 4 at the hip—and see how this elongates your entire silhouette.

Bulk at the foot is news. The strapped sandal with a sole stacked to a thickness of 3 or 4 inches lengthens the line of the leg and gives a touch of coquetry to the foot. Whether you're in evening pyjamas or the shortest day dress, it lifts you right off the ground.

The long, languorous line lingers—long cardigans, pullovers, tunics. Long, mink Eton-boy mufflers in a reveille of bright stripes. Silk scarfs to the ankle. Long sautoirs of golden pearls on a long, scarlet jersey dress.

To wrap is to dream—to create mystery and luxuriousness within yourself. So wrap and wrap. Wrap yourself in wide, rolling capes of Loden cloth, tweeds, velvet, bright yellow mink. Wrap your throat in ropes and ropes of pearls, in mufflers of fur and wool and silk. Wrap (Continued on next page)

PENN



Steamer plaid in brown-and-cream wool—plus a hood of skunk, with brown jersey in back. By Trigère. Best & Co.; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Halle's, Cleveland; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Bonnie Doon tights. Latinas boots.

ENTER SWINGING—THE WIDE COAT

THE NEW YORK



(Continued) your head small and tight for evening with ravishing silks in patterns and colourings that appeal to you. And remember: the face so framed should be jewel-like in its sheen and clarity—this is the hour for high-key makeup and large, marvellous eyes.

Hair can be short—small and curved to the head like a schoolboy's, with sweet little bangs on the back of the neck. And hair remains long, often crenellated along the cheek, below the eye and below the chin, like the turrets of an ancient castle—with a bit of streaking for coquetry's sake. Stack up your hair for evening—à La Goulue or Gibson Girl—a lovely line when it stems from a long neck. And it must be loose—held by a small top chignon, brushed up off the face in front and sagging in back as though about to fall, with wayward tendrils everywhere . . . a look of delight-in-disorder, all part of the softness and subtle femininity that's very much with us now.

Evenings are the soul of discretion: from wrist to throat, from waist to hem, you are completely covered in whatever you're wearing—be it a long dress or a short dress, or flowing pyjamas.

We will continue to see the highly-coloured, gilded, gauzy evening materials, fraught with design. Then, with all the sari colours and merging of mulberry colours and marvellous blues, then, suddenly, on comes the surprise of black—the star—enigmatic and alluring, radiating excitement.

We are turning corners all the time in fashion, and now we're coming to a line of subtlety and sophistication of femininity—the line that just falls against the body and simply flows along. It isn't shape, it's correctness of cut. And between the cut and the body—that's where the shape is formed. We've already had inklings—the very small dress of biased chiffon satin; the long-jacket dinner suit of violet crêpe with a skirt falling nearly to the ankles. It is languor itself, this line, totally feminine, and it's in the air—something new is always just around the corner in the New York Collections.

COLLECTIONS

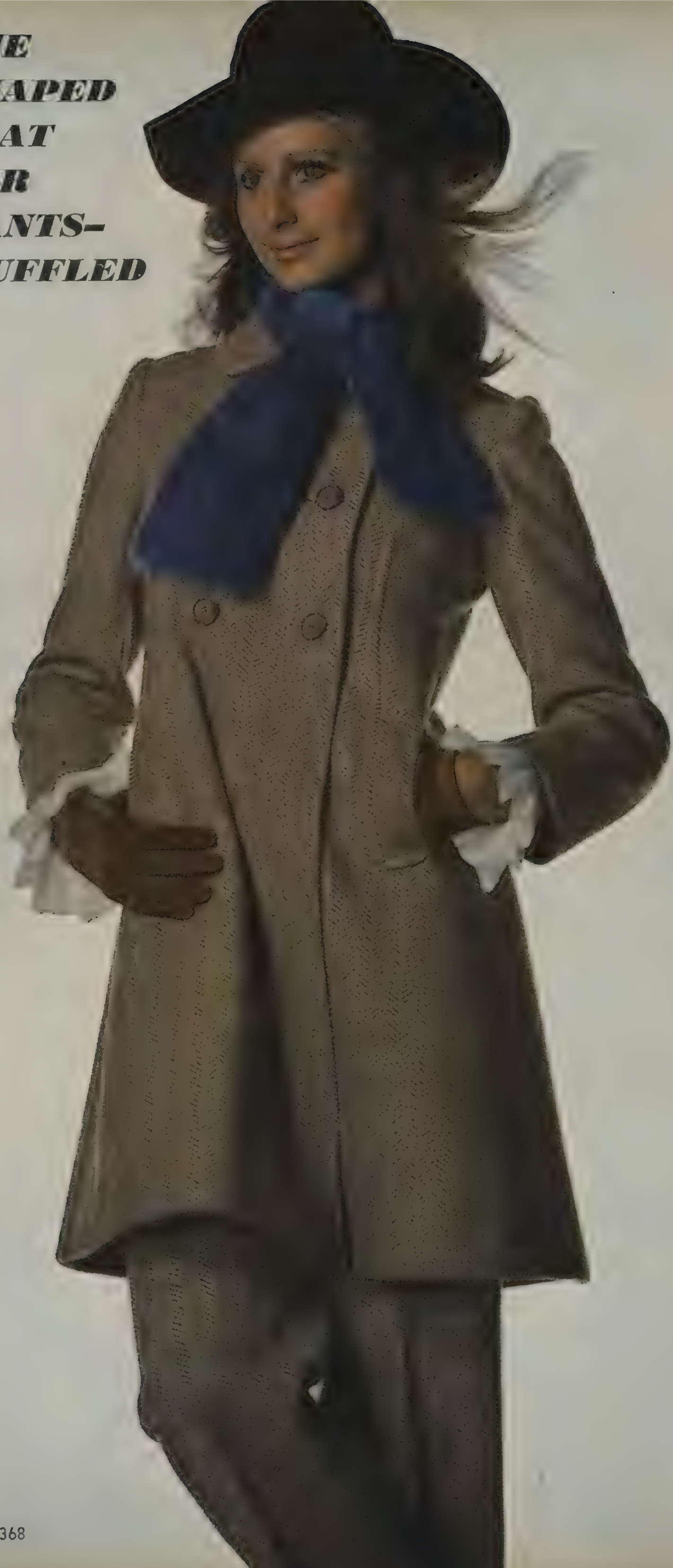
PANTS LUXE—BLACK PLUS FUR

Black velvet plus black mink, far left: le smoking carries on with all the luxuriousness in the world . . . black-dyed mink lapping at the hem of a marvellous little wrapped moiré-velvet coat and making fluffs of cuffs on the trousers. With a white silk shirt, plus long ropes of ***violet pearls and thick-soled sandals.*** Bill Blass turnout; Royal Woolens rayon velvet. Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Rich's; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Beads by Charles Elkaim: Henri Bendel. Rings by Vendôme. Mademoiselle sandals, to order: Lord & Taylor.

Black knit plus striped mink, left: the cat burglar jumpsuit, zipped to the chin, sashed in yellow-and-white mink. Sport Sophisticates jump; double-knit worsted, knitted in America (Duplex International fabric). About $90. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Burdine's; Halle's, Cleveland; Bramson; Swanson's; Sanger-Harris; I. Magnin. Thomas Robbins rings. Sheffield watch. Reiss & Fabrizio dyed Emba mink muffler. Amalfi boots: Lord & Taylor. All 64 pages: Kenneth coifs.

PENN

THE SHAPED COAT FOR PANTS–MUFFLED



THE SHORTER WIDE COAT– HOODED

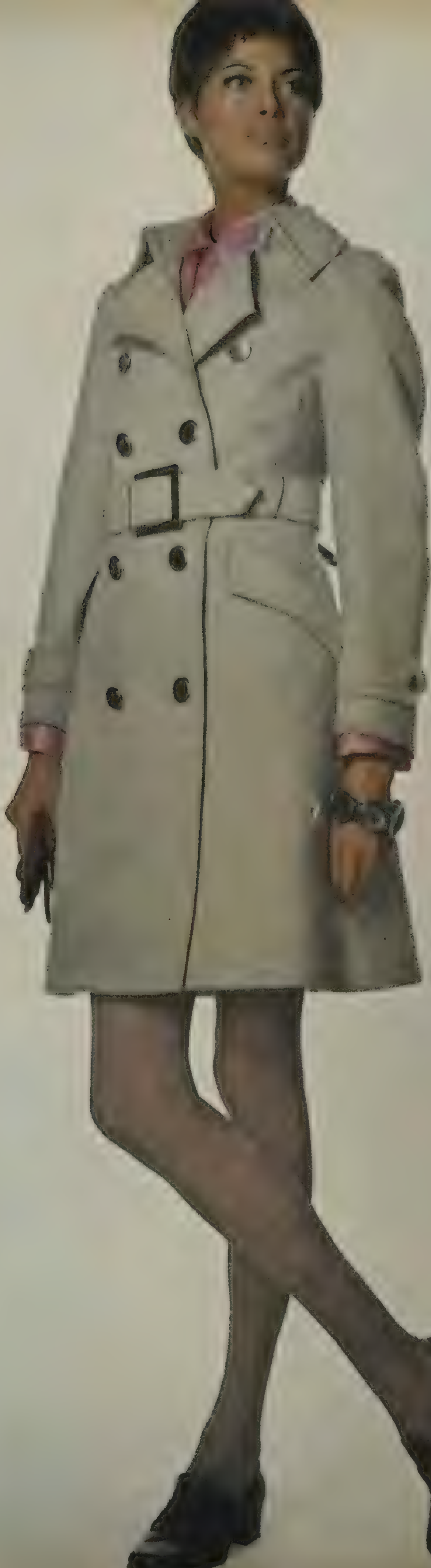
Herringbone brown-and-white twill coat, left, cut with ***Edwardian lift***—high armholes, high waist, high rows of buttons—and swinging out over matching twill pants; the russet wide-brimmed hat and vivid blue mink cravat give it all a wonderfully romantic twist. By Jay L. Sarnoff for Custom Couture, in Agnona wool. At Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman; Julius Garfinckel; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Cravat by Reiss & Fabrizio of dyed Emba mink. Cerutti hat.

Making a whole new proportion, right: the shorter wide coat, in greige cheviot whirled out from beneath a huge raccoon-rimmed hood to some six inches short of the matching jersey dress . . . and then higher-heeled boots to the knee. A woolmark turnout by Trigère. At Martha; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hutzler's; Halle's, Cleveland; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's. Gloves by Roger Faré at Saks Fifth Avenue. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Pedro Garcia boots. Hooded and muffled on both pages, a fragile Soft Peach shimmer on the cheeks—Yardley's Next To Nothing Blush—with its own next-to-nothing brush.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS









THE SHORT COAT—BELTED

Pebbly greige tweed, far left—high collar, high armholes . . . ***bronze velvet and white satin at the neck*** and a grommet-riddled brown leather belt low on the waist. By Davidow, of Bellaine wool loomed in America; about $200. At Best & Co.; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Weber Originals velvet shirt. Emily Wetherby satin ascot. Elegant belt. Tobacco-brown boots by Golo. ***Sky grey,*** left, with a Napoleonic collar, a steely-grey glint of buttons and buckle . . . and, underneath, an ***India-pink satin shirt*** to light up the sky. Calvin Klein coat; Anglo Fabrics wool loomed in America. About $130. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Joseph Horne; Julius Garfinckel; Goldsmith's; Shillito's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Adelaar shirt. Kislav gloves. Watch with plenty of wrist movement, by Sheffield. Hanes grey pantie-stockings. Gunmetal-grey leather brogues: I. Miller. ***Pinch of salt-and-pepper tweed,*** right, belted slightly above the waist over its own little grey jersey dress . . . and all cosied up with a striped mink Eton-boy muffler and woolly ***nanny gloves.*** Dress and coat by Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader. About $185. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Halle's, Cleveland; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Cap by Harmik. Muffler by Reiss & Fabrizio of dyed Emba mink. Boots by Pappagallo. Stores in other cities, last page of this issue.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS


THE WIDE COAT–
UNLINED,
MUFFLED
IN FUR

The coat of the year—small on top, wide and swinging from the armholes—and unlined, so it's wearable any time of the year over any kind of gear, little dresses or, as shown thrice here, with matching wool ***jersey tunic and pants.*** All turnouts by Originala, in welted wool Melton cloth all furred up with Eton-boy mufflers from Reiss & Fabrizio. ***Emerald,*** with raglan sleeves, muffled with bright dyed Emba mink stripes. Berkshire tights. Nina shoes. ***Scarlet,*** with giant flap pockets, wrapped up in Argyll-dyed Emba mink. Hush Puppies boots. ***Grey,*** a woolmark turnout with steely-grey buttons . . . natural Russian lynx muffler. Hermès shoes. ***Black,*** brass buttons, big patch pockets, and yellow-and-white-striped dyed Emba mink muffling the neck, falling to the hem. Shoes by Fashion Craft-Craddock Terry. All coats, tunics, and pants, at Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. For stores in other cities—for green coat and black turnout—see last page of this issue. Lipstick: Heavenly Coral by Jaquet. The coiffures on both these pages are by Kenneth.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS



THE PERFECT LITTLE SHIRTDRESSES— ALL MUFFLED UP

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

Muffle a nutmeg-brown knit, far left, in Paisley; buckle on a couple of red leather belts—you've really got the shirtdress working for you, especially with knee socks or boots, or higher-heeled brogues. Kimberly, of wool knitted in America; about $100. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. Odyssey scarf. Trifari rings. Calderon belt. Van Raalte socks. Shoes: Christel of Copenhagen.

Giant Argyll, centre left: dark green, white, and thin red lines for a ***long belted shirt-tunic*** and skirt; white for the Windsor. Kasper for Joan Leslie, of knitted Trevira; about $125. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Rich's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Doro scarf: Bonwit Teller. Bonnie Doon socks. Shoes: Andiamo-Craddock Terry.

Walk right in, near left—the coat-dress-shirtdress in mulberry knit; an apricot silk tie, mulberry leather and brass grommetted belt. Kimberly, of wool knitted in America; about $90. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Rich's; Levy's, Tucson; J. W. Robinson. Sally Gee scarf: Bergdorf Goodman. Sheffield watch. Thomas Robbins rings. Van Raalte knee socks. Etienne Aigner shoes: Lord & Taylor.

Zip into brown tweed, right—a pow of pockets and wide leather belt and a white knotted scarf. Adele Simpson, of wool; about $185. Bergdorf Goodman; Thalhimers; Hudson's; Bramson; Frost Bros. Doro scarf. Trimfit tights. Latinas boots. Other stores for all dresses, last page.

PENN

PANTS– THE TOPS

The long Regency jacket, left—flecked brown wool; a pink tie; fur muff. A woolmark turnout by Aldrich (Anglo Fabrics). Lord & Taylor; Shillito's; Bramson; Sanger-Harris. Kickerino boots. For other stores, see last page of this issue.

The long belted coat, right—hot-line red plus a long-line fur muffler. Turnout: John Anthony for Adolphe Zelinka; wool loomed in America (Stevens Worumbo fabric). About $195. Best & Co.; B. Forman; Julius Garfinckel; Sanger-Harris; I. Magnin. Ruza Creations headband: Best & Co. Sheffield watch. Gloves: Cardin for Aris. Boots: Winterettes.

Charcoal Edwardian jacket, left—a lift to the waist, flare to the hem; a neck-tied white shirt and red fur muff. A woolmark turnout by Henry Friedricks Trophy Collection. Of Anglo Fabrics gabardine. About $235. Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Swanson's: I. Magnin. Ruza Creations buckle: Best & Co. Christa Boutique scarf. Andrew Geller brogues. All furs: dyed Aurora chinchilla from Reiss & Fabrizio. Other stores, last page.

The long-line tunic, right: jool zips on scarlet wool jersey, muffled in long fringy black silk crêpe. Rizkallah for Malcolm Starr International. About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Thalhimers; Halle's, Cleveland; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. David Tesdell scarf. David Evins boots, to order: I. Miller. For other stores, see last page.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

THE LONG COAT–STEAMER PLAID



Wide-hem redingote, left, giving vent to a single great pleat and a row of ***ladies'-tailor buttons*** all the way down—fast little playback from 1910 that couldn't be snappier right now over its own long shirtdress. By Oscar de La Renta, in giant rainbow-coloured steamer plaid (Richard Barr wool). Henri Bendel; Hutzler's; Burdine's; Bramson; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico Cfty. Hat by Adolfo, for Oscar de La Renta. Celine Boutique shoes, at Bloomingdale's. ***Wrapped and tied,*** right, like a man's bathrobe with a thick sash drawn through thick, high loops—toasty brown steamer plaid looking forward to a good long winter with its wonderful fuzzy-wuzzy grey lamb muffler . . . and its steamer-plaid tunic and shorts snugly hidden beneath. By Donald Brooks, in Linton wool plaid. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Burdine's; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Fur muffler and hat of Spanish-dyed lamb by Donald Brooks for Coopchik-Forrest. Latinas boots. Both pages: Grandoe gloves.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

PENN

THE LONG CIRCULAR CAPE– BLACK CASHMERE

PANTS TURNOUT– THE LONGER COAT

The Brontë cape, far left: a circle of black cashmere falling long and soft from a pointy collar—romantic as ***mist and moors*** over an ankle-length shirtdress with a black angora top and green scissor-slashed wool skirt. Turnout by Oscar de La Renta. At Best & Co.; Joseph Horne; Swanson's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Hat by Adolfo for Oscar de La Renta. Rings by Sant' Angelo, Frances Hirsch. Van Raalte black tights. Shoes by I. Miller.

Really great longer coat, near left: double-breasted black wool of a perfect easy fit and length over matching pants . . . with a flashy ***purple flower shirt*** peeking out at the collar, pouring from the sleeves. Designed by Molly for Jack Sarnoff; Blin & Blin-TSM wool. At Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman; Halle's, Cleveland. Halston hat. Shirt by Adelaar: Bergdorf Goodman. Ring by Sol Kass for Mark XIV. Red Ball Winterettes boots.

Long canvas raincoat lined with sable and tails, right, niftily got up with a belted Irish-fisherman's sweater and plaid pants—well you might be singing in the rain. . . . A ***fabulous*** coat, with a belt in back and great ***swing*** to it—wouldn't you know it—the lining comes out, and what you've got is a long sable coat for evening. Coat of Russian Crown sable, cotton canvas. Turnout: an Emeric Partos design, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Belt by Elegant: Bergdorf Goodman. Kickerino boots. Kenneth coiffure.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

THE FUR-LINED LONG COAT—CANVAS AND SABLE

PENN

THE

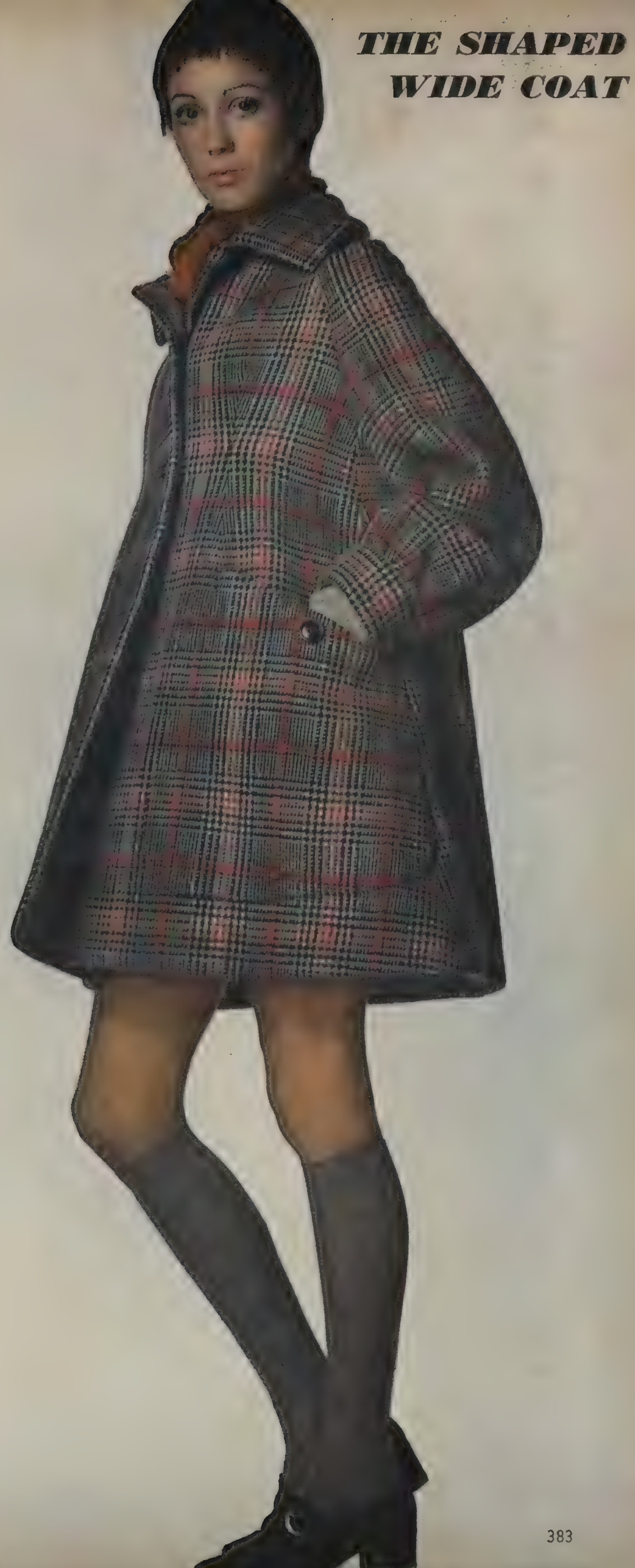
HACKING JACKET
PLUS
VELVET BRITCHES

THE SHAPED WIDE COAT

This is it—the hacking jacket, opposite page, highly shaped, easily worn: ***the tailoring news of the year.*** Here in velvet-collared brown-and-white herringbone wool stocked with white satin and worn over close brown velvet britches —but wouldn't it be divine in covert?—or in silk or velvet, for evening, with any pants. Anne Klein. Jacket, about $120. Shirt, about $45. Britches, about $65. Saks Fifth Avenue; Shillito's; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. Kay Fuchs gloves: Saks Fifth Avenue. Phoenix tights. Nina shoes. Lipstick: Geminesse's Pink 12.

The wide coat, shaped a little, right: in red-and-black wool plaid, it takes a quick little curve in under the arms, under the bosom, ***swings out*** wide in back and at the hem—that subtle shaping plus shirtcuffed sleeves and really huge patch pockets add up to an awfully good look this season. By Geoffrey Beene. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Hudson's; Halle's, Cleveland; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Reiss & Fabrizio red-dyed Aurora chinchilla ascot. Steel-grey knee socks by Roman Stripe, at Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes: Hermès. Stores in other cities—all clothes—see last page.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS



THE WIDE COAT =OXFORD GREY ON THE BIAS



Biggest thing around—the wide coat, left, rippling past small shoulders and armholes to ***great bias folds*** of Oxford-grey wool. Coat and grey-skirted dress beneath, by George Halley. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel. Adolfo head wrap. Viola Weinberger gloves. Prestige tights. Shimmery way to lighten end-of-summer skin: Coty's Sheer Puffery—Soft Peach blushed over Dreamy Peach foundation.

Slate grey—that's the short and the long of this nifty look, right: jacket belling out at a good fast slant, pants going plumb at their own speedy clip. By Seymour Fox, of Trevira and wool (French River Mills fabric) lined in grey chinchilla-dyed rabbit. Bonwit Teller. Emily Wetherby scarf. Red-dyed Aurora chinchilla muff by Reiss & Fabrizio. Grandoe gloves. Hermès shoes.

Grey mohair plaid, right below, delectably spiced with cinnamon, shined with bits of brass, and snug as a child's reefer—till the side-pleated skirt lets go in a ***spree of width*** at the hem. By Originala, in mohair and wool (Anglo Fabrics). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Belt by Elegant. Bonnie Doon tights. Coiffures by Kenneth.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

THE
WIDE-HEM COAT
FOR PANTS—GREY
PLUS FUR

THE WIDE-
HEM COAT—
GREY PLAID,
BELTED

Bloomery toffee leather bloomers, right, and over them a cotton canvas jacket gleaming with touches of leather and brass. By Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Jacket, about $110; bloomers, about $110; wool jersey shirt, about $55. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's; Sanger-Harris. Odyssey scarf. Dame belts. Sheffield watch. Bonnie Doon socks. Andiamo-Craddock Terry shoes.

One look over the shoulder, opposite, top, clues you in on this dash-it-all dash: back-belted pleat for the natty little red pants suit, ***back-swung*** patent for the shoulder bag. Suit by Handmacher, designed by Mario Forte (matching skirt not shown); Folkard and Lawrence wool. About $130. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Halle's, Cleveland; Hudson's; Rike's; Shillito's. Latinas handbag.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

CANVAS JACKET, LEATHER BLOOMERS

PENN

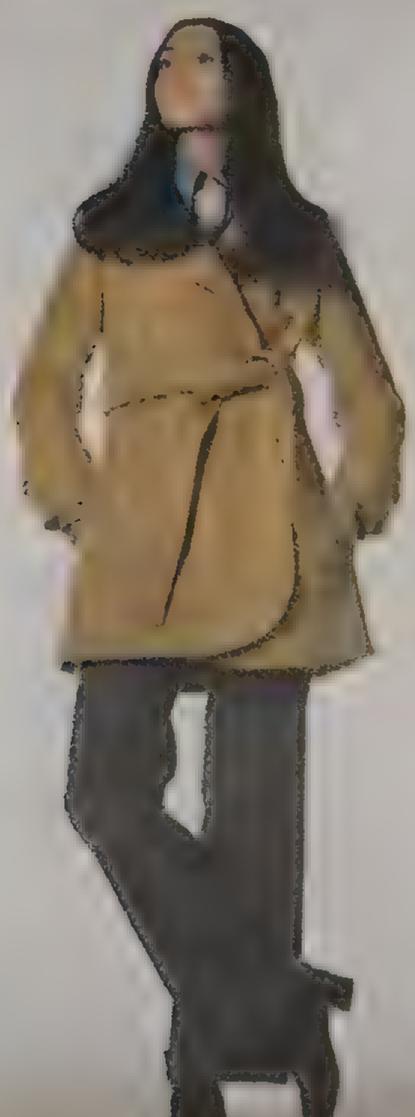


LOOK BACK IN RED

Ripe as russet pears, right—a ***suède vest sashed*** over long-sleeved black-and-russety wool plaid. By Jacques Tiffeau. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Halle's, Cleveland; Hudson's; Shillito's; Sakowitz. Roger Van S wristlet. Thomas Robbins ring. Phoenix tights.

Just wrapped like a man's smoking jacket, below, camel wool Melton cloth is at its easiest here—and that's ***really easy***—over good lean grey flannel pants. By Luba for Elite. Coat, about $110; pants, about $40. At Lord & Taylor; Halle's, Cleveland; L. S. Ayres; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Hermès shoes. For stores in other cities, last page of this issue.

WRAPPED COAT, STRAIGHT PANTS



SUÈDE VEST, PLAID DRESS

EVERYBODY'S DRESS —BLACK JERSEY



There's nothing in the world like a perfect little black dress, and on this page, two of them. Both by Oscar de La Renta, of black jersey—small, supple, and absolutely simple—the dress that gives you a lift every time you wear it and you wear it all the time . . . keyed up with accessories or keyed down . . . either way it's just perfect. . . . Left: a beautiful ***black jersey shirtdress*** with a wide red insert at the midriff; a bright print tie at the throat. Of wool-and-nylon jersey (Lesur fabric). About $200. Best & Co.; Swanson's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Baar & Beards scarf: Best & Co. Sant' Angelo rings. Red striped tights by Hudson. Right: ***the necktied black jersey dress*** with long narrow sleeves and its own long narrow tie—you couldn't ask for anything more alluring. Of worsted-and-mohair jersey (Wyner fabric). About $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Sheffield watch. Frances Hirsch rings. Printed tights by Emilio Pucci for the McCallum Boutique. Shoes by Fashion Craft-Craddock Terry.

The fur-collared black coat, opposite—small, shaped, pleated and swinging in back, with a wide, wide collar of black-dyed ***Persian lamb*** and black Persian lamb cuffs . . . belted over a ruffled-and-stocked white satin shirt. By David Kidd for Marquise, of wool loomed in America (Anglo Fabrics). At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Joseph Horne; Halle's, Cleveland; Stanley Korshak; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Cerruti hat. Adelaar shirt: Bergdorf Goodman. Tights by Berkshire. On both these pages: a whisper of gleamy colour on the mouth—Kenneth's Pluperfect Soft Blush lipstick.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

THE SHAPED SMALL COAT –BLACK WITH BLACK PERSIAN



TONES OF GREY– LONG LINES AND THE FRINGED SHAWL



Layers of knitted-looking knit, left, in tweedy greige: two long lanky sweaters worn together—the cardigan thrown over a turtleneck and easy matching pants. Jane Justin for Don Sophisticates, of wool knitted in America. About $125. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Thalhimers; Lazarus; Goldsmith's; L. S. Ayres; Boston Store; Sanger-Harris; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Hat: Bergdorf Goodman Custom Millinery. Glentex scarf. Elegant belt. Both: Lord & Taylor. Trifari rings. Pappagallo boots. For other stores, see last page of this issue.

The cosiest toastiest blanket of a shawl thick with fringe, above—grey-and-black herringbones wrapped around a dirndly shirtdress —skirt in a matching herringbone tweed; top and hat in tiny grey-and-black chevrons and pinstripes. Oscar de La Renta, of wool. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Horne; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Adolfo hat made for Oscar de La Renta. Trifari rings. Bewitching tights. Andrew Geller brogues.

Ring in the long grey jacket for pants, right, with brass buckles shining everywhere. Modelia, of wool loomed in America (Stevens Hockanum fabric). About $145. Bonwit Teller: Rike's; Shillito's; Boston Store; Sanger-Harris; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Annacat hat. Rings by Sol Kass for Mark XIV: Bonwit Teller.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

THE SHIRTDRESS— TIED UP FOR GOOD

Pearly grey starts it going, left, and then it's clear-blue sky—a bi-colour, slightly Empire knit, with silvery buttons and a fat white silk ***Windsor.*** Leslie Fay, of wool, nylon, and rabbit hair. About $40. Lord & Taylor; Halle's, Cleveland; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Echo scarf: Lord & Taylor. Sheffield watch. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Shoes: Andiamo-Craddock Terry. For other stores, see last page. ***Steel grey, chrome polish,*** far right: a shirtdress-coatdress crackling with military snap—buttons and pockets and shine everywhere—smart as a whip belted over a starchy white shirt and ***India-blue tie.*** Samuel Winston, of Trevira and wool (French River Mills fabric). At Bergdorf Goodman; Swanson's; Neusteters. Sally Gee tie. Christian Dior tights. Dame belts. ***Clean white knit,*** right—just as fresh and simple and ***wearable*** as a shirtdress can be, with four shiny-buttoned flap pockets and a flowered tie-on. Ole Borden for Rembrandt, of wool jersey. About $110. Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Bramson; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sanger-Harris. Glentex scarf, at Bergdorf Goodman. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Shoes from the Celine Boutique at Bloomingdale's. Coiffures by Kenneth.

PENN







PANTS TURNOUTS— GOOD LUXE IN LEATHER

This little pigskin's really going to town, left: long belted coat and matching ***pigskin pants*** with a long, belted dark-green jersey shirt—plus a good dash of hat, long slash of chiffon scarf . . . a smash of a look for fall. Turnout by Halston. At Bloomingdale's; Halle's, Cleveland; Sakowitz. Boots by Carel for Halston, at Bloomingdale's. Rings by Robert Originals. ***Palest pale-grey suède,*** right, the makings of a long tunic and pants with a ***long Iranian print scarf*** added, the makings of many a good look many a day and night coming up. By Viola Sylbert for Samuel Robert. Tunic and pants, each about $80. At Lord & Taylor; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz. Scarf by Odyssey. Rings by K. J. L., at Bonwit Teller. Many lashes—the most perfectly shaped and lavishly spaced—are the making of many of these good looks too, and they're called Spikey Full Fashion Lashes because that's the way Aziza sees them.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

GREY FLANNEL
WITH SHINESTONES
AND A
FOXY GREY MUFF



THE MINK THAT WRAPS AND WRAPS

Glint-dotted grey flannel tunic and pants, left, throwing off cool shimmer beneath a throatband wrapped with ***pearls***—a marvellous look for dinner, fluffed with a big fox muff. By Elinor Simmons for Malcolm Starr, of wool; about $250. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Halle's, Cleveland; L. S. Ayres; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Fake pearls, Kenneth Lane for Laguna. Maximilian muff. Berkshire knee socks. Andrew Geller shinestone-flashed shoes. ***Ivory mink swept to one side,*** right, in a deep languorous gesture: a short evening coat to simply ***wrap yourself*** into, all warmth and luxury. And with embroidered boots—delicious. By Fredrica, of "Tourmaline," Emba natural pale beige mink. Halle's, Cleveland; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Rings by Marvella, Napier, Vendôme. Tights by Bewitching. Boots by Pappagallo. Michel's pale pink iridescent Angel Wing lipstick.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

FRINGED–
THE SCARLET SHAWL



PENN

FRINGED—
THE EMBROIDERED SUÈDE JACKET

The fringed silk shawl, left, big enough to toss across a Steinway when it's not flung over most of you—showering a perfect scarlet silk dinner shirt and wonderful, ***easy pants.*** Turnout, by Oscar de La Renta, of silk crêpe (Lesur fabric). Available late in September, at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Rings by Charles Elkaim, K.J.L., Ring'o. On the lips—Le Lipstick gives off Helena Rubinstein's Starfrost Pink glow.

Fringed black suède jacket branded for evening, right—blazing with ***jewelled graffiti*** over a black silk satin top and voluminous pantaloons. Oscar de La Renta. Late September: Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Charles Elkaim rings. Sandals, to order, by El Greco. Both pages: Charles Elkaim head jewels; Kenneth coifs.



SHORT COVERED EVENINGS— THE LITTLE SHINERS AND SHINING BOOTS

The sari-cloth shirtdress, left, golden, gauzy, ***muffled*** at the neck, with a vest of gilt links thrown over—a little belted breeze wafting along on gilded big-cat boots, with whiffs of Collage scenting the way: Adele Simpson's perfume—and dress of silk-and-Lurex chiffon. At Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Julius Garfinckel; Burdine's; Lazarus; Rike's; Boston Store; Sakowitz; Levy's, Tucson. Solid Art vest and Mark XIV rings: Bonwit Teller. Round-the-Clock tights. Pappagallo boots. Stores in other cities, see last page.

Twinkle, twinkle little lace, right: scalloped, scarlet, ***crunchy*** with gold embroidery and spangles—a beguiling lace dress, its waist lifted to the sky and skirt just fluffing around over ***golden boots.*** Geoffrey Beene dress. At Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. K.J.L. rings, Herbert Levine boots: Bonwit Teller. Kenneth coiffures.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS



PENN

EVENING TUNIC– FRINGED AND EMBROIDERED SUÈDE

Expect the unexpected, left—like a fringe-drenched graffiti-embroidered ***red suède tunic*** slipped over chrome satin shirt and pants; jewelled headband with one flower. Turnout by Oscar de La Renta, of rayon satin (TSM fabric). Available mid-September at Saks Fifth Avenue; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. The headband and flower pin by Charles Elkaim. Rings by Marvella and Sant' Angelo. Bernardo sandals (toe jewels added). ***Abducted from the seraglio,*** right: blown-up black taffeta bloomers cuffed with jewels and ***ballooning*** away from a narrow long torso of sheer black chiffon thickly scrolled with baubles, spangles, gold-shiny beads. By Oscar de La Renta, of silk taffeta (Peter Griffin fabric). At El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Rings by Marvella and Vendôme. Kenneth coiffures and makeup on both pages.

JEWEL OF THE SERAGLIO– THE BLOOMERIEST BLOOMERS



PENN

SHORT EVENINGS— WHEN THE SPARKS FLY





The chopped jump, all pailletted, far left: all bottle-green sparks over a matching silk chiffon shirt with whiffly collar and cuffs. . . . A delicious line —so ***tiny and fluid*** and short—really great for the legs. By Chester Weinberg. At Henri Bendel; Hudson's; Halle's, Cleveland; Lazarus; Shillito's; Swanson's. Pearl beads wrapped at the throat, by Kenneth Lane for Laguna. Jewelled rings by K.J.L.

The hugger-snugger dress, all jetted, left: small and smouldery with a hem deep in jet rosettes and ruby-red sparklers thrown on the fire. . . . Plus wonderful ***scarlet crêpe boots,*** flamed with embroidery. Short evening dress, by Mollie Parnis. End of October: Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland. Rings by K.J.L. Schiaparelli tights. Boots by Sabra, to order at Lord & Taylor. Kenneth coifs.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

PENN

SHORT SHINING EVENINGS—BOOTS AND ALL

The gilded Paisley, left: precious little pleats on a shirtdress à la Russe—brown-y-blue chiffon with bands of Greek keys striking gold all around and a chain dripping long ***golden fringe*** from the waist. Samuel Winston dress; silk chiffon and Lurex (Orceyre fabric). Belt added. At Bonwit Teller; Swanson's. All the rings by K. J. L. Glittering golden tights by Bewitching.

Gold fever, right: golden threads on golden sari-print with tab front and cuffs all thick with jewels, and tigery ***gold-scrolled boots*** beneath a fluff of skirt. Pat Sandler dress, of nylon, rayon, and Mylar (Kaplan fabric). About $185. At Bonwit Teller; Burdine's; Lazarus; Rike's; Goldsmith's; Boston Store; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Ring by Marvella: Best & Co. Pappagallo embroidered boots. Stores in other cities, last page of this issue.

The jewelled pheasant, above right: smallest of the small, luxe-iest of the luxe—a beaded and brocaded ***hugger-snugger dress*** in a preening-bird glow of brown, ruby, gold—plus ***embroidered boots*** of brown velvet. Harvey Berin dress. Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; B. Forman; Hudson's; Boston Store. Rings: House of Joy, Marvella. Thomas Robbins belt. Hanes tights. Pappagallo boots.





LONG, COVERED, AND ROMANTIC

Immaculate white satin, brown velvet, and sparkling jet, left, in a pure unsullied flow—rapturous enough for a Browning with its giant jewelled cross and cloistered ***Gothic air.*** By Branell, of cotton-and-acetate satin and rayon velvet. About $250. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Halle's, Cleveland; Swanson's. Chain by Napier. Cross by Robert Originals, at Bonwit Teller. Rings by Vendôme. ***Like something glimpsed in the Unicorn Tapestries,*** right, or perhaps in some Très Riches Heures—***scarlet and sable-brown*** moiré velvet with sable circling each wrist and flung languorously down the back. By Donald Brooks, of Royal Woolens rayon velvet and natural Russian sable. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Swanson's. Gloves by Hansen. Belt by Calderon, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures on both pages, by Kenneth.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS



PENN


PENN

LONG, LANGUOROUS, COVERED

Primrose-pink satin pleats, left, spilling softly from throat to floor . . . everything so right for evening now—the ***languid*** scarf, the loose belt, the yards of coral and pearls, the beautiful, attenuated sway. Andrew Woods; Avisco acetate and rayon satin (Onondaga fabric). About $240. At Sara Fredericks; B. Forman; Sakowitz; Sanger-Harris. Beads: Lillian Barkow, Kenneth Lane for Laguna. Bernardo sandals.

So romantic you could sigh, right—an immaculate satiny crêpe shirtdress, with a white ***kerchief folded*** about the neck over ***white and apple-green pearls*** that fall low on the sashed coral skirt. Dinner dress by Sarmi, in Lesur silk. About mid-September, at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Charles Elkaim green beads and Marvella pearl beads, at Henri Bendel. Vendôme and K.J.L. rings. Roger Vivier slippers, at Saks Fifth Avenue. The languorous glow of colour playing about the lips is the Première Pink of L'Oréal's Couture Collection seen here on two opening nights. The evening coiffures are both by Kenneth.

THE SHIRTDRESS

FOR EVENING— PLUS A LONG JEWELLED WESKIT

Heavenly white crêpe shirtdress, this page —all long ***languorous*** lines clearly visible through an elongated chiffon weskit with a dusting of silvery paillettes. By Murray Nieman for Hannah Troy, of Celanese acetate-and-rayon crêpe (William Rose fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Marvella fake pearls. Purple pearly beads by Charles Elkaim. Vendôme rings. Margaret Jerrold shoes. All at Henri Bendel. Lipstick: Elizabeth Arden's Ciao Pink.

The luxe turnout for evening, far right: cloth-of-gold pants and long-line jewel-belted tunic . . . small, lightly shaped coat in copper-and-gold geometric brocade lined with dark mink tails . . . and the ***head tied up tight*** in gilded brocade—beautiful! By Ben Reig. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Turban by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo: Bonwit Teller.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

THE EVENING PANTS TURNOUT— CLOTH OF GOLD PLUS MINK



PENN

THE HUGGER-SNUGGER

STRIPED KNIT

PENN

THE WIDE JACKET FOR PANTS

How small the dress, how big the belt, left: great black-red-and-yellow striped hugger-snugger knit totally zonked on a big wide bangup belt of brown leather with a ***walloping gilt buckle.*** By David Crystal, of doubleknit Dacron. About $46. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Higbee's; Hudson's; Chas. A. Stevens; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Montaldo's. Belt by Etienne Aigner, to order at Lord & Taylor. Rings by Sant' Angelo. Stores in other cities, last page of this issue. Eye brightener: Dorothy Gray's Eye Shadow Stick, Frosted Violet the shade.

How's the pants turnout shaping up this year? Very well, thank you, with a new ***width and swing*** and length to the jacket; good straight pants. Bright-red wool with matching long tunic underneath and a couple of other nice touches—a cornflower-blue mink ascot and shiny red platform sandals. Turnout by Barberini, of wool loomed in America. Anglo Fabrics. About $235. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Reiss & Fabrizio dyed Emba mink ascot. K.J.L. rings. Big square watch by Sheffield. Sandals by Ken Scott-Trans American Footwear.





THE LOOK OF LEATHER AT NIGHT

Long shiny coat of black bogus leather, left, embroidered with golden crowns —held at the waist with a wide black sash and worn with a ***yellow mink stock,*** marvellous patterned boots . . . and shining hair wrapped close to the head like a small sleek turban. Coat by Trigère, of nylon and Lurex. Bonwit Teller. Stock of dyed Emba mink, by Reiss & Fabrizio. Gloves by Hansen. Boots by David Evins, to order: I. Miller. Kenneth coiffure.

The star-studded purple coat, right: golden nailheads twinkling all over shiny vinyl—the coat wrapped and belted over purple satin pyjamas . . . the neck wrapped with gilt and silvery serpent chains . . . and the ***head wrapped*** tight in soft, gleaming brocades. Turnout by Morton Myles for Malcolm Charles. Coat about $165. Pyjamas about $110. At Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's; Halle's, Cleveland; Rike's; I. Magnin. Turban by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Necklaces by Sant' Angelo for Whiting & Davis. Rings by Sant' Angelo. Boots: I. Miller.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS





THE WHITE CRÊPE SHIRTDRESS– WHITE SATIN BOOTS

The short evening dress and high shiny boots, left, that's the good look for the good parties this year—white silk crêpe shirtdress, buttoned and ***necktied*** in glitter; white satin sash and boots. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. With its own rhinestone belt, about $145. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Horne; Hutzler's; Rich's; Burdine's; Rike's; Hudson's; Levy's, Tucson; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Jewelled tie by Kramer. Marvella rings: Best & Co. Doro sash: Bonwit Teller. Tights by Bewitching. Golo boots. Lipstick that's Twice as Pink: Bonne Bell.
Stores in other cities, last page of this issue.

The merriest little lamb: bright parrot-green, right, wrapped, sashed—the long coat with a Napoleonic collar and ***all the dash*** in the world. Made to order by Maximilian, of green-dyed Swakara karakul lamb from Southwest Africa. Stock by Baar & Beards: Best & Co. Rings by K.J.L. Latinas boots. Coiffures by Kenneth.



PENN

THE WRAPPED LONG COAT– BRIGHT-GREEN LAMB

LONG AND COVERED



Black velvet mounted with ormolu scrolls, left—gold bullion and shinestones blazing a mock bolero. Nat Kaplan; rayon velvet. About $250. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's. Necklace by Kenneth Lane for Laguna. Hansen gloves. Stores in other cities on last page.

One lavish remove from a peasant dirndl, centre: the molten shimmer of ***lace***—silver shirt-top, gold weskit and long skirt, and the throat wrapped in silk print. Harold Levine; MacCarthy metallic and cotton lace. Early October, at Sara Fredericks; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Sanger-Harris. Baar & Beards scarf. Marvella and Vendôme rings.

Long pearl sautoirs and a fringed blue shawl covering covered black, right—the look of a Winterhalter portrait, with small shoulders, ***tiny bodice.*** Sarmi; Qiana satin (Onondaga fabric). Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Sautoirs by Kenneth Lane for Laguna. Larry Reiter shawl.

A mantle of scarlet fringe, far right, raining down over a long black halter dress with a deep plunge and high ***jet-rimmed*** waist. By Mollie Parnis in Qiana satin (Onondaga fabric). Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Sakowitz. David Tesdell shawl. David Evins shoes, to order at I. Miller.

PENN

PATCHWORK–
BANDED
WITH GOLD
AND SILVER



PENN

Patchwork splendour, left: stained-glass brilliance in a gleaming tracery of gold and silver—***moyen-âge*** flow in patterns from this century and that. By Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Cotton-patchwork dress and jewelled coif, both: Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. Dress, also at Rich's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz.

Veiled in gold shimmer from head to toe, right, and so discreetly ravishing it could have clinched a Henry James novel—a square-bibbed ***lift of lace*** above a long tapestry skirt. Evening dress, by Oscar de La Renta. Bodice of Lurex and cotton lace; skirt of rayon, acrylic, and Lurex (Soptra fabrics). At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Oscar de La Renta golden veil and necklace. And, through the veil, the fragile glow of a Belle Époque heroine—done with Ana Maria's Aurora Translucent iridescence lighting a Pampa de Peach blush.

THE BELLE ÉPOQUE DRESS–VEILED WITH GOLD LACE

THE KNITTED-
LOOKING KNIT–
DARK GREY

PENN

Cable-ese for a charcoal jumpsuit, left, and ribs for the tasselled muffler that wraps the head and neck and trails on ad infinitum. . . . Both of them looking as though they'd come fresh from ***granny's knitting needles***—the way more and more knits will look this year. By B. H. Wragge, of wool knitted in America; about $165. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Burdine's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Silvery breastplate, by Mimi di N. Chrome finger-sheaths, by Sol Kass for Mark XIV: Bonwit Teller. Ankle boots by Fashion Craft-Craddock Terry. One perfect rose to wear with grey: Clinique's Gel Rouge, name of Wild Rose. Stores in other cities, last page of this issue.

Napoleonic collar for a pale-grey long coat, right, falling wide over narrow shoulders and filled with a ***muffle of scarlet chinchilla***—just one more note of brightness amid the steely gleam of belt-buckle and buttons. By Seymour Fox, of Anglo Fabrics Melton cloth wool. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Thalhimers; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Dyed Aurora chinchilla muffler by Reiss & Fabrizio. Gloves by Grandoe. Adler knee socks. Brogues by Capezio.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

THE BELTED LONG COAT– PALE GREY

WHITE CRÊPE DRESS– FRINGED

PENN

BLACK MOIRE CAPE–PLEATED

Fringe forever, far left: a marvellous short white crêpe dress with a high turtleneck and long tight sleeves and an out-and-out downpour of fringe—washing from the sleeves and yoke, streaming from ***hem to floor.*** By Dominic Rompollo for Teal Traina, of Avisco acetate-and-rayon crêpe (Onondaga fabric). At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; B. Forman; Burdine's; Boston Store; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; Levy's, Tucson; I. Magnin. Charles Elkaim headband with pin. Marvella rings. K.J.L. ankle bracelet.

BLACK PATENT COAT–FURRED



Flying by night, near left: a circular black moire ***cape*** with scallops of black-lace fagoting and a deep border of knife pleats, unfurled over a tunic with low pleats and pants pleated over the ankle . . . plus a sprinkling of ***shinestones,*** a tightly wrapped head. Turnout, rayon-and-cotton moire (G. Hirsch fabric), and turban with pin, by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. At Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. Turnout: Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz. Delman shoes, to order: Bergdorf Goodman.

Shiny, short, and swinging, below left: ***black patent*** leather with a fox-furred tasselled hood, ***black fox*** cuffs, and double-fox hem. By Giorgio di Sant' Angelo for Chambers Sherwin; black-dyed Canadian fox. At Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Rike's; Sakowitz. Black pants by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo for Dalton, of wool and cashmere; about $50. Bonwit Teller. Boots: Red Ball Winterettes.



THE WIDE SABLE COAT AND THE SMALL WRAPPED HEAD

The luxuriousness of sable, left, cut so generously it's almost as full as a circular cape . . . swinging wide wide wide and just wrapped . . . and the head wrapped snug and small in ***jersey tartan.*** By Ritter Bros.; natural Russian Crown sable. At Rich's. Giorgio di Sant' Angelo turban. Bonnie Doon tights. Latinas boots. ***Scarlet jersey and bright-violet pearls,*** right: all long, ***languorous*** lines of softly pleated sleeves and skirt, with a small wrapped waist, long loops of pearly ropes . . . and a red chinchilla muff. By Anne Fogarty. A Ban-Lon dress of Enkalure nylon (Fair-Tex fabric). About $155. At Lord & Taylor; B. Forman; Thalhimers; Hudson's; Boston Store; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sanger-Harris; Frost Bros. Ropes of bogus pearls by Charles Elkaim, at Henri Bendel. Reiss & Fabrizio red-dyed Aurora chinchilla muff. Coiffures on these and the preceding 64 pages, all by Kenneth. Lipstick: Lots-O-Pink by John Robert Powers. For stores in other cities, see last page of this issue.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

JERSEY AND PEARLS



PENN

The morning after

SUMMER'S END: REWARD, RENEWALS, REPAIRS . . .

Carefree, weren't you? Took the last ninety days or so and played them for all they were worth—every tonic moment doing something marvellous for the body, the psyche. You got slimmer, more glowing, more toned-up, breathed in deep clean draughts of open air, refreshed yourself inside and out. Or did you? . . . If you had your mind on your beauty-work every minute, you did. But there's always the possibility that, delicious though summer is, a few unscheduled events may have come along with effects that weren't entirely good. Even definitely bad. Time, then, for some end-of-summer checking to measure the results. What were the summer benefits, and how to keep them? What were those little problems that crept in, and now need solutions? What's the next beauty-thinking, and how to be ready for it? . . .

Starting on the positive side—you get a gold star, framed in seashells, for not overdoing the suntan this year. We told you and *told* you (so did all the dermatologists) the dangers of too much sun so we presume your after-summer skin isn't too vexing. In case of an occasional lapse, however, or a bout with windburn, remember to juice up your ration of moisturizers. To coddle that remaining glow, restore the essential skin-balance of water and oil. Cream, lotion, whichever you prefer, the trick is to use moisturizer often—frequency is more important than a once-a-day slather since skin only absorbs so much at a time. After cleansing, before makeup, before bed, all-over after bath—these are good station-breaks for moisturizers. One beauty we know dabs chilled moisturizer on a sponge (instead of cold water) to set her makeup and keep it fresh. Skin, sub-makeup, gets extra hours of freshening too.

Good idea now: have a masque ball. Masques give the skin a charge of refreshment, invigorate and deep-cleanse. After summer sun is gone, masques are a good way to glow.

Beware of tan fade-out—a September face can look sallow, with tan and texture uneven. Grains and grainy scrubs can help here to remove the topsoil of flakiness that mars the smoothness of a face. Getting a little more skin-deep, a new method for a light peeling job at home: Dermabrase/35, a peel-it-yourself kit consisting of a foam-oriented treatment lotion accompanied by a spongy mitt. Apply former to latter, rub gently on the face in a circular motion. Extra motion on nose, chin, wherever pores are largest, cloggiest. Slosh with water, repeat. Whole procedure, just a couple of minutes. Recommended a.m. and p.m. Seven days of this leads to clarification, refinement, new skin-toned glow.

For skin that wants, or needs, more than a scouring-pad treatment at home, enter the experts. A *cosmetologist* for deep cleaning and superficial peeling—these fresh face-making jobs, done in salons in a couple of hours. (Which could be those of Christine Valmy or Vera de Paris, in New York; Aida Grey in Los Angeles; Kitty Wagner in Detroit.) A *dermatologist* or *plastic surgeon* for stronger measures: Dermabrasion, the process in which skin is frozen, then planed to a new surface with a brush. Chemobrasion, in which the skin is painted with a chemical that causes it to peel itself. Dermabrasion, usually for scars. Chemobrasion, usually for lines and wrinkles. Both processes may require hospital care, take up to two weeks to heal. But results are getting better all the time, so if price is no object, and you want a face that summers past have never touched. . . .

Eyes— the start of something big

For eyes that may ask What Do We Wear Next—a wonderful answer, spoken in chorus by all members of a new group that offers eyes a vast new wardrobe. Every kind of makeup an eye could ask for. Fourteen basic products—prettifiers, fault-fixers, new ideas. In a long list of marvellous colours. In several forms. Example: satin eye-liner. You want cream, fine. Cake, sure. Tinted, of course—how about Black-Burgundy? In shadows (powder-on or paint-on) the choice is glorious—dozens of shades to blend and group. Gleamy for highlights. Muted for contours. All by Estée Lauder, and all great—the green group, for instance, coming in bright and clear, opposite, thanks to two new master touches in this collection—Eyelid Foundation to use first, as a steadying base; Eye Glaze to use last, for lustre. There are a lot of beautiful prospects around, now that the eyes of Lauder are upon you. . . . Lipstick: Cranberry, by Estée Lauder. The brass collier, worn here as a veil, by Stan Plotner for the Kozmopolitan Gallery.

AVEDON







BEAUTY *bulletin*

The morning after

SUMMER'S END

Hair, now. A good look at it in clear September-morn light is in order. Chances are that summer has been friendly to it—hair grows better in warm weather, texture of fine-type hair usually firms up a bit, and fresh-air life gives a general pick-up to health that carries benefits to hair too. Most likely problem: dryness from sun, colour changes from sun, a loss of gloss that calls for some extra conditioning.

For sunburned hair—have a half-inch cut off the ends. If they're shredded-wheat texture and split, they're better off on the cutting-room floor. If sun has streaked your hair, maybe that's good—might need just a toning, or a good colour rinse (Roux Fanci-full is help-full) to turn straw-colour strands into pretty gleamy highlights.

NEXT BIG IDEA ABOUT HAIR—HEALTH. AND THE WORD GETTING BIG ALONG WITH IT—TRICHOLOGY, THE SCIENCE OF TREATING HAIR. HAIRDRESSERS ARE SHOWING A SURGE OF INTEREST IN PROMOTING HEALTHY HAIR, ON THE VERY SOUND REASONING THAT A BEAUTIFUL STYLING JOB FOUNDERS ON WEAKLING HAIR. MUCH GOING ON ABOUT THIS IN LONDON, IN PARIS, IN NEW YORK WHERE VIDAL SASSOON—A BOUNCING EXAMPLE OF HIS OWN INTEREST IN HEALTH IN GENERAL, HAIR-HEALTH IN PARTICULAR—HAS SET UP A PLACE IN HIS SALON FOR THE ANALYSIS AND TREATMENT OF HAIR ILLS (SEE BEAUTY CHECKOUT, PAGE 42). MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO INVESTIGATE THE IDEA OF TRICHOLOGY OR TREAT. . . .

Hands—how about them? If you've been building sand castles all summer, they're probably not rough since sand-handling, like pumice, is smoothing to hands, and feet. May be a little hand-dryness, however—again moisturizing lotion at all possible intervals will help; instead of the eternal soap-and-water, cream them clean. Brown marks and freckles from sun tend to fade from notice after meeting hand cream called Esotérica. To keep up hand-agility—that warm weather helps, cold weather stiffens—get a set of Greek worry beads. Temptation to finger and fool with them keeps hands at active exercise.

An earthly glow *developed for dark skin, dramatic on black skin, a new way to keep a deep glow on faded-tan skin—makeup foundation called Earthen, made to match the warm-toned fresh earth of country fields. To wear with open-air flamboyance—rosy cheeks, wine-red lips—and, perhaps, the great soufflé fling of an Afro wig. Lipstick, here, Rusticana; eyes painted with Prime Burgundy shadow. All makeup by Charles of the Ritz. Fake pearls—long wraparounds of pink and grey, by Kenneth Lane for Laguna; at Saks Fifth Avenue.*





Give a glisten

There's a story to this face, left, aside from the tendrils and coils that frame it. It's the story of skin that's clearly visible, but gleaming with a little help from its friends—the new makeup ideas called Autumnglints, by Germaine Monteil. Point of the story: Gel-Rouge, a little tubeful of see-through colour to spread on cheekbones for a subtle glow, a lot of glisten; Lipglint lipstick that echoes the colour, and the glisten. Each in four shades, this one Indian Orange. About the tendrils, they're a softening touch against a whopping coil-spring necklace—this by Bill Smith of Richelieu; at Henri Bendel.

"Who is my baby going to see all winter, now that summer has gone? . . ." So goes the punch-line of an old song expressing sentiments wry and often all too true. Why summer romance? Why a shattering of it at summer's end? Only answer—summer itself is romantic. Sun-kissed. Wind-blown. These are code-words for romance. A smart woman now keeps the image going. To be carefree, laughing, un-tense, ready for exciting new interests—why discard these attitudes just because life moves indoors? Sparkle and glow are portable things, can be carried over to any time of year. One way to spark fresh interest: perfume. Not only are there marvellous new ones around, but whole new ideas are occurring to perfume experts—one of them, considering it an art form, is thinking of starting a fragrance museum. For a little perfume art of your own, dab some directly on the face—on pigtails, ears, maybe even nose; with everybody kissing everybody nowadays, this puts the scent right where another nose will notice. Intriguing new perfume to have a nose for now: Tortue, by Polly Bergen; it speaks of ferns in a warm, mysterious woods—suggests, perhaps, autumn romance. . . . The gleamy breastplate necklace, above, by Stan Plotner for the Kozmopolitan Gallery.

BEAUTY *bulletin*

The morning after

SUMMER'S END

Best exercise: swimming. See what it did for you. Now, keep the muscle-tone going—with your own private ocean, or a smart switch to mechanized exercise.

For a gym kind of swim—to keep in your own house and use, use, use: some fascinating machinery that won't let a good body go bad. Mr. Jogger *(which could also be addressed as Mrs. J.), an apparatus with pedals that encourages the un-jogged knee to lift high between steps—best jogging way, according to gymnasts; $199. The* Action Cycle, *an exerciser that gives you the benefits of rowing and bicycling at the same time (even summer can't do that); $130.* Manual Exercizing Bike *with tension knobs that simulate straightaway or uphill; $90. The* Treadmill, *to walk on, jog on, or practically run on—again, knobs adjust to one's ambitions and energy; $199. On these machines, it's good to start easy, build up to more Spartan achievements. All these nifty swimming-substitutes, and more, on the street floor of Abercrombie & Fitch.*

For legs—when there's nothing to flutter-kick in: The Inside Track, developed to contour the ins and outs of thighs. Consists of two little flatcars on separate tracks. Place tracks adjacent, put one foot on each flatcar, spread-eagle to outer limits, then bring together. For assistance, two ski-type poles are provided for balance; after awhile, you probably won't need them. Inside Track can be used other ways too, for other muscles—directions and more suggestions come with. Another device for leg art: Lovable Legs, also with flatcars on wheels for feet, but—instead of tracks—strong connecting springs to push apart.

Clear a space—wherever space is clearable, and schedule a workout with a Jogline. It's a jumping rope with weighted handles (gives those arms a harder way to go, keeps them firmer), and it's one of the more established ways to trimness and fitness. Pleasant, too, with overtones of little-girl-at-play. After the workout, Jogline stuffs into its small plastic bag, takes no space at all. Another fairly small treasure: the V-Bar, a contraption with two slat sides, a sturdy spring holding them into V-position. Idea: press the slats together (none too easy) with knees to firm thighs, with hands to firm arms and bosom, and in various other ways that some famous beauties are inventing.

SOME INNER THOUGHTS ON CONSTRUCTIVE EATING HABITS. NOT JUST LOW-CAL—*EVERYONE'S* AN EXPERT ON THAT BY NOW—BUT EATING FOR ENERGY AND BEAUTY (THESE TWO, OFTEN SEEN IN EACH OTHER'S COMPANY). YOUR SYSTEM MIGHT, NOW, FEEL THE LACK OF THE VITAMIN D IN SUNSHINE; THERE ARE WAYS TO COMPENSATE FOR THIS AT MEALTIME—CAVIAR IS ONE. TRY TO KEEP UP THE FRESH-FRUIT VITAMIN C THAT SUMMER OFFERED, BUT PUT THE CLAMPS ON SUMMER FOLLIES—HOTDOGS ON BUNS, STICKY FAT-MAKING DRINKS. LOOK FOR PROTEIN ON YOUR PLATE—IT'S PURE VITALITY THAT BRISKS THE WALK, BRIGHTENS THE SMILE; EASY SOURCES ARE MEAT, FISH, EGGS, ROMANO. SKIN AND EYES NEED VITAMIN A (GREEN AND YELLOW VEGETABLES). IRON MATTERS A LOT (LIVER, APRICOTS, MOLASSES). THE B-COMPLEX—TOO COMPLEX TO TALK OF IN DEPTH HERE—TAKES CHARGE OF NERVES, AMONG OTHER THINGS (GRAINS, CEREALS, AGAIN LIVER). TAKE AN INTEREST IN THESE THINGS; KNOWLEDGEABILITY HERE COULD BRING GRATIFYING RESULTS.

New mouth, signing in

It's a mouth that's all colour and shine. Not pale, not mealymouthed, but a very personal mouth-design that takes over as a distinctive feature—needed, now, since eyes are getting softer and less the whole-show of a face. Called the Signature Mouth, and done—with the customary expertise of Revlon—in two stages: First, Ultracreme Lip Makeup that states a definitive colour, gives good wear and texture. Second, a Lip Blusher in a blending tint, to wear over the colour for polish and gleam (see how they think things out?). Result is best of both lip-worlds. Each stage, in four shades—the dazzling choice here, Polo Pink colour under Blush of Pink gleam. More of Revlon's well-thought-outness: Nail Blushers—polishes in the same tints as Lip Blushers. Huge silver ring, by Manette.

AVEDON



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

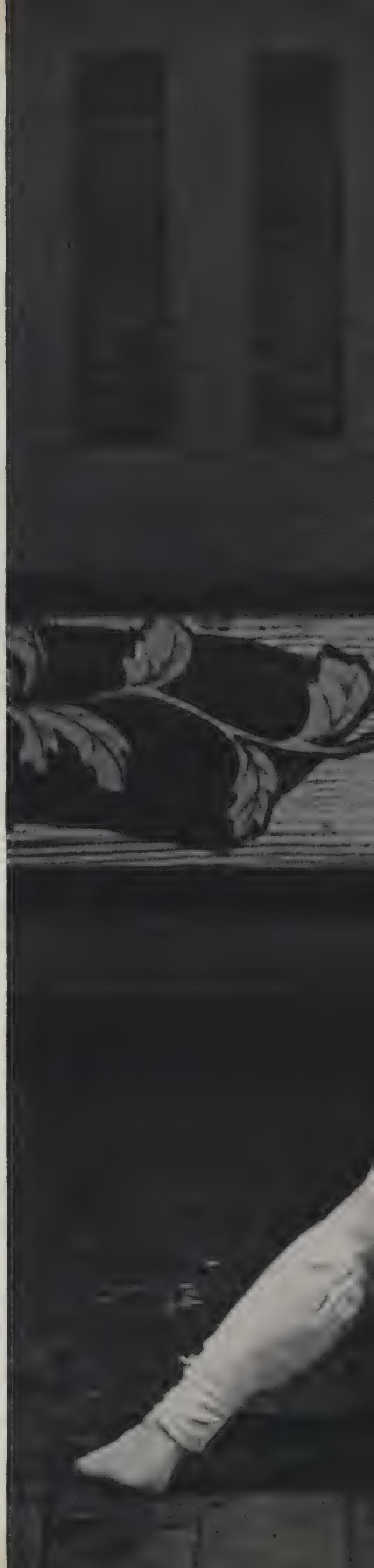
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The accumulation of problems lying around the whole country like junked, abandoned cars. . . . *A Political Life: The Education of John V. Lindsay* by Nat Hentoff, a Democrat who has written a deeply knowledgeable book about New York's Mayor, his pressures, his handling of them, sometimes good, sometimes unfortunate; not gossipy but full of sharp political assessments mainly to the Mayor's advantage, it includes this comment from a friend who said to Lindsay several hours after he won: "Congratulations, John. You have only yourself to blame." . . . The English countrywoman who said about marriage: "You tie a knot with your tongue, you can't untie with your teeth, boy."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . David Frost and his curious variety show on television with the same old comedians and a scattering of politicos who manage to evade easily the famous but nonexistent Cambridge University wit of Frost who sometimes sounds as though he were back in the vicarage of his childhood, asking questions of the greengrocer. . . . The sensible and charming teaching tactics of The Studio Museum in Harlem. . . . The new and fascinating device of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, which has asked composers, including Copland and Bernstein, to write special music to accompany each of the five large shows celebrating the Museum's hundredth birthday. . . . The word "hippies," unused except by mass magazines and the aged who cling to that old word like a security blanket.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Blind Beauty*, an unfinished play by Boris Pasternak in which the finished prologue on the frightening relationship between Russian masters and their serfs on a great estate in the 1830's has extraordinary characterizations, a feel for the country, and perhaps a meant metaphor about the Soviet Republics. . . . The British "Royal Family," a ninety-minute documentary by the BBC which CBS television will show on September 21, the documentary following the family through official duties and unofficial fun with acidulous and amusing asides by the Queen; someone referring to the monarchy said: "It is not the powers given to the Queen but the powers denied to others."

KABUKI: THE FROZEN GRACE OF FEUDAL JAPAN

Everything about the Grand Kabuki is superlative, even its latent audience exhaustion. For the first time in ten years, Kabuki is back in this country to tour with its absurd plots, its staggering beauty, its clatter of swords, its droning delivery except when in the violent fights the cast sounds like a marathon battle between karate experts. What is always extraordinary are the men, the *onnagata* who take the rôles of women, of ravishing courtesans, their hair piled high, their faces white, their whole make-up a lesson in portraiture. At the Kabuki life is a gesture. Three hundred and fifty years old, the Kabuki unfolds its plays, pausing sometimes interminably for a snowstorm or a shower of autumn leaves, freezing a moment of action to bleed the last effect of drama. In Japan Kabuki is a great sport for audiences who yell approval of actors or of bits of aged stage business. In its beginnings on a dry riverbed near Kyoto, Kabuki started as vaudeville by O Kuni, a gentle but determined woman, an impresario in the seventeenth century. Eventually, Kabuki became the delight of Tokyo, the nobility there pleasuring themselves at the theatre which became a false but shimmering reflection of the "floating world" of the new rich—with their silly small talk, their personal melodramas. Slowly respectability paralyzed Kabuki, its stage props venerated, its style formal, its men a succession of Madame Butterflies with bent humility, its fighters samurai. Now the Kabuki in all its colour, its dazzlement has become a memento of all against which it had originally rebelled.



NORMAN SNYDER





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

1. Rex Harrison and Richard Burton, who set up the world and all of its comedians with a high-test topic for cracksmanship when they, quite ostentatiously male, agreed to play a pathetic homosexual couple in the film of Charles Dyer's play *Staircase*. Harrison and Burton, their names already household words in the heroic class, now have become shorthand symbols for fast laughs on a shadowy subject, nearly obscuring the fact that, behind all the quipping (Harrison listed Burton among his favourite leading ladies), stand their wrenching portrayals of two people chained together, as in any misery-bearing marriage, by sorry weaknesses as well as helpless love.

2. Paola and Bernardo Bertolucci, two beautiful Italians ("I owe my silly upturned nose to my Irish grandmother," he said) who look like possible stars of the movie *Partner* instead of its director and his wife. Bertolucci, a shy man, moves the way he speaks and smiles: gently but cautiously, with sleepy brown eyes on the lookout for the worst. A published poet at eighteen, he moved into films at the age of twenty as assistant director to Pasolini, stabbed fame on his own at twenty-two; now twenty-eight, he will next pile his adaptation of Moravia's *The Conformist* on the heaped success of *Partner*. Paola, green-eyed and placidly lovely, owns a small antique shop in Rome, will design interiors and costumes for the future movie. Though strong-minded about politics, Bertolucci said, "You can't make a revolution *with* cinema, you can only make a revolution *in* cinema."

3. Kole and Param, a pair who use their musical-comedy experience to restore rock-ravaged audiences with pat patter, croony-moony singing, and dancing that is positively black tie. Included on their first record, "Early in the Morning," are six of their own songs. Ernest Param (left), impassive, brooding, sensitized, wrote the words; Robert Kole, cocky, jokey, with bouncy feet and languid eyes, did the music. Together, they build a touching mood of friendship and nostalgia—cresting a wave that rippled up when Mary Hopkin first sang "Those Were the Days."

4. "The Wonderful Wah Wahs," nine mad devices by David Jacobs, sculptures made of rubber, aluminum, and air, that huff and puff, comically swell, squeeze, bump up and down, and blow their horns at the tutelage of an electronic control panel. They were part, with works by five other artists, of a recent pranky exhibition of inflatable sculpture at The Jewish Museum in New York. Some of the vaster, balloony pieces (one, a pulsating cylinder, rose six storeys high; another was a soap-dream room stocked to the ceiling with glassy, egg-shaped bubbles), mostly of plastic, with fans and pumps roaring like angry vacuum cleaners, were softly surprising by their off-and-on shapeliness and gaspy skills.

5. Centurius XXI, four young singers for the space age who shred up the rock cliché by wearing neat, silvery space clothes and singing intelligible, harmonic music with great good humour. Anti-freaky, un-dropped-out, they reverse-moonlight as schoolteachers (one is still a student). Neither canned corn nor sequinned syrup, their rock sound is big, bright, bossy, with lots of non-electric power and resonance. It grabs teens and (the generation gap snaps shut in 2000 A.D.) parents.

PHOTOGRAPHS: 2. JACK ROBINSON, 4. PETER MOORE
3 AND 5. O. VERNON MATISSE

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Heart of a storm of great writers and painters in England, Lady Ottoline Morrell was "passionate, extraordinary, conventionally unnegotiable"



OUT- OF- HER- TIME, LADY OTTOLINE

BY JOHN FAIRFIELD



Lady Ottoline, left, photographed by Cecil Beaton in his early manner, when she was in her fifties, and, at the top of this page, aged thirty, in a swashing Edwardian hat. Born in 1873, she died in 1938, "a figure of the first importance in the literary and artistic history of her times," Lord David Cecil wrote. In The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, *Lady Ottoline was described as "looking like a marvellous feminine version of Disraeli."*
Above: Garsington Manor, where the Morrells spent their happiest years, photographed by Lady Ottoline who took the ten pictures, published for the first time on the next four pages, of her remarkably talented friends.

Lady Ottoline is one person. Lady Violet would have been another; so, most certainly, would Lady Anne have been . . . fate had not decided which of these characters she was to have been when she was born, so to cover all the possibilities she was named Ottoline Violet Anne Cavendish Bentinck.

For a time it looked as if Lady Vi, the general's daughter, was going to win out. She faced a camera when she was eight years old and can still be seen looking pertly at it, jolly, round-faced, ordinarily pretty—one might say wholesomely so. She is, at that stage, clearly a girl destined never to cause her family a moment's anxiety—unless a certain tomboyish heartiness is not to exasperate them now and again.

Soon after this the Victorian English miss, Lady Vi, disappeared forever, and the nonpareil, Lady Ottoline, passionate, extraordinary, and conventionally unnegotiable, took her place. Perhaps this change was a delayed response to the death of her much loved father during her fifth year, or it could have been that something temperamental was involved. But be that as it may, the change took place, and the ordinary woman of her class and time gave way to a unique personality.

For all that she was born with the privileges that went with rank and fortune, this made for a harsh life, since Lady Ottoline was born in 1873 in the conformist England in which the newly framed Victorian conventions had scarcely been dinted. And on top of that the unkind fate that had deprived her of her father when she was four-and-a-half transformed her older brother into an insecure Duke two years later.

That is to say that her brother inherited a noble title and great estates clouded with ambiguities and grotesque associations. He became Portland in succession to a Duke whose only claim to fame was that he had been one of the great English eccentrics, a man with a mole-like passion for creating underground cham- (Continued on next page)

Her famous friends in unpublished photographs taken by Lady Ottoline Morrell

The guest lists for Lady Ottoline's weekend house-parties show what a magnet for excellence she was.

HENRY JAMES, WITH FRIENDS *is seen enjoying her hospitality, left, round about 1906, in her pre-Garsington days. The photographs of the poets Thomas Hardy, below, and Siegfried Sassoon, upper right; the novelist E. M. Forster, lower right; and of the grouping of philosopher Bertrand Russell, economist Maynard Keynes, and biographer Lytton Strachey, far right, were made at Garsington soon after World War I.*



THOMAS HARDY

VOGUE, September 1, 1969

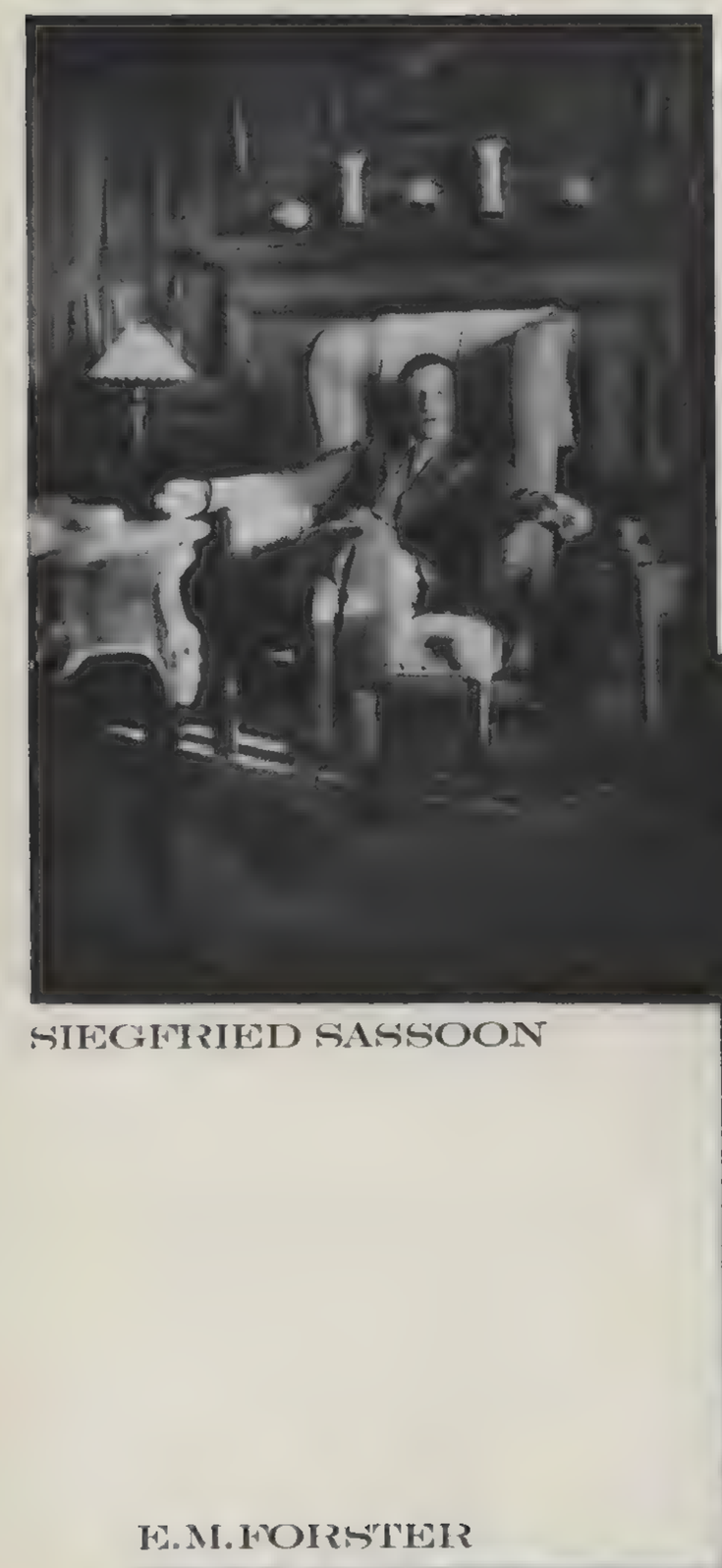
bers and tunnels on the one hand, and for the sport of roller-skating on the other. . . . This Duke, a hoarder of wigs, who always wore specially made top hats of exceptional height, had over a mile of tunnels cut in the immediate vicinity of Welbeck Abbey so that he could walk unseen from that ugly barrack of a house to its stables and its vast walled gardens. He had another tunnel system, longer and more spacious, driven from the house down to the park gates, dipping under a lake in mid-passage, so that he could make the greater part of the journey to the nearby farm of Worksop in his horse-drawn carriage without coming up to the surface. A kindly man in spite of his shyness and reserve, he gave donkeys to all the men belonging to the little army of sappers he constantly employed, so that they could ride to and from their work.

This act of generosity created a parking problem that he solved in a characteristic manner by building a large underground donkey stable in his grounds. A circular stone building whose massive roof was supported by a single pillar, it has been compared, by those who saw it before Lady Ottoline's brother had it demolished, to a petrified circus tent. The skating rink that he had built so that his household servants could take exercise on the silver-mounted roller skates that he provided for them was an oddity of the same kind.

It was not surprising that legends clustered round the name of a man with such strange fancies, or that almost anything that was said of him should seem credible. As a result, Lady Ottoline's brother was plagued, for several years after he had inherited his title, by a lawsuit initiated by a Mrs. Druce.

Mrs. Druce was the widow of a London shopkeeper, the proprietor of the Baker Street Bazaar, and she managed to persuade herself, and a surprisingly large number of otherwise apparently sensible people, that Portland had dug his tunnels at Welbeck Abbey so that he could slip away from the burden of his greatness unseen and live his secret life as a middle-class tradesman with her. That Mr. Druce had died and been buried in a North London cemetery some years before Portland's death gave her no pause; she countered these inconvenient facts with a splendid yarn about a fraudulent death certificate and the burial of an empty coffin.

The shock of inheriting the paranoid ambiguities of l'affaire Druce along with the mole's madhouse at Welbeck Abbey seems to have infected Lady Ottoline's brother (Continued on next page)



SIEGFRIED SASSOON



BERTRAND RUSSELL, JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, LYTTON STRACHEY

E.M.FORSTER



LADY OTTOLINE

with an overriding ambition to make himself the most impeccably and correctly ducal of dukes. He laboured with a measure of desperation to make his shooting the best shooting in England, to see that his carriages were the smartest, his postillions the best turned out, his table the best set and best served, and to ensure that there should be no questionable fleck of flaw on the smooth façade of his existence.

It went without saying that his inheritance had put his sister's life plan plainly before her. She was to become the mistress of another such great house as Welbeck Abbey by making a suitable marriage. Her life was then to measure itself out as a round of activities "suited to a woman of her class," of which the major part was to be the entertainment of shooting parties, and the inane rituals that Florence Nightingale in her generation had characterized as "tweedling, faddling, and the making of nosegays." She would then be an invisible, innocuous credit to him, as one doing her duty by spreading the net of propertied cousinships, which constituted the social strength of the Establishment. The whole business of making that kind of marriage and being committed to that kind of life was crystallized for her in the phrase "living with a man to whom I never could talk."

Lady Ottoline's struggle to escape from beneath the dry blanket of her brother's obsessions with formality and convention might have been less arduous and less decisive if her mother had not died when Ottoline was nineteen and in the full crisis of her transition from girlhood to womanhood. She was left to fight off the future that filled her with horror and aversion alone. Since her brother was not above calling on the help of archbishops to reinforce his ducal authority at the family conclaves that he was apt to assemble to counter her uncertain gropings towards freedom and independence, her loneliness became a crushing (Continued on page 467)

AUGUSTUS JOHN



VIRGINIA WOOLF,
PHILIP MORRELL

ANDRÉ GIDE

MICHAEL ARLEN,
PHILIP HESELTINE,
D.H.LAWRENCE

ROBERT BRIDGES,
ALDOUS HUXLEY



The figures in these Garsington photographs taken by Lady Ottoline Morrell are Augustus John; Virginia Woolf with Philip Morrell in 1919; André Gide around 1923; the old grey poet Robert Bridges and the young novelist and essayist Aldous Huxley. Near left, from left to right: young Kouyoumdjian who later turned into Michael Arlen and wrote The Green Hat, *the minor composer Philip Heseltine who published under the name of Peter Warlock, and the white guru D. H. Lawrence, as they all three were in 1915-16.*

Katie Crawford

A SHORT STORY

BY ANTHONY WEST

"Well now, David," said Jessie, "you can't have it all your own way all the time, you know. If you're going to enjoy life, you'll just have to learn to make the best of a bad job now and again like the rest of us."

This was my Aunt Gwen's combination cook-general, personal maid, and factotum, offering me her special Scottish brand of consolation for a ruined summer holiday. She was rolling out the dough that was to form the crust for an apple tart with a floury rolling pin, and as I watched her working away at this self-imposed task I felt a spasm of dislike for her. I decided to make her pay for her indifference to my feelings.

"How soon will my mother come back?" I asked.

Jessie went on with her work. I could hear her breathing and the noise made by the pin as it rolled to and fro on the pastry board in her firm grasp. The clock on the kitchen dresser ticked. I decided to try my question out again.

"How soon will my mother come back, d'you suppose, Jessie?" I said.

Jessie's lips tightened and two small points of heightened colour appeared on her cheeks.

"I've no idea when your Aunt means to return, Master David," she said, shutting her mouth like a trap.

I disregarded the clear warning she had given me by calling me Master David, and not just David. This meant that she had withdrawn from her rôle of "friend" and resumed that of "employee-paid-to-put-up-with-me-and-my-ways." Oh, all right then, I thought, what do I care about being friends, if that's all there is to it? And I pressed on.

"You know she's really my mother, don't you?" I said. "You've always known, from the beginning."

"What I know is one thing, Master David," said Jessie, looking at me coldly. "What it's my place to know is another. And what pleases your Aunt is what pleases me. And I'll tell you one thing that's for certain, and that's as long as Miss Rees wishes to be your Aunt she'll be your Aunt when we talk of her. So just put that in your pipe and smoke it, young man."

I listened to the clock ticking, and to the background noise of bad weather battering at the house.

"But I know she's my mother," I persisted. "Everybody knows."

"If you're not in a mood to mind what I say to you," said Jessie, "you'd best be off out of here. I've no wish to have you hindering me while I'm about my housework."

When I had examined her face for long enough to see that she wasn't going to relent, I went out of the kitchen and sat myself down in the dank emptiness of the living room to affect an interest in a stale copy of the *Illustrated London News*. As I turned its pages I listened to the driving rain drumming on the French windows at the far end of the room and decided on a strategy for my next encounter with Jessie. When she came to tell me that I could come back to the kitchen, if I promised to be a good boy and not to bother her, I would pretend to be so deeply absorbed in the special feature on Lord Carnarvon's discovery of Tut-ankh-amen's tomb as not to hear her. But before I had decided what this would lead to I was overwhelmed by the feeling that I was a selected target for the retaliation of fate.

I had let "it" know how happy I had felt when I had learned, through the indiscretion of a friend, that the much loved Aunt I had lived with ever since I could remember was really my mother. I had always known it in my bones, but I had never been seized of this intuitive knowledge as a matter of fact until the morning, a week before, when the son of one of the "regulars" at the little resort village in North Cornwall where we were spending the summer had blundered into the heart of the thing, as we were talking on the beach, by uttering the words, "*We all know* . . . why when Mother told us you were coming she said 'Gwen Rees and *her son* have got Lamorna' . . . *everybody* knows she's your mother."

I had run home then, to our rented summer cottage, to claim Aunt Gwen as the mother my wishes had so insistently assured me she was, and to give her the news, which seemed so joyful to me, since it would clearly end the need for all further pretenses, that everybody knew. I

felt sure, as I pounded along, that when I saw her she would smile, and hug me and, when I had told her of my momentous discovery, say, "Why, yes, of course I'm your mother," in the partly amused, partly comforting, and partly incredulous tone that she always used when she was relieving me of some imaginary fear or confusion.

And then, I felt sure, she would go on to tell me who my father had been, and why we had been compelled to keep up the pretense of being Aunt and Nephew for so long. I was buoyed up as I ran by the thought that within minutes I would be out of the shadows of my peculiarness and in the full sunshine of the explicable. When a few magic words had been spoken, my life would be changed. I would never again feel the black dread of being cornered by a ruthless questioner and made to admit that I didn't know my father's name, or my mother's name, or who or what either one of them had been, or where they had lived, or where they had come from, and that so far as I could tell I had stepped out of a void of nothingness, unequipped with any human connections other than that linking me so mysteriously to a single Aunt whose isolation from the rest of the human race was as complete as my own.

But then, when I reached Lamorna at last, it was to find Jessie alone in the cottage. Aunt Gwen was gone. She had been called away by a telegram that had made it imperative to leave for London at once: "Mother gravely ill. Asking for you. Please forgive us all if you can and come. Angela." She had waited until the last possible minute and then, after leaving a reassuring message promising her speedy return with Jessie, had scrambled off to Padstow to catch the one through train of the day. To make the letdown more complete, the weather had closed in a few hours after her sudden departure and pelting rains had kept us housebound, with her absence and the mysteries of the summons that had caused it, for a week.

In that time we had received a succession of telegrams from Aunt Gwen, first to tell us that her return would be delayed, then to say where she could be reached, then again to let us know that she would be still further delayed. Each message contained its reassurance of her continued love and the promise of a letter. But this letter did not come, and its failure to appear transformed the nameless "mother," "us all," and "Angela" from mysteries into enigmas. Why had this nameless and faceless mother never come into my life before? How many people were included in the embrace of that uninformative phrase "us all"? And why did they need forgiveness?

And what was this Angela to my Aunt Gwen, to be able to whisk her away from me in this fashion? In the perplexity into which I had been thrown by my inability to even imagine what the answers to these questions might be, I could have done with some support from Jessie; but it was soon revealed to me that she was as disconcerted as I was by the turn of events. She was disturbed herself to find that other people existed with prior claims to the loyalties and affections of the mistress who had been, psychologically, her unchallenged possession for several years. That she was in a fever of jealousy was slowly made plain to me by a series of remarks that escaped from her at intervals, like steam forcing its way out of a safety valve, as the days wore on. "How your Aunt can be managing, up there all by herself, with no one to mind her clothes, I can't imagine . . ." burst from her as she worked at the ironing board on our second morning alone together, and at lunch that day she abruptly looked up at the clock and said, "Half past one! I wonder if your Aunt has eaten yet! There'll be no one there to see that she takes proper meals, or to get her her food as she likes it, I'm sure. . . ."

My suspicions became certainties when the second of my Aunt's telegrams arrived. Jessie's face darkened as she read its message through to me in tones of incredulity and indignation: "Return delayed. Mother still desperately ill. My address for next few days Hillyard's Copse, Lanthorn Lane, N. Hampstead. Very much love to David. Best wishes. Rees." Jessie paused and turned an outraged face towards me. "Hillyard's Copse!" she said witheringly. "Why would she be staying among strangers when she's a perfectly good place of her own if it's not because she's no one with her to look out for her? I've a good mind to take the law into my own hands and go up to put the flat to rights so that she'll have somewhere to lay her head in decent comfort."

My heart jumped at the thought of action. "Yes, Jessie, yes! Let's go back to London!" I said. "I'm sure Aunt Gwen would be pleased to see us."

Jessie looked startled at finding a trespasser in her fantasy. "We'll not be going anywhere," she said shortly, "until your Aunt sends us word in her own good time."

I felt cheated, and furious. "She's my mother," I said.

Glad of the excuse to relieve her feelings, Jessie snapped back: "That's something you'll have to talk out between you. It's no concern of mine, and I'll not discuss it."

When I had slammed the kitchen door behind me, my anger rapidly evaporated. There was now the door, and the necessity for apology and reconciliation, between me and Jessie, and I was alone in the bleak hallway with my reflection in the looking glass built into its monstrous hatstand for company and a choice of empty rooms to go to. I made a face at myself, as I stood listening to the rain beating on the windows and to the wind bullying the house. The kitchen door opened behind me. "You can go out into the garden to eat worms all by yourself if you've a mind to, Master Misery," said Jessie, "but you'd far better swallow your pride and come back in here where it's warm." She was looking at me with a wooden face, but I recognized the voice of love. I ran to her and held on to her tightly, burying my face in the rough linen of her apron. "You poor wee idiot," she said, passing her hand once down the back of my head before resuming her customary rôle. "Come on in, if you're coming, child. I canna stand here in the doorway all day long. I've my work to do."

We lived on each other's nerves until a letter came, at last, enclosing money with which Jessie was to pay off the butcher, the baker, and the other tradesmen, buy us our tickets, and meet our expenses on the homeward journey. Aunt Gwen's mother had, we were told, rallied and was out of danger for the time being, but it was not thought that she could hold her own for very long. As she had expressed a wish to see me, we were to go up to London on the following day. My Aunt would meet us at the station. As soon as the letter had been read, we plunged ourselves into a whirl of activity, packing, hunting up lost objects, splashing round to the village shops in gumboots and oilskins, and paying dripping goodbye visits to the Costers and all the other summer friends, to the tune of, "Oh, yes, we'll come back. We'll see you next year. It's been marvellous. . . ."

When I went up to bed in the evening, the hall seemed to be filled with what Jessie called "our boxes," and I had a sense of being surrounded by empty chests of drawers and cupboards. In the circumstances it was not, perhaps, surprising that I should dream, and of my mysterious grandmother. She lived, I dreamed, in the seal cave in the cliffs under Trevose Head. When I met her there she laughed at me and told me that all the smooth rounded stones on the floor of the cave had once been people, like myself, and pointing at one of the darker ones near its mouth said, "That's your Aunt, and now I'm (Continued on page 456)

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



1. Shiny black patent, a platform of cork and wood. $18. At Olofdaughters, 461 Sixth Avenue. . . . **2.** The Dr. Scholl sandal that so many of the models wear—shaped wooden sole with a buckled leather strap of lacquer red across the toe. $10.95. Dr. Scholl's boutique, 399 Fifth Avenue, or at department stores, drug stores everywhere. . . . **3.** Two cork slabs strapped together with a crisscross of rope. $30. To order. At Bernardo, 17 East 22nd Street. . . **4.** Swedish sabot—great with knee socks. Shiny red with white trim . . . natural wood sole. $14. From Olofdaughters, 461 Sixth Avenue. . . . **5.** Softest grey suède to-the-knee boots on a smooth leather platform. Straight high heel. $45. El Greco boutique, 162 Fifth Avenue. . . .

Clunk, clunk, sshump, sshump, bump....

No more clickity click, tippy tap tap—it's the new sound of sole we're talking about—the soles of shoes and sandals that are now lifted, thickened, platformed—it gives a nice, new proportion—seems to make a leg longer, a short skirt shorter. . . . Clump, Clump, look, listen—nine pairs of feet pacing a midtown street. . . .



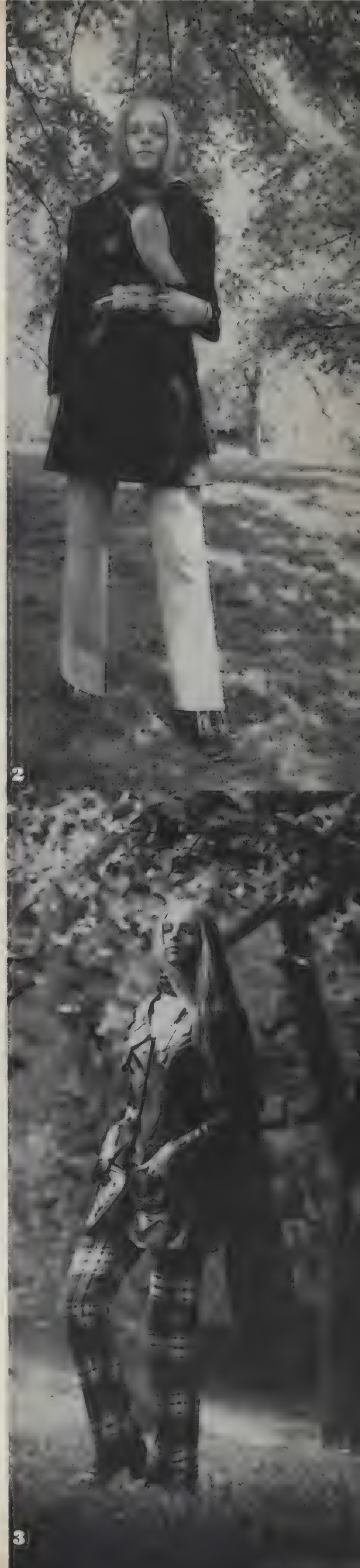
6. Slim black patent with an apple-piecrust cage of straps around the front and sides, raised sole. St. Tropez sandal by Carel for Halston. $40. Bloomingdale's shoe boutique. . . . **7.** Black turtle-hide straps that crisscross, wrap, twine around and over the foot and ankle—nice clunky sole. Carel for Halston. $48. Bloomingdale's shoe boutique. . . . **8.** The classic black patent pump but raised up on a white patent sole. $20. Etcetera, 136 East 57th Street. . . . **9.** Open toe, open back moccasin of black kid, lifted up onto a blockbuster sole. $13. Booteria, 136 East 57th Street. Knee sock by Lady Exeter. . . .

More on next page

JACK ROBINSON

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*







1. Jane's swoosh with a cape—great—a flaring full circle of double-faced wool, lemon yellow one side, white the other. $75. By Serendipity III, 225 East 60th Street. . . . Jane's brown felt brim is from Cerruti. . . .

2. Jane's narrow tunic is made of forest-green, kitten-soft suède. $165. Her precision-cut putty-coloured poplin pants, $35. Both by Joan Cavanaugh. At Casa Cuero, 202 East 61st Street. . . .

3. Jane's thin, soft, shiny, navy nylon windbreaker, much longer line this season. Found in Paris. Her tartan plaid pants, $45. Gavroche, 827 Madison Avenue. . . . Her Persian-print thinnest silk muffler, $30. At Odyssey, 49 Greenwich Avenue. . . .

4. One of Jane's bravado combinations—yellow rubberized poncho. $12.50. Fred Leighton, 177 MacDougal Street; belted with a fantasy of fringed suède. Her riding boots from Miller's, 123 East 24th Street. . . .

Jane—what's this with your hair? . . .

Jane Gill is a terrific girl, a bone beauty—a sun-dappled, freckle-dusted Viking—a new boutique heroine. . . . And Jane really likes to tie a tie. So sometimes she ties her hair as if it were her best silk scarf. . . .

Jane's way with a Windsor knot, 1. Jane pulls her corn tassel hair forward under her chin and ties it exactly as if she had a necktie in hand. Once over, once again, then under and through. . . . Sometimes, ***Jane does the reverse,*** 2, keeps a few wispy tendrils in front, divides her hair in back into two plaits, ties *them* in a Windsor knot. Very amusing too. Jane's string knit shirtdress by Mic Mac. $50. Bloomingdale's. . . .

JACK ROBINSON



HAIR COMBED BY MR. GUY OF KENNETH



More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Suède fringes swaying in the autumn wind. . . .

Chér in the wheat field, 1, so beautiful . . . a Pocahontas of Indian summer photographed in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, while recording her new album "3614 Jackson Highway" . . . wearing her fringed doeskin tunic, the colour of wheat. . . .

Jane thinking far-away thoughts, 2. Jane Gill muses on profound, romantic things . . . wears her bitter-brown buckskin tunic, beautifully fringed, wooden beaded. . . . Made by Wisdom & Folly, 321 East 9th Street boutique. . . .

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Katie Crawford

(Continued from page 449)

going to change you into a stone too. . . ."

"You can't hurt me," I said, "because I know your secret. You're dying. You can't hurt anyone. You'll soon be dead." She shrivelled up, and all the stones turned into people again, though my Aunt was not among them. I woke up as soon as I noticed her absence, but without the sense of having had a nightmare. What bothered me as I lay awake for a few moments was the feeling that I had been rude and cruel to the poor old woman. But then I remembered that she lived at Hillyard's Copse in North Hampstead, not in a cave under Trevose Head. "Of course, she's not a seal, or a witch either," I thought and fell into a dreamless sleep.

Sunlight was pouring into my room in the morning, and when Jessie came in to wake me she was beaming with pleasure at the way in which the universe was running true to form. "It would be that the day we've to pack up and go's the first fine day we've had in a week," she said. She made the remark again when the taxi that was to take us to the station arrived, recognizing a fellow spirit in the driver, a tall, emaciated Cornishman who was indeed an elder of the local Primitive Methodist chapel and well known in the district for his denunciations of motorcars, the wireless, mixed bathing on beaches, dancing, ice cream, cigarette smoking, and the lusts of the flesh. "'Tis the way with holidays, m'dear," he said, and smacked his lips, looking quickly at me in the hope of finding a sad or disappointed expression on my face.

But my feeling was that no weather could be good enough for the occasion. I was on my way to my first meeting with my mother as my mother. So what could be better than a day on which the whole rain-washed world sparkled like a jewel? I leaned out of the car window, singing, all the way into Padstow, half suffocated by the tearing rush of the soft west-country air, intoxicated, delighting in everything I saw. I couldn't stay in my seat in the train, and had to run out into the corridor where I could stay glued to a window, staring out at the gleaming landscape rushing past, swaying with the movements of the train, and singing a silent and secret narrative song about the journey that took its rhythm from the clickety-clack, clickety-clack of the hurrying express.

On the first stage of the journey, while we were still slicing through the Cornish countryside with its patchwork patterns of small fields on steep, rounded hillsides, the line often curved sharply enough to give me the supreme satisfaction of a glimpse of the green-painted engine hard at work up in front. I was proud to know, from a study of cigarette cards in the newly issued series "Locomotives of Britain" that everybody at my school was collecting with enthusiasm at that time, that it belonged to the King Arthur class, just as I was proud to know, from the *Wonder Book of Railways*, just how the apparently complicated but really beautifully simple arrangement of slide valves and connecting rods linking the big driving wheels worked.

I thought of calling Jessie out of her seat to look at this thrilling sight, but as soon as I turned my head and saw her deep in the serial in the *Daily Sketch* I realized that this would be a mistake—it was not in the class of things that women cared about, and if I told her why it was interesting to me she would protect herself from the possible charge that she was ignorant of this world of masculine knowledge by telling me that I was "showing off."

The hurtling green object, so lovingly oiled, cared for, and polished, that was pulling us through the countryside; the twelve coaches behind it; the steel tracks on which the train was running; the roadbed beneath, which ran all the way from Padstow to London with hardly a deviation of fifty feet from the dead level; and all the bridges and tunnels over which, and through which, we would pass on the way—all these things were products of the male imagination and of a masculine

(Continued on page 458)

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Katie Crawford

(Continued from page 456)

world of thought and action. It dawned on me that my dependence on Aunt Gwen and on Jessie, my absorption in my relationships with them, and my seclusion in their little private world of sensibility and intense feeling involved an ignorance of masculine feeling and a measure of isolation from that male world in which I belonged because I was a boy who would one day be a man.

Jessie looked up from her paper and saw me scowling at her through the window dividing the compartment in which she was sitting from the corridor in which I was standing. I turned away immediately, but in a few seconds she was standing beside me in some agitation.

"Whatever's the matter, David?" she asked.

"It's nothing," I said, "I was just thinking."

"Never mind," she said. "You'll be with your Aunt soon, and you can have it all out with her. I've hated being short with you, but you know well enough that there are some things that I've no right to poke my nose into."

"It wasn't anything to do with that," I said. "This was something quite different. It was nothing to do with you."

"I'm glad to hear it," Jessie said, "and when I've heard it a hundred times I'll believe half of it."

I stood and looked out of the window, trying to ignore the fact that she was examining me closely.

"You've the peaky look of a young man who's wanting his lunch," said Jessie. "We'd best be away to the dining car to see what they can do for us."

"Oh, all right," I said. "But I'm not really hungry yet."

"It's a long way yet," Jessie said. "You've another four hours and more before you see—" she hesitated for the barest fraction of an instant before discovering a Scotch way out—"herself," she said. The kindness of it, of her refusal to inflict the words "your Aunt" on me, for once, made me want to hug her. But I remembered in the nick of time that I had decided to be manly from now on, and not to go in for emotional displays. I only realized how much I had wanted that lost hug after Jessie had turned her back on me and started up the swaying corridor towards the dining car—but by then it was too late.

The Aunt Gwen standing on the station platform when we reached Waterloo at last was still my Aunt Gwen. My knowledge of our true relationship had not changed her into "mother" as I had told myself that it would. When I ran up to her, the word "mother" simply vanished away out of my mouth, in spite of my desire to have it be the first word of our renewed discourse. I was speechless as I kissed her and as she took me into her arms. I was still speechless when she stepped away from me, after adjusting the knot of my necktie, to give me a head-to-toe survey while she held my two hands in hers. "You look so brown and well!" she said, "and I believe you've grown—but that's absurd—you can't have put on an inch in a week. I must be dreaming—I'd just forgotten how you shot up last winter." She turned to Jessie with a smile. "You've taken very good care of him, I can see—bless you, Jessie—I don't know where I'd be without you. It's so good to have you both back."

Jessie glowed with pleasure. "Oh, Miss Rees," she said, "the boot's on the other foot, we scarcely knew what to do with ourselves once you were gone. The house seemed so bare and empty when you were out of it. And you've no idea how it rained—but here I am rattling on—is your poor mother really better, or is she just holding her own?"

A shadow passed across Aunt Gwen's face, and I saw that she had changed after all, though not in the way that I had hoped for. She seemed reduced; some part of her vitality had been drained away, and she had become less of a person. I had always believed that she was strong enough to endure anything, but now it was plain that there could be an end to her strength. "I'm afraid there isn't any hope, Jessie," she said. "It's just a matter of time now—and she knows, poor thing—and she doesn't want to go."

As she said this she looked so pained that I wanted, for an instant, to cry out, but managed not to, and silently took her hand as Jessie clucked with concern. "Poor woman, poor woman," she said. "It's a terrible thing . . . but we canna stand here all night, I'd best be away to get us a taxi. . . ."

"I already have a taxi, Jessie," said Aunt Gwen, mildly. "That one over there."

"Well, so much the better, I'll be off with the porter to be done with our baggage," Jessie said. As she bustled off with her customary air of being the one sane and competent person on the scene, I found my voice at last, though not the courage to say what I so much wished to say.

"Are we going to Hillyard's Copse?" I said.

"No, dearest, we're going home, to the flat," Aunt Gwen said. "We'll go to see my mother tomorrow—if she's strong enough for a visit." She took a firmer grip on my hand and we began to follow Jessie over to the parked taxi through the dissolving crowd that had been discharged from the train.

Aunt Gwen's face had an anxious look on it that I had never seen there before, and she spoke to me with a tentativeness that was unlike her. "My mother's very ill, David, and she's old. You mustn't be upset when you see her—she's very thin and wasted—she won't look like anybody else you've ever seen—and then there's something else, David. Old people, people who are very ill, sometimes say odd things, things they don't mean, that sound very strange. Mother's like that—you'll have to remember that she isn't quite herself—she doesn't always know whom she's talking to—and she doesn't always mean what she says—she often thinks she's with the friends she had when she was a girl, or when she was first married to your grandfather. She may speak to you as if she thinks you were some child she knew years before you were born—or as if she hasn't any idea who you are—she may call you by the wrong

(Continued on page 460)



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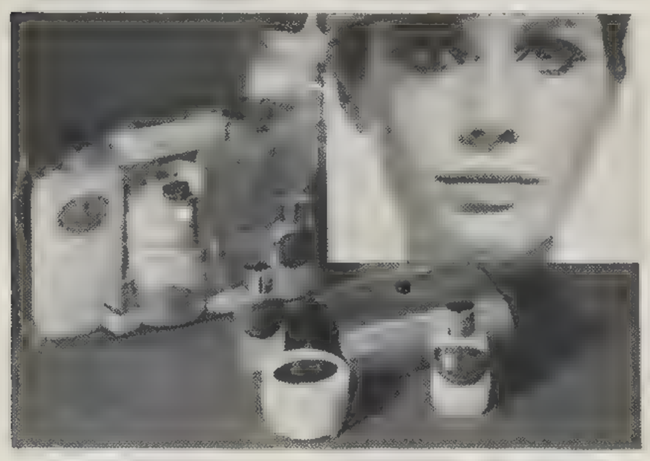
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Katie Crawford

(Continued from page 458)

name altogether. You mustn't be upset, or frightened by her, my darling. You'll be brave, won't you?"

Aunt Gwen's face was set, and her eyes were looking straight through the visible scene in front of us, at her mother, I supposed, lying in her sick bed. It was not the moment to ask questions.

"I'll try," I said, and she gave my hand an affectionate squeeze before letting it go to climb into the taxicab. When she came into my bedroom that night to sit with me, talking, for a few minutes as she usually did before turning my light out, a modification of the ritual that had once been called "tucking me in," I thought that the time had, perhaps, come.

"When your mother calls me by the wrong name, what will she call me?" I said.

"I don't know, lamb, it could be anything—the name of any child, any little boy, she used to know."

"She won't call me by her name, will she?" I said, and then hurried on. "—I mean, by your real name, the name you got from her, by my real name, whatever it is . . .?"

"Your real name?" said Aunt Gwen. "Your real name?" She stared at me. "Your real name is David. There's nothing unreal about that." She paused. "Mother may call you Peter, or Donald, or Dougal, or Douglas, or anything. You can't tell. Sometimes her mind is as clear as it's ever been—sometimes she takes me for Angela. You can't tell how it will be—but you mustn't worry about it."

"You know I don't mean that," I said.

"Oh," said Aunt Gwen, and then, "no." And then we sat, in a silence broken only by the sounds of our breathing, and of noises from the street, the faraway shouting of a boy selling the evening papers "Stan'ard, Star, Everning News, Stan'ard, Star, Everning News, Thorne in the Box. Read all abaht it. Stan'ard, Star, Everning Neeews." The boy turned a corner and we heard him no more.

"My mother's name is Margaret Crawford," said Aunt Gwen in a voice that I had never heard her use before. "I used to be called Jeanie." She hesitated, and then said in the same curiously wooden, uninflected tone —"Jeanie Crawford. But my real name is Gwen Rees. And your real name is David Rees."

"Was my father called Rees?" I said.

"Your father?" She gave a little gasp, a quick swallowing of breath, got up from the chair beside my bed and went over to the window. "No," she said. "Your father wasn't called Rees. It doesn't matter what he was called. It's a long story—about things that are over and done with. I'll tell it to you some day —but not now—I don't think you're ready to hear it—and I know I'm not ready to tell it to you." She began to walk up and down the room, with her face set as I had seen it set in the station, and her eyes staring through the present reality of the room at some other scene. Her hands were at the level of her collarbone, and she was rubbing the side of her left hand, from the first knuckle of her little finger to her wristbone and back again, rapidly enough for the sound to be clearly audible across the room. "It's all too difficult, and complicated, to explain," she said. "I wouldn't know where to begin, or how to begin."

I sat up in bed, hugging my knees, and watched her arguing herself out of the necessity for telling me what I wanted to know for a time, and then broke in on her.

"But you are *really* my mother, and not my aunt, aren't you?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, yes, of course. I should have told you so long ago. But there were reasons, all sorts of reasons, why it was better not to." She came over and sat on the bed, holding me by my right hand. The pride and strength which had been missing from her face began to return. "Of course I'm your mother, and I'm very glad of it —it's the one thing—that and my music—in my life that I'm truly happy about. You know that, don't you?"

I nodded, being beyond speech, and she took me into her arms. I held on to her as tightly as I could and tried to call her "mother" but the word wouldn't come, or hadn't come, before she whispered in my ear.

"I know it's going to be difficult for you, my dearest, but I want you to keep this a secret—just between us—for the time being. I want you to pretend that nothing has changed, and that I'm still your Aunt Gwen—just for a while—until you're a little more grown-up. Will that be too hard on you? Will you mind? It will be much easier for us both—it's too complicated to explain why, now, but I will soon—if you can do it."

I promised her that I would try, and that I'd go on speaking of her as my aunt for as long as she wished me to—and as her anxiety to have me give her this undertaking was so great, I couldn't bring myself to ask her what point there could be in keeping a secret that "everybody" knew. But when she'd gone, and I was left alone in this odd room, so much taller than it was wide or long, in the light that came through a crack in the drawn curtains from the street lamp just outside my window, I jumped out of bed to dance a barefoot dance of triumph until I was out of breath. I stopped, panting, in front of the glass hanging over the fireplace, and looked at my reflection. "I know who you are," I whispered to it, "you're David Crawford. That's who you really are, Jeanie Crawford's son. And Jeanie's mother, Margaret, and her sister Angela, Mrs. Crawford and Miss Crawford, live at Hillyard's Copse. You're a Crawford, right now." It was, indeed, like having ground under my feet at last.

Those were the days of open-topped, double-decker busses, when one sat on the top deck on wooden slatted seats, hoping that it wouldn't rain, and that one wouldn't have to unroll the heavy black oilskin cover that was attached to the back of the seat in front to give protection to everything below one's neck in that event. But if it was the height of wretchedness to be driven up the half spiral stair-

case at the back of the bus, to take an outside seat, in bad weather, nothing was more pleasant than to ride up there when it was fine, particularly if one could get a place on one of the two front seats on either side of the central aisle. We were in luck when we set out for Hillyard's Copse on the following morning. We rode up to Hampstead seated at the very front of the 73 that took us the whole way from the familiar London, south of the park, which I had thought of as the whole place, into the entirely unknown territory that lay far away up at the end of Baker Street, beyond Lord's (really a cricket ground, once owned by a Mr. Lord, that I then thought of as a residential colony for peers of the Realm), beyond St. John's Wood and Swiss Cottage, on each side of the Finchley Road.

There we came to the point that made Aunt Gwen rise to her feet, saying, "Come along, dear, this is our stop," at the very moment that the conductor came just far enough up the stairs to bring his head level with the top deck before calling out: "Anyone Outside want the 'eath? Frognal Lane nex' stop. Alight 'ere for the 'eath."

As soon as we were safely on the pavement and no longer exposed to the risk of "being carried on too far" that seemed to haunt all women who used busses in those days, I asked Aunt Gwen what the Eeth was. She answered me without attention, in words that dealt with the noise I had made without in the least telling me what I wanted to know. "The Eeth, dear? I really don't—oh, yes, of course. He didn't mean Eeth, he meant the Heath. Hampstead Heath—you know." I didn't know, but a glance at her showed me that the reduced, diminished look that I had seen on her face at the station had returned. We walked up a hill along a pleasant tree-lined street, past one garden gate after another. Behind them were gardens showing here and there a late rose, but predominantly filled with the coloured tokens of autumn, the copper and bronze of chrysanthemums, the soft pinks and powdery blues of michaelmas daisies, the scarlet of ripening crab apples, the coppers and golden browns of the first leaves to turn.

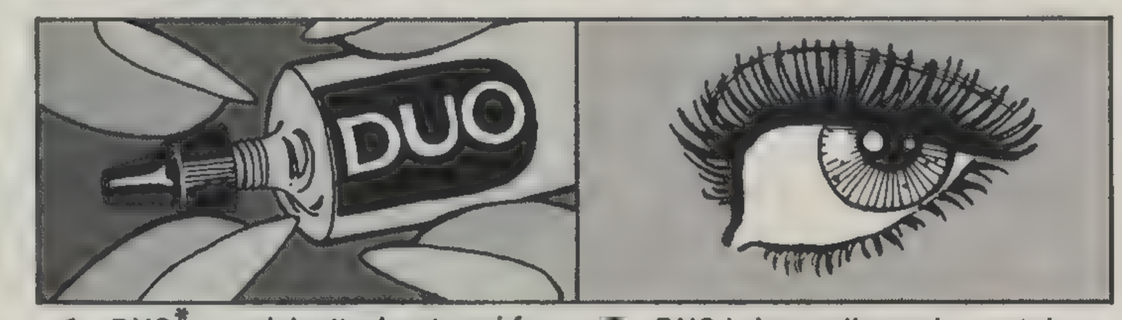
Behind these gardens, so various for all their suburban similarity, were dozens of solidly built houses that were neither of the town or of the country, but strange approximations—little Tudor manors or Sussex farmhouses that should have straggled generously, but which had been cramped into compact, squared-off ground plans and extended vertically by way of compensation for that meanness. We turned right, and then left again, passing more of these rank, weak architectural growths and making our turns at what seemed to me indistinguishable corners. "You seem to know your way awfully well," I said. "Have you been here lots of times before?"

Aunt Gwen's face changed briefly, she returned to a full awareness of her surroundings. "Hundreds of times," she said, looking about her. "Thousands perhaps—going to day school, coming back, down the hill to the Finchley Road in the morning, up the hill again at the end of the day, with our book satchels—Katie, and Angie, and me, year after year. But that was all a long time ago—why, some of these ridiculous houses weren't even here then—and I can remember when these trees were first planted—it was the year when the Russians were beaten at Port Arthur and Katie was so angry with mother because she wasn't allowed to put her hair up. She hated her braids and being treated like a child—it must have been in 1905—it's extraordinary how much can happen in a few years—everything was different then, everything. . . ."

Her voice died away and then strengthened. "It was all raw and new then, down here. We hated the new people who were coming in and the speculators who built the houses for them; we thought they were spoiling it all. I was only four when father bought the house and moved out here, so I don't know if I really remember it as it was then or if I remember what I was told about it, but we believed that at the beginning there were fields and paddocks

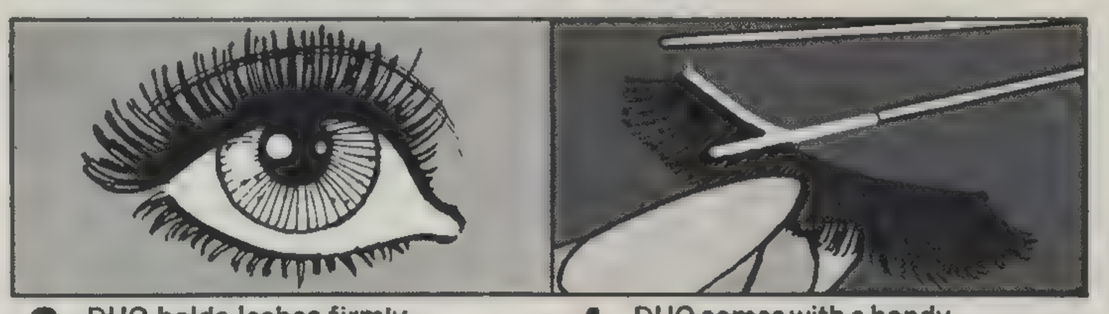
(Continued on page 462)

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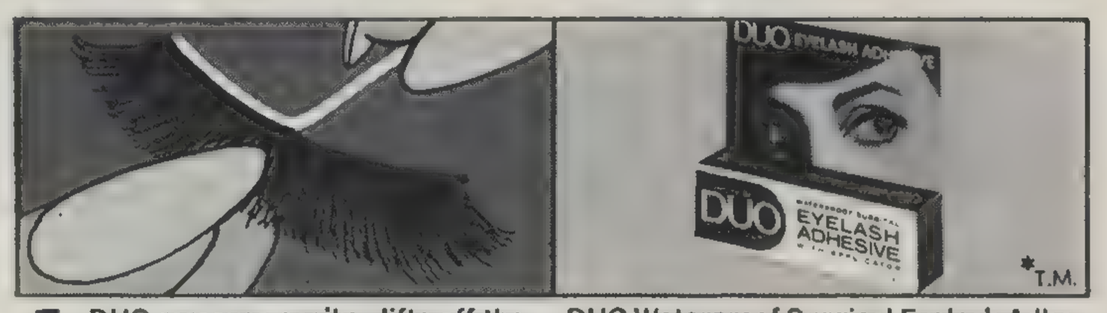
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Home of the Tournament of Champions

Katie Crawford

(Continued from page 461)

all the way down the hill until you came to the Finchley Road, before the new streets were laid out and these houses began to sprout up like mushrooms." She paused and added. "It must be hard for you to imagine how it was then—with scaffolding up round half the houses and open trenches with stacks of drainpipes beside them everywhere—we felt that we were living in the path of a glacier, a torrent of red brick, that was pouring out of London to crush us."

I couldn't begin to see it, the streets looked to me as if they had always been there. I dodged the effort. "What was your father like?" I said.

Aunt Gwen's expression changed slightly, it was as if the question had made her take a step backwards within herself. "He died when I was fourteen." she said. "So I don't really know what sort of man he was. . . . We'd only just begun to talk, seriously, I mean, and then, before we'd really got through to each other, he was gone." She bit her upper lip for a moment. "When we were small he was away—abroad—a great deal—in America, in Australia—in India for a while, in Shanghai—he was an engineer—he would be gone for two and three years at a time. He'd send us letters that he illustrated with wonderful drawings of the places where he was working, and the things he'd seen—and glorious toys, little carved and painted figures of animals and people. And then he'd come home, for a month or six weeks—once he stayed for five whole months—and then he'd go again. Before I was born Mother used to go with him on his travels. Katie was born in Australia. He was a great dear. I wish I'd seen more of him and known him better. He sang beautifully—silly, funny songs and old Scottish songs that were quite lovely."

We turned a corner. Horse chestnut trees rose up behind a tarred wooden fence on which there was a metal marker saying Lanthorn Lane. The lamppost at the corner had a small sign on it that read: "Not Adopted. No Through Road." The neat sidewalk ended and we stepped onto a sandy surface like that of a country lane. A few chestnuts had fallen and lay among a scatter of golden leaves. I stooped to pick one up, forced its split case open, and took the brilliantly polished brown kernel into my hand.

"He was a big, broad-shouldered man," Aunt Gwen said. "He had very black hair and a brick-red face—I suppose he was always sunburned and windburned—and the whitest teeth you can imagine. And he hated anything that kept him indoors. Why two people with so little in common ever came to be married I can't begin to imagine. . . ." Aunt Gwen checked herself and fell silent. I threw the chestnut up and caught it. I perceived, dimly, that I had been told a great deal, though I was not sure what. We passed gateways opening onto drives that led up to houses called Applecroft, Limnerslease. The Lindens, and Sandy Mount. Three red squirrels absorbed in a furious quarrel darted across the roadway in front of us. "Here we are," said Aunt Gwen.

A silence, or perhaps it would be better to say a heaviness, hung over Hillyard's Copse and its grounds. The place was no longer being kept up as well as it had been, and this showed itself in a variety of ways: most immediately in the sight of a largish front lawn, badly in need of mowing, that was scattered with fallen leaves and apples. A trellis at the side of the house, designed to prevent any tradesman or caller coming up the driveway from looking through into the back garden, had partly collapsed under the weight of a huge mass of unpruned creeper, and the gravel on which we were walking had not been raked that year. It was mossed over in places, and here and there it had been invaded by clusters of seedling sycamores and maples.

The solidly built brick house was not like anything that I had imagined. I had thought of it as a country farm house, but it was a curiously monumental building that derived its solemnity from a towering stone-mullioned bay window that seemed less to admit daylight into the apparently enormous room behind it than to harbour darkness like water behind a dam. The front door was made of dark-brown wood and was set in a half military, half ecclesiastical gothic frame of the same overwhelming character.

My grip on Aunt Gwen's hand tightened, and I looked up at the second-storey windows. In one of them I saw two shadowy figures standing close beside each other in the depth of the room, so placed as to be able to watch us with the smallest possible risk of being seen, and united by some common tension or excitement—evidently derived from the sight of us.

When I lifted my face, one of these figures immediately shrank back out of sight, while the other, after a moment's hesitation, came forward, with a smile shaping itself on its face, to lean out over the sill of the open window and become recognizable as a woman. The shaped smile, which had been put on as one slips on a raincoat, was directed first at Aunt Gwen and then more briefly at me.

"Hallo there, Jeanie," she called out. "I'll be down in a moment." She turned about and then she, too, vanished into the darkness that seemed to be the interior medium of the house.

"That was Angie," said Aunt Gwen.

"Was the other one Katie?" I asked.

"I expect so. I didn't see," said Aunt Gwen.

We stood for a while, hand in hand, on the damp, stained stone slab that served as the front step.

"Shouldn't we ring?" I said.

"No, dear," said Aunt Gwen. "Angie knows we're here. She'll let us in in a minute."

And so we stood there while that minute passed, and then another. Then I stood by and watched the sisters kiss.

"How is Mother?" said Aunt Gwen. "Did she have a good night?"

"It was the usual thing." Angela said. "She slept—while she was under the drugs—and then she woke, soon after two, and she was very restless and unhappy for the rest of the night. But she fell asleep again

this morning, soon after seven, and she's still asleep now."

"Was she in pain when she woke?" asked Aunt Gwen.

"I'm afraid so," said Angela. Her eyes travelled briefly to my face and away again.

"Isn't there anything they can do?" cried Aunt Gwen.

"Now, Jeanie dear. They do all they can," said Angela. She turned to me. "You're David, aren't you? I'm so glad to see you." As we shook hands her face melted. "How absurd we're being. David dear, I hope you've a kiss for your Aunt Angela."

She knelt and opened her arms to me, so that I could kiss her cheeks. What was I aware of? I see myself standing rather stiffly within her embrace, smelling her unfamiliar lavender scent, being rather surprised at her golden fairness, at the china blue of her very blue eyes, and I believe that I am conscious of her intense shyness and embarrassment, of a surface coldness, and a lurking warmth, that suddenly flares up and becomes real. I am being hugged, pulled into Angela's bosom so that my cheek is pressed against her cool, firm neck. She is wearing a grey flannel tailormade and a white open-necked blouse, and I can see, running across the exposed V of peaches-and-cream skin, a fine gold chain. Her body moves against mine, and I realize that she is turning her head to speak to Aunt Gwen.

I turn my head, sideways and upwards, and see Aunt Gwen looking down at us with love, with longing, and with an intense anxiety that I do not understand because I am so intoxicated by Angela's thawing, which makes me feel that she is nice, so very nice, a dear person who is *really* my Aunt. I am afraid for a moment that Aunt Gwen is, for some reason, going to spoil all this, but then I hear Aunt Angela speaking, excitedly, and happily, and I see Aunt Gwen's face brightening at her first words.

"Oh, Jeanie! He's such a fine, manly little boy. He's so like father, too. It's his eyes, and the way he carries himself. If only. . . ." She bit off whatever it was that she had been going to say. The bright gleam faded from Aunt Gwen's face as quickly as it had appeared; and as she whitened, Angela's body stiffened. The two women stared at each other in silence for a second, until Angela stood up awkwardly. There was a look of profound wretchedness on her face.

"I'm sorry, Jeanie," she said. "I didn't mean anything."

"I know you didn't, dear," said Aunt Gwen, adding in a lacklustre tone, "perhaps we'd better go in."

Darkness was indeed, as I had suspected, one of the elements that gave the interior of the house its character. We crossed a dimly lit hallway, dominated by an almost black staircase of Jacobean inspiration and papered with a dark red flock paper imitating Italian cut velvet brocade, on our way to the big living room which was defended from the brightness of the morning by the stone mullions of the bay window. I was left there with some magazines while the two young women went apart for a private talk, "Just for a minute, dear."

The magazines were old numbers of *The Studio*, and they did not hold me for long. I left the sofa on which I had been planted and began to wander about among the shadows. I saw a lute hanging on the wall above a grand piano that was burdened with a monstrous freight of silver-framed photographs, an ivory model of a Chinese junk in a glass case on the top of an old English linen chest, and a collection of blue delft, Japanese netsukes, and enamelled snuff boxes. It was like being a fish in a pool in which there was no life. I began to drown in the boredom of it, and a small black marble pendulum clock over the fireplace began to fill the air with lost seconds.

"Come along, we're going upstairs to wait until Mother wakes," said Aunt Gwen. She had come back into the room without my noticing. I was dazed. I didn't know if she had been gone for minutes or for an hour.

"What time is it?" I said idiotically, and Aunt Gwen looked at me with a swift gleam of sympathy.

"You poor lamb," she said. "Has this awful room had that effect on you, too? I always used to call it the Sunday feeling—when I was small. Now come along, Mother may wake up any minute now."

We went upstairs, and I was introduced to Mrs. Hooper, the day nurse, in the passage outside the sickroom. She was ample inside her starched linen, brisk, and indifferent. She gave me an automatic smile, while her eyes looked me over as if she had heard something to my discredit.

"You'll have to be very careful when she does wake, Miss Crawford," said Mrs. Hooper. "She's not strong, and it takes very little to tire and exhaust her. You'll have to find some excuse to slip away before she starts to flag—you really mustn't stay more than five minutes at the outside."

"I know, Mrs. Hooper," said Aunt Gwen meekly. "I spoke to Doctor Stephens yesterday, and he told me just how long he thought I should stay with her."

"I'm not at all sure that Dr. Stephens really understands all of what there is involved, Miss Crawford," said Mrs. Hooper, hissing the last part of the word "Miss" like a serpent. "There are medical men who never look beyond the ends of their noses, you know."

Aunt Gwen drew in her breath as if to speak, but thought better of that course. We retreated into the sickroom, leaving Mrs. Hooper in possession of the field. Aunt Gwen looked very white as she took her place on the watcher's chair that had been set out on the right side of my grandmother's bed, near its foot. I sat on a stiff upright chair against the wall on the far side of the room. It was prettily furnished in the Pre-Raphaelite style, and I liked the blue and white wallpaper and the William Morris curtains.

Time passed, and I slowly became more and more conscious of the woman lying stretched out in front of me. Her parchment-coloured face was more gaunt, and more emaciated, than anything I had ever seen before; and her hands, with their heavily charged veins and arteries clearly visible through the transparent flesh, were knotted by arth-

(Continued on page 464)

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Katie Crawford

(Continued from page 463)

ritis in a frightening fashion. I felt that her terribly wasted arms must be as brittle as straws. While we waited for her to wake, her breathing, which had at first been faint and regular, became increasingly noisy. Her mouth opened and she assumed an agonized expression. Broken protests and interjections came from her, and she began to move her arms and legs restlessly as she rolled her head from side to side. Her eyeballs were also in constant movement under their thin lids, so that she seemed to be desperately looking about for help, or a way of escape, from whatever it was that was threatening her.

As the dream, or nightmare, reached its climax, her breathing became loud and frantic, and her murmurs of "No" and "No, I won't" and "Nothing, nothing will make me do it" gave way to a snoring and gasping.

Aunt Gwen rose to her feet with her hand balled into a fist and pressed between her teeth. She took it out and said, "Oh, God, I can't bear it. I can't bear to see her suffer like this. I don't know what to do. I'll have to go and find that horrible woman, that nurse." She was suddenly gone, and through the open door I could hear her calling, "Nurse, nurse," as she ran blindly off down the passage.

I remained where I was, in mortal terror. The snoring and gasping died rapidly away, and, after a series of spasmodic contractions had contorted my grandmother's facial muscles, her mouth closed and her eyes opened. There was an almost complete silence in the room. I held my breath and stared at the two faded blue eyes that were at first fixed on the ceiling.

My grandmother rolled her head away from me and considered the window for a while. "Another day," she whispered, and then in a stronger voice with a note of indignation creeping into it. "They canna ha' left me all alone. It canna be." Her head rolled over and I found the blue eyes, ringed with shadows that were almost like bruisings, fixed on me. "Who are you?" she said. "Where have you sprung from, child?" I was too frightened to speak until I heard her saying, "What ails you, that you canna say who you are, or what you're doing at my bedside? Speak up now, young man, and don't just sit there, like a ninny."

I was now too frightened not to speak. "I'm David Rees, please. I've come to see you. My Aunt Gwen brought me."

As soon as the words had been spoken I realized their futility, and indeed, she was by then saying: "I don't know anyone called Rees who's any kin of mine to be bothering me with their wee boys while I'm dying." Her face was clouded with bewilderment, and I was moved to pity, I wanted her to understand what was going on. "My Aunt Gwen is your daughter Jeanie," I said helpfully. "Jeanie brought me."

The cloud lifted from the old woman's face. "Jeanie?" she said. Her eyes were fixed on me reflectively, tranquilly. "My own wee Jeanie?" Her expression became less tranquil. "It canna be," she said faintly, and then more loudly. "It canna be. They've left me all alone to die, with nobody to watch over me but Jeanie's bastard."

Tears were now pouring down her cheeks, and her voice rose to a thin whining scream. "Nurse!" she cried. "Nurse!" Mrs. Hooper burst in at the doorway with Aunt Gwen close behind her. "Nurse!" she wailed. "They've left me alone with poor Jeanie's bastard. I canna bear it near me. Will you not take the ill-favoured wee thing out of my sight before I die." She broke into noisy weeping.

"This is just what I was afraid of, Miss Crawford." said Mrs. Hooper. "And it never would have happened if we'd all been sensible and listened to Miss Katie. Now you get that child of yours out of here, and I'll try to undo the damage you've done."

I ran round the end of the bed into the arms of Aunt Gwen, and we fled away together, down one passage, up two steps, and along another passage, through a small doorway, and into a little bedroom that seemed to be in a tower or a turret. Aunt Gwen was crushing me to her so tightly that I could hardly breathe. I wanted to cry very much, but I could see from Aunt Gwen's face that she didn't wish me to. and I had promised her that I would be brave.

"It's all right," I said. "You told me how she might be. Because of being ill. I wasn't frightened. I know she didn't mean what she was saying."

"Had she said anything to upset you before I came back with Mrs. Hooper?" Aunt Gwen asked gently, stroking my hair.

"No," I said. "She just woke up. And when she looked to see who was in the room with her, she was frightened because it was me, not someone she was used to. That's all."

We both knew that it wasn't all, but it was better to keep it like that. Aunt Gwen lifted her head and looked about her.

"This used to be my room, when I lived here," she said, "and those trees over there are Hillyard's Copse." We went over to the window and knelt on the window seat. The blue slate roof and the tall red brick chimneys of a vaguely Jacobean house were visible beyond the thin screen of trees.

"That house wasn't there when we first came here." she said, "there was a paddock there that belonged to us then. We kept a pony in it. She was called Bandicoot."

I thought that Aunt Gwen was going to tell me more about that time, but she abruptly fell silent.

"Go on, about Bandicoot," I said.

"Was I telling you about Bandicoot?" she said.

She left me on the window seat and went over to look at the bookshelf in the niche beside the bed.

"All my old books are still here," she said. "It's all just as it was. Look, here are the prizes I won at school. Aren't they awful? I always asked for books I wanted, but when I got them in these horrible stiff leather bindings they'd been turned into prizes and I couldn't bear to read them."

I stayed on the window seat looking down into the back gar-

den. I could see a croquet lawn immediately under the windows of the house. Beyond it, enclosed in clipped yew hedges on each side of a lavender walk of grey flagstones I could see a formal rose garden and a neat vegetable and herb garden. Between them and the copse, with a little wicket gate opening into it at the end of the lavender walk, there was an orchard of small, well-pruned trees loaded with unpicked fruit. At one side of the orchard there was a summer house painted a faded bluish green, at the other side there was a swing on which a woman was sitting, swinging gently to and fro.

I had seen her first while Aunt Gwen was telling me about the lost paddock and Bandicoot. I had never seen a grown-up on a swing before, and I was about to say as much when Aunt Gwen had suddenly run out of words with which to tell me about the pony. I knew then that it was my other real aunt, Aunt Katie, who was sitting on the swing; and when Aunt Gwen got up and went over to the bookcase, I also knew that she had gone down into the orchard to avoid meeting us and that she would stay there, to avoid meeting us, until we had left the house.

"It's Katie down there, isn't it?" I said. "Katie Crawford."

"Oh dear," said Aunt Gwen. "You mustn't mind." She came and sat down beside me on the window seat, and put an arm round me. "You must try not to mind."

"I'm glad I'm David Rees," I said. "I'm glad I'm not a Crawford. I think they're all horrid. They're beasts."

"You mustn't say that, my dearest," said Aunt Gwen. "They aren't really beasts. It's just that they were unhappy and hurt, and they didn't understand." We were both silent for a moment, thinking our private thoughts and watching the movement of the swing.

"I have to go and find Angela," said Aunt Gwen. "There are one or two things I have to talk to her about before we can go home. Would you like to come with me, or would you rather stay in here until we're ready to leave?"

"I think I'd rather stay here," I said. "I can look at your books."

"You will be all right—you won't mind if I leave you here by yourself?"

"Of course I will," I said. "Go on. The sooner you find Angela, the sooner we'll be able to leave this awful house."

"Perhaps we ought to go now," said Aunt Gwen. "I can just as well talk with Angela tomorrow."

Her distress, as she stood there torn between her concern for me and her desire to know what was happening in the sickroom where her mother lay dying, was unendurable to witness. I had never seen her looking pitiful before, and I couldn't bear it. I made a desperate shooing gesture that brought her to her feet; and then, after a last hesitation in the doorway, she was gone.

As soon as I was alone I tried magic. I shut my eyes and wished that it was morning again, and that I was still in my bed in the flat. I pretended that I believed that if I could hold this wish hard enough, without letting anything else break in on it while I counted up to a thousand, or to five thousand, I might be able to turn everything that had happened since we left home into a dream. Then I would wake up again, and we could cross London again, and walk up the hill from the Finchley Road again, and make everything that came after that different, please God, yes, please, different, with Katie not hiding from us, and without those terrible pale-blue eyes fixing themselves on me, and without those horrible words coming out of that terrible wrinkle-surrounded mouth.

I stopped counting before I'd finished, between two and three thousand, and opened my eyes—I didn't want to finish the magic because I didn't want to have its ineffectiveness proved to me. Katie was still sitting on the swing, but now Angie was running down the flagstoned path between the two banks of lavender, calling to her as she ran. I saw Katie stand up when she heard her sister's voice at last, take a few steps forward with a hand raised questioningly to her cheek—a gesture that might have been Aunt Gwen's—then break into a run.

I see the two women now—they are separated by the lines of evenly spaced trees loaded with unplucked fruit and must run along the grass walks between them, on courses at right angles to each other, until they meet at the junction of the two alleys. There they stand, face for the barest of instants, while Angela blurts out her news. They then fall into each other's arms. It is the strong Katie who comforts the softer, more sentimental Angela whose golden head buries itself in her sister's brown-tweed shoulder. Katie gathers Angela's hurt to her to be treasured along with the other injuries that she loves to collect and cherish. When they start to walk towards the house, the temple of remembered misery in which she is an hereditary priestess, Katie walks beside her sister, half sheltering and half supporting her. Katie's back is as straight as a ramrod, and her head is held high.

Angela has broken down, she is weeping into a handkerchief that she holds to her face with both her hands. As the two women reach the croquet lawn a breath of wind ruffles the tops of the trees surrounding the garden close and the air is filled with a shower of gold, brown, and yellow leaves spiralling, zigzagging, and fluttering on their vagrom paths to the ground. The two women are now close enough to the house for me to be able to read Katie's face. She is flushed with her terrible joy. She knows that she can never, never, be expected or even asked to forgive her sister Jeanie for what she has done.

Jeanie, who almost killed her mother with shame and disgrace by bringing me into the world, has now killed her by bringing me into this house. There can be no forgiveness for her now. And Katie can not be expected to forgive me, either. I have killed her mother, and what is more I have wronged Katie. It was my presence that drove her from the house, so that she was not "there" when her mother died. I have denied her the farewell that was her right. As I look at her,

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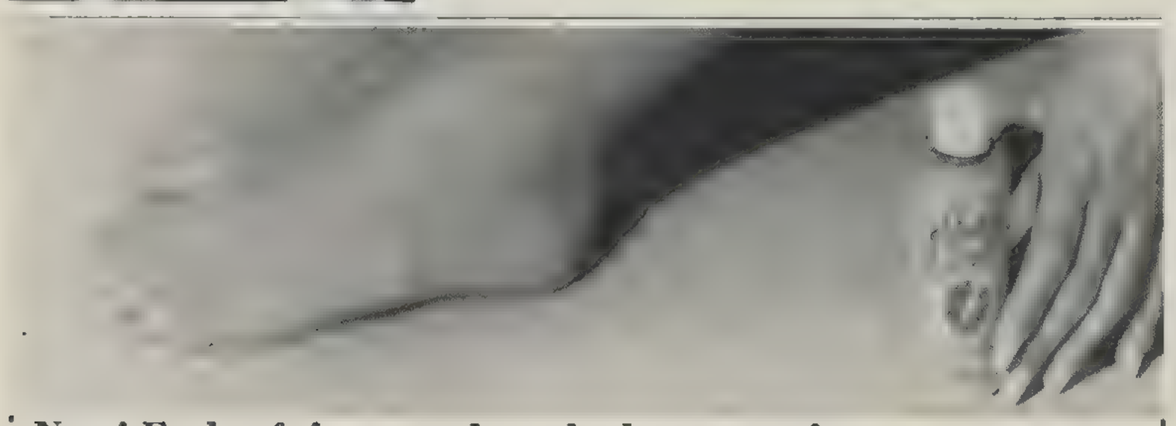
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Katie Crawford

(Continued from page 465)

and sense all this, I see that she is like Aunt Gwen in every detail of her physical being—in her colouring, in her way of moving, in her form and features—and see, too, that this similarity is the source of the passion of vindictiveness and enmity that illuminates her face. It is because we are all of one blood, and that my grandfather's, that Katie will always hate us.

The women are out of my sight now and have come inside the house. The garden is empty, and the chains of the motionless swing hang straight down. I face the room, with its shadow-filled corners, and catch sight of my reflected image in the looking glass. I am silhouetted against the window, dark, faceless, and unfamiliar. I recognize my new self, my new, unescapable identity. I know that there is no magic powerful enough to relieve me of it. I have found out what I am, and learned what it is that everybody knows.

The knowledge has come to me as a legacy from my dying grandmother. I am not supposed to know what the word "bastard" means, but I do. I know that a boy at my school has been beaten for calling another boy a bastard. I have heard the word coming from faces contorted with anger, and I hear it again as I wait for Aunt Gwen in the empty room. "You bastard—you dirty bastard." The shadows creep out of the corners and occupy the space around me with a darkish presence, the reality of unhappiness. The word is so ugly in its use, so invariably used as a weapon, to give pain, that I flinch from it. But I see that the price I must pay, if Aunt Gwen is to be transformed into Mother, is the admission that the word describes me.

As soon as I recognize this, I see what lies beyond it. It doesn't matter what Aunt Gwen calls me or what I call Aunt Gwen, the fact remains that in the everyday world I am "poor Jeanie's bastard" and must live with that label. I speak aloud to my reflection in the glass, with some indignation. "It's not my fault," I say. The reflection, naturally enough, doesn't answer. It doesn't have to. I've already heard the answer inside my head, spoken in a clear, sneering tone: "As if *that* had anything to do with it. . . ." I say it again, in a kind of passion: "It's not my fault. It's not my fault. It's not."

The door has opened and Aunt Gwen is standing there, white faced. I will never know what brutalities she has endured below, in this horrible house. But she puts that from her. Her only concern is for me now. I must not be allowed to think that I have killed my grandmother. She holds me in her arms, and I cling to her while she says, softly but urgently: "Of course it's not your fault. You mustn't allow anybody to tell you so, ever. It's simply absurd. You mustn't begin to believe it. . . ."

I know that we are not talking about the same thing. But do I know, then, or will I only come to realize later that this formula—that it is not my fault, the thought that I must hold on to if I am not to let this ugly title dirty me and infect me with the feeling that I should be ashamed to exist—will crawl between us like a snake as the years go by, to make Crawfords of us, cherishers of the injury we have inflicted upon each other by being of one blood? Logic tells me that I can not have had this much foresight. But I remember that at one moment in that room, as we waited for the hired car that had been summoned to fetch us away, and I was beginning to feel hungry and at the same time to want the bathroom, I looked up into the looking glass and, seeing our two faces caught there, saw that my resemblance to her, for all that I was a boy, was even closer than hers to Katie.

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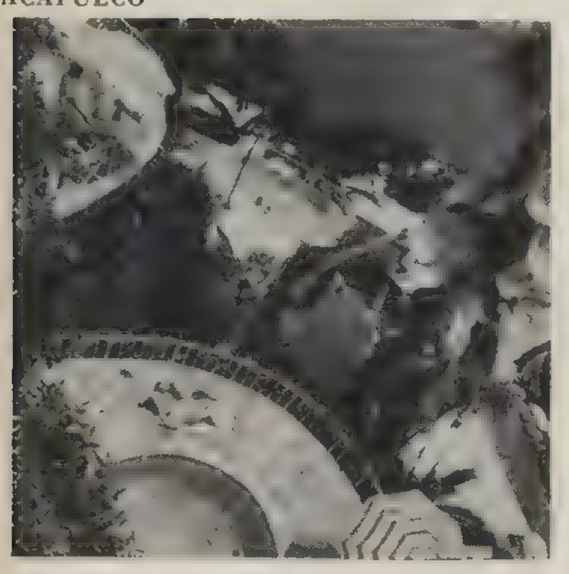
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Lady Ottoline

(Continued from page 446)

burden. She was made to feel that everything she wished to do was freakish, peculiar, and wrong, and that she could do nothing right.

In the end Lady Ottoline escaped . . . by first scaring the daylights out of her family by plunging with such reckless abandon into an affair with that old scamp Dr. Axel Munthe that they were compelled to recognize that she was capable of anything, and then by marriage to the handsome, intelligent, and pliable intellectual Philip Morrell —an outsider to whom she had been introduced by the librarian who looked after her cousin Devonshire's books at Chatsworth. . . . Her brothers were beyond approval or disapproval at that stage, their feelings of relief at, in the Victorian phrase, having her off their hands being perfectly expressed by the words that the youngest of them addressed to the groom on the day of the wedding: "Well, I'm glad I'm not in your shoes. I wouldn't undertake her for anything."

Her courageously tolerant and understanding husband took her into a section of the world of arts and letters fringing on Bohemia in which she learned that she was a beauty and not a freak. First Conder and then Augustus John showed in their paintings the glory of her mass of dark, Venetian red hair, her tall, lean body, her glacier blue-green eyes, the distinction of her large head, and of her passionate Elizabethan face, with its long straight nose, proud mouth, and heavy, yet undeniably handsome chin. Conder and John were colourists who were adding the colours of a romanticized Orient and of the hot Mediterranean lands to the low-keyed green-and-brown vocabulary of English painting. They taught Lady Ottoline to dress up to her physical splendours with a daring that was to be beyond most women for another fifty years.

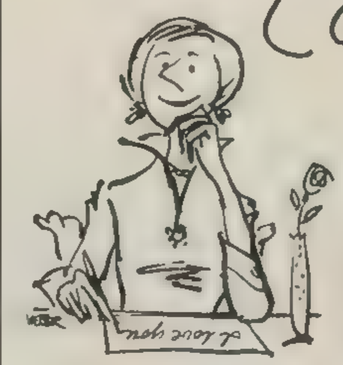
One spring morning in 1916 Lady Ottoline came down to see a friend off to the station at the end of a weekend visit wearing several ropes of the enormous Portland pearls, a light blue silk tunic, a gleaming white caftan with embroidered cartridge pouches on the chest, a Cossack's cap, and boots of red morocco leather. She was one of the first women of her class to break out of the mould of the mode, and to make high fashion of her own personal style.

Lady Ottoline wore instantly, as soon as she became aware of them, the soft cyclamens, the shocking pinks, the burnt oranges, and the clear yellows, used by the silk dyers of India, the Middle East, and Central Asia, that the influence of the Russian ballet was only later to bring into the realm of the permissible. She wore the colours, too, over a free body at a time when conventional women of fashion were forcing themselves into the ridiculous whaleboned tubes immortalized by Boldini and the slick penned creator of the Gibson girl. A beautiful line-and-wash drawing of her by Augustus John in a sari-like evening dress of red and sea blue, made some sixty-five years ago when she was thirty, shows one the body and the style of a contemporary.

Lady Ottoline was an innovator, too, in another field. Her way of decorating the places where she lived was as personal to her as the way in which she lived, and her great triumph in this line was the reanimation of Garsington Manor, a late Elizabethan building on the outer fringes of Oxford. When she and her husband bought it, the place was a museum piece, cold and dead; an archaeologically perfect grey stone and brown-panelled seventeenth-century gem, lovingly restored by antiquarians who did not realize that what they had created would have filled its earthy, colour-loving and life-loving builders with horror as the model of a tomb or

(Continued on page 469)

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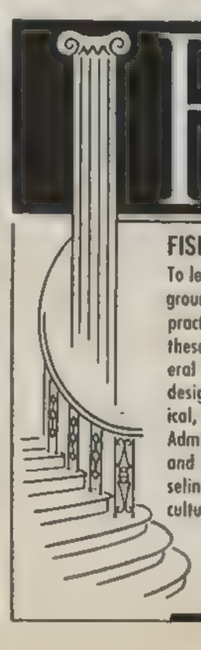
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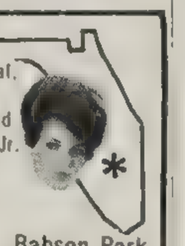
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MIA



Lady Ottoline

(Continued from page 467)

charnel house.

Lady Ottoline saw its beauty and gave it back its life. One of its drearily oaken-panelled rooms flowered into beauty as a dark peacock blue-green chamber, another was filled with the blaze of the Chinese-red lacquer that covered its walls. And the colours she loved flamed everywhere from silk curtains, Persian carpets, *gedgims*, cushions, poufs, and the paintings of such young and promising painters as Mark Gutter and Duncan Grant, whose company she enjoyed and on whose futures she was willing to gamble. She had, too, something of the great Queen Elizabeth's taste for perfumed air in her apartments, and part of her ambience was made by the rich scent from the quantities of oranges studded with cloves, the bowls of orris root and of potpourri, which she loved to make and kept in every room.

Lady Ottoline was, too, an inspired, if not a great, gardener, and she made the delightful terraced gardens on the manor's southwest front into one of the pleasantest small Italianate formal gardens in England by the judicious use of waterside statuary and yew hedges. The only brief descent into the absurd and tasteless that she made in this department came about when she allowed D. H. Lawrence to build her an arbour in her early days at Garsington, before she had fully taken hold of it. Out of loyalty to her belief in the reality of his genius (which not everyone else could see as early as 1915-16 when she was backing him as a winner), she allowed this suburban abortion to stand longer than she should to speak of the surprisingly large area of that angry master's aesthetic ineptitudes and insensitivities.

To speak of D. H. Lawrence is to touch on a dark and unhappy aspect of her life. She did him nothing but kindnesses, and out of sheer good nature and respect for his gifts gave him a place to live and his keep during one of the most difficult periods in his

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Pop Music

(Continued from page 348)

threatens to turn the Fillmore into the ruling Copa of Rock (is there still room for an eighteen-year-old kid with a guitar?); the rock circuit international, whereby concert promoters also own record companies, nightclubs, ballrooms, and every other facility necessary to a rock group; nudity as underground super-sale. Is it any longer really a matter of liberty or has it become simply a matter of salesmanship?

Will we live forever with Vacuum Art, that faddish kind of décor? Posters, lightshows, things that go blink in the dark, and almost anything else sold at the thousands of headshops of the world—VACUUM ART—bring up the other people. The kids who are mean and inert and frustrated and violent. They have also helped to create the Hip Establishment. They follow trends and fads without the least personal, emotional, or intellectual motivation except the age-old motive of scoring sexually and socially at any cost. Cut-down hot rods and street fights have given way to mod threads and freaky discothèques. The nouveaux hip far outnumber the young people who have been the centre and source of the youth revolution, but their importance perhaps rests in their capacity for *followship* rather than leadership. It takes many convinced but uninformed followers to create a movement. And the Hip Establishment is distinctly a social movement.

This is not to say that the Hip Establishment is a worse disease than the one it set out to cure. Many elements of this new power class are unique and imaginative. Much of the new dogma is an improvement over the older generation's conceptions. It is only awkward for a generation of what seemed to be anarchists to become the same kind of clan as the social order against which it revolted. We thought we were going to be free—much like the Frenchmen who fought the Revolution—instead we ended up in new chains. Perhaps Jerry Rubin summed it up best in his article in the English underground magazine called *Oz* when he asked desperately: "Are we a new brotherhood or are we just a tangle of organizations and competing egos? What will happen when we reach age thirty and forty?"

"The answer," Mr. Dylan said long ago, "is blowin' in the wind."

THERE ARE TWO VOGUES IN SEPTEMBER

NEXT ISSUE:
The editors' report on the new Paris fashions

DON'T MISS VOGUE FOR SEPT. 15

(Continued from page 469)

career. He repaid her, as was his agreeable custom, by putting her into one of his novels as a clearly recognizable grotesque, Hermione Roddice. This act of treachery was even meaner than it seems at first sight, since Philip Morrell had done all he could as a Member of Parliament to persuade the Home Secretary of the day to call off the police prosecution of the publishers and distributors of Lawrence's novel *The Rainbow* on the grounds of its obscenity, and had done more to try to shield him from police persecution as a potential German spy.

There was something in Lady Ottoline's generosity that brought out the worst in backbiters. Virginia Woolf was another who could not resist the lure of Garsington and its company, and who would go there to speak Lady Ottoline fair to her face, to eat her food, and to accept a place at her fireside while writing the vilest slanders of her in the still largely unpublished journals and in the guttersnipe letters to Clive Bell—another of the regular Garsington houseguests who delighted in spreading scurrilous anecdotes about Lady Ottoline.

While the unmotivated malice of Bloomsbury is repulsive, there is something genuinely evil in the long campaign of vilification directed against her by Logan Pearsall Smith. This had a double motivation. Philip Morrell was one of the series of handsome young men who inspired strong feelings of ownership in Smith who was furious with Lady Ottoline for marrying "his" Philip. He concealed his resentment, however, until Lady Ottoline made Bertrand Russell, his sister's husband, her lover. This second crime gave him a conventionally legitimate pretext for taking punitive action against Lady Ottoline. He did all he could to make things unpleasant for her and Russell at the time, and subsequently spent much of his leisure in inventing stories to her discredit. Since his lies were as amusing as they were plausible, they took wing and have passed into the realm of the folklore of the English intelligentsia where they form a part of "what everybody knows" about the unlucky Lady Ottoline.

Book after book of memoirs, reminiscences, and recollections of members of the English literary establishment rehashes the lies of Logan Pearsall Smith, the rapid and hysterical malice of Virginia Woolf, the resentful jeerings of D. H. Lawrence, and the envious catcallings of the Sitwells, so that almost all trace of the real woman has vanished from the record. But her imprint is there, all the same. Whatever it was that irresistibly drew such different men as Maynard Keynes, Henry James, Augustus John, and Joseph Conrad into her social orbit was also something that enriched the life around her. Julian and Aldous Huxley both found their wives in her household; and the long summer of Lytton Strachey's intensely passionate triangular affair with her and the coarsely beautiful young Henry Lamb was the turning point in his career—the releasing episode at the start of his years of achievement.

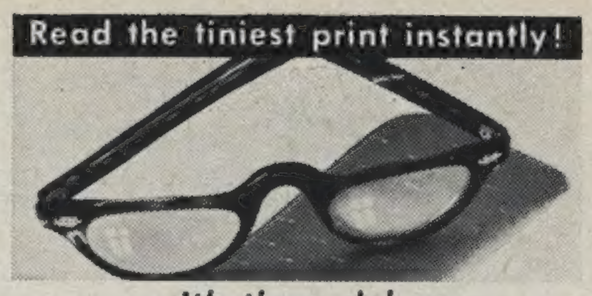
David Garnett has described the vitalizing and intoxicating quality of her presence and personal influence as it was felt by a young friend, but the final word on this subject has been said by Bertrand Russell. He experienced something like a complete rebirth of the spirit as her lover. When their affair began in the spring of 1911, Russell was emptied out and exhausted by ten years of intense unhappiness caused by the breakdown of his first marriage, and by ten years of intense intellectual effort devoted to his epoch-making *Principia Mathematica*. He was further depressed by a lurking uncertainty as to whether he had cancer or not. In these circumstances Lady Ottoline gave him back his belief in the possibility of happiness and restored him to life and creativity. Looking back on their relationship after many years Russell wrote:

"Ottoline had a great influence upon me, which was almost wholly beneficial. She laughed at me when I behaved like a don or a prig, and when I was dictatorial in conversation. . . . She made me less self-centred and less self-righteous. Her sense of humour was very great, and I became aware of the danger of arousing it unintentionally. She made me much less of a puritan, and much less censorious than I had been. . . . She had a very beautiful, gentle, vibrant voice, indomitable courage, and a will of iron. She was very shy, and, at first, we were both timid of each other, but we loved profoundly, and the disappearance of the timidity was an added delight.

"We were both earnest and unconventional, both aristocratic by tradition but deliberately not so in our present environment, both hating the cruelty, the caste insolence, and the narrow-mindedness of aristocrats, and yet both a little alien in the world in which we chose to live, which regarded us with suspicion and lack of understanding because we were alien. All the complicated feelings resulting from this situation we shared. There was a deep sympathy between us which never ceased as long as she lived. Although we ceased to be lovers in 1916, we remained always close friends."

There is no hint of condescension or patronage in Russell's affectionate tribute, and one sees clearly from it that Lady Ottoline had in her something that made her the peer of one of the greatest men of his time. It was only the lesser spirits who were made aware of their smallness and inadequacy in her presence who had to sneer and snigger in self-defense, and one senses that the dwarfish mob of her detractors hated her for providing a yardstick that left no doubt of their littleness. Her generosity and kindness apart, she had the courage to be truly herself in an age of humbug and hypocrisy, and she brought much beauty and much colour into a world even more hungry for these things than our own.

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The New York Collections

Other stores across the country carrying the new American fashions shown throughout this issue of Vogue.



PAGE 370
Easy wool coat of pebbly greige tweed—high-collared, low-belted in leather. By Davidow. At L. S. Ayres; B. Forman; Halle's, Cleveland; Lazarus; Rich's; Rike's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Wanamaker's, Phila.



PAGE 370
Palest sky-grey wool for a steely-buttoned belted coat with a deep notched collar. By Calvin Klein. Boston Store; Bramson; B. Forman; Halle's, Cleveland; Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Lazarus; Rike's; Sanger-Harris.



PAGE 371
Soft salt-and-pepper tweed coat belted just above the waist, with its own jersey dress beneath. Both by Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; Thalhimers; Wanamaker's, Phila.



PAGE 372
The wide coat, unlined to wear all year—a swing of green wool Melton cloth with welt seaming and raglan sleeves. By Originala. At Bramson; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Rich's; Rike's; Swanson's.



PAGE 373
The unlined wide coat in black wool Melton cloth with brass buttons and big patch pockets. By Originala. At Goldsmith's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Sakowitz; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's.



PAGE 374
Brown knit shirtdress. Kimberly. Boston Store; B. Forman; Julius Garfinckel; Goldsmith's; Halle's, Cleveland; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Lazarus; Rich's; Rike's; Shillito's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's; Wanamaker's, Phila.



PAGE 374
Argyll shirttunic and skirt. Kasper for Joan Leslie. L. S. Ayres; B. Forman; Julius Garfinckel; Halle's, Cleveland; Levy's, Tucson; Rike's; Shillito's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's; Thalhimers; Wanamaker's, Phila.



PAGE 375
Mulberry knit shirtdress. By Kimberly. At L. S. Ayres; Boston Store; B. Forman; Frost Bros.; Julius Garfinckel; Halle's, Cleveland; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Lazarus; Rike's; Shillito's; Stix, Baer & Fuller.



PAGE 375
Brown tweed shirtdress with a wide leather belt. By Adele Simpson. At B. Forman; Julius Garfinckel; Halle's, Cleveland; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Levy's, Tucson; Rike's; Sakowitz.



PAGE 376
Beau Brummel Regency jacket, high-buttoned and long over matching pants. In a smooth, flecked brown wool. By Aldrich. At Burdine's; Halle's, Cleveland; Jordan Marsh, Boston.



PAGE 377
Dandy Edwardian jacket with a natty notch to the collar, a flare to the hem, and straight pants. In a rich charcoal wool. Henry Friedricks Trophy Collection. At Bramson; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's.



PAGE 377
Long-line scarlet wool tunic and pants. Wide glitter zips close the tunic front and sleeves. By Rizkallah for Malcolm Starr International. At Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Rich's; Shillito's.



PAGE 382
Herringbone hacking jacket—the tailoring news of the year—in brown-and-white wool over a pair of velvet britches. By Anne Klein. At Boston Store; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Wanamaker's, Phila.



PAGE 383
The wide coat—in red-and-black wool plaid—with shirtcuff sleeves, vast patch pockets and a close little cut over the bosom. By Geoffrey Beene. At Burdine's; B. Forman; Rike's; Sakowitz; Swanson's.



PAGE 387
Camel wool coat wrapped and tied like a man's smoking jacket over grey flannel pants. By Luba for Elite. At Boston Store; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Shillito's; Wanamaker's, Phila.



PAGE 390
Three of the knittiest knits—a sweaterdress and long cardigan thrown over matching pants. All in tweedy greige. By Jane Justin for Don Sophisticates. At Bramson; B. Forman; Rich's; Rike's; Sakowitz; Shillito's.



PAGE 392
Bi-colour knit dress. By Leslie Fay. At L. S. Ayres; Boston Store; Burdine's; B. Forman; Frost Bros.; Julius Garfinckel; Goldsmith's; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Lazarus; Rich's; Rike's; Sanger-Harris; Shillito's; Thalhimers; Wanamaker's, Phila.



PAGE 400
Short, golden shirtdress for evening, of gauzy, woven-with-Lurex sari-cloth. By Adele Simpson. At Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Boston.



PAGE 407
Short pouff of gold for evening—golden threads on gold sari-cloth of nylon, rayon, and Mylar—with jewel-strung cuffs and tab front. By Pat Sandler. At Bramson; Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Sakowitz.



PAGE 414
Stripe-y, hugger-snugger Dacron knit dress in stop, get ready, and go colours, hitched under the biggest belt of all. By David Crystal. At Julius Garfinckel; Levy's, Tucson; Sakowitz; Wanamaker's, Phila.



PAGE 418
Short white evening shirtdress of silk crêpe. Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. L. S. Ayres; Boston Store; B. Forman; Julius Garfinckel; Halle's, Cleveland; Stix, Baer & Fuller.



PAGE 420
Long dinner dress in black rayon velvet—its long sleeves and mock bolero scrolled with gold and shine. By Nat Kaplan. At Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Rike's; Wanamaker's, Phila.



PAGE 424
Knitted-looking knit a charcoal jump and muffler that wraps and wraps. B. H. Wragge. Boston Store; Halle's, Cleveland; Hudson's; Levy's, Tucson; Rike's; Shillito's; Wanamaker's, Phila.



PAGE 429
Scarlet jersey evening dress drifting on a long softly pleated skirt. Ban-Lon of Enkalure nylon. By Anne Fogarty. At L. S. Ayres; Halle's, Cleveland; Shillito's; Swanson's; Wanamaker's, Phila.

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